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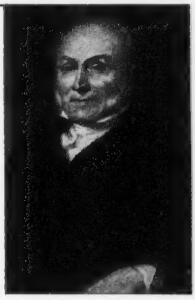

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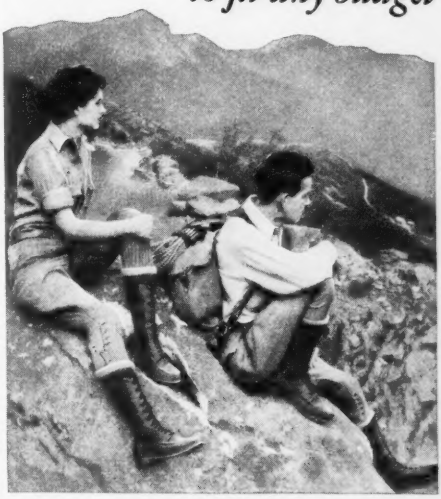

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IN 1901, Stefan Zweig, a young and rich Austrian of Jewish antecedents, made his literary début with a slim volume of verse; thirty years later (as he passed the half-century mark) he found himself acknowledged one of the most widely read European authors alive. An indefatigable scholar, Zweig concerned himself early with translations, criticism, biographies. The salvos of 1914 shook him loose from his cloister, gave incentive to his powerful play, *Jeremiah* (very anti-war). From his peace-time retreat on Capuchin Hill above Salzburg, he dispatched the work of his maturity. His plays have been acted in a score of languages. Of all foreign writers he is the most widely read in France. In Germany 1,400,000 copies of his books have been sold. His most recent biography, containing new material from the imperial Austrian archives, has already been translated into fifteen languages.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

STEFAN ZWEIG

Marie Antoinette: the Portrait of an Average Woman

[Viking Press, $3.50]

'NOT to idolize, not to deify, but to humanize is the supreme task of creative psychological study.' That is what Stefan Zweig has here attempted 'in the case of a woman of average character, who owes her long-lasting influence to an incomparable fate, and whose inward greatness was but the outcome of unprecedented misfortunes.'

That he has succeeded to a remarkable degree no one will deny. With the imagination of a poet, the skilled pen of an essayist, and the self-confidence of a psychiatrist, he has produced an exceedingly vivid and interesting picture of one of the most tragic figures in all history. There have been other vivid and interesting pictures of Marie Antoinette, to be sure; but they have tended to be passionately partisan. Adherents of the Revolution, in order to assail the Monarchy effectively, attacked the Queen, and in the Queen the woman, besmirching her character with the mud and blood of Revolutionary Paris. To send her as a scapegoat to the guillotine, no calumny was spared by party hatred. The 'Austrian Woman' was declared guilty of every crime: conspiracy, adultery, incest, and nymphomania. But with the return of the Bourbons in 1815 the other side had its say. Panegyric followed panegyric. Memoir writers presumed successfully on royalist sympathy and credulity. The 'Martyred Queen' was circled with a romantic halo; her spotless heroism was celebrated in aristocratic prose and verse.

Zweig insists, rightly enough, that in this case, as usual, the truth lies somewhere near the middle — 'that Marie Antoinette was neither the great saint of royalism, nor yet the great whore of the Revolution, but a mediocre, an average woman.' To prove his case he uses much of the best available documentary and secondary material, building upon the work of others. But he also rejects much that others have accepted, especially the letters of Marie Antoinette which were forged by Feuillet de Conches and many familiar anecdotes. What he adds, and what gives the distinguishing mark to his biography of Marie Antoinette, is his psychological imagination — mostly of a Freudian sort. 'We do not know a human being until the last secrets of the heart have been revealed; and above all we do not understand the character of a woman until we understand her love-life.' Consequently, when documents are dubious or lacking, 'imagination, with soaring pinions, can still do useful and in a sense trustworthy work,' he says; 'when we are short of materials for proof that would be accepted as valid in a court of law, there still remain boundless possibilities for the psychologist.' Take, for example, two of his most striking chapters.

'The Secret of the Alcove' sets forth all the psychological maladjustments which arose from the fact that for seven years the fifteen-year-old bride was yoked to an ineffective husband. Because Louis XVI would not at once submit to a slight operation for phimosis, she, a full-blooded maturing woman, was thwarted in her natural desires. He was humiliated and became increasingly awkward, vacillating, and complaisant. The opportunity for normal early married life was lost, and the royal spouses drifted apart physically and spiritually. The Queen cast herself into frivolous pleasures which eventually made her hated and undermined the Monarchy.

In the other chapter, 'Was He or Was He Not,' Zweig pictures the friendliness of Marie Antoinette just before the Revolution; the arrival of Count Fersen, handsome, chivalric, and devoted, the one friend on whose sympathy and loyalty she could unhesitatingly depend; the inadequacy of her husband, for whom she had done enough by finally providing him with four

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children; and her own impulsive and impetuous nature. Ridiculing the Victorian 'purity fanatics,' Zweig concludes on 'characterological' grounds, and from his interpretation of the Fersen papers, that the Swedish Count was her accepted lover. The argument is strong, but not convincing.

In other episodes — the Diamond Necklace, the Flight to Varennes, the last days — the account accords more closely with the familiar version. Though Zweig insists in the introduction that Marie Antoinette was not of the stuff that heroines are made of, but merely an average woman, yet he portrays so effectively the tragedy of her life that one closes the volume with the feeling that after all she was something of a heroine.

SIDNEY B. FAY

SHORT STORIES

FOR more than a quarter of a century **Edith Wharton** has been writing as one who by no means idealizes her fellow men. But I think she has never published a volume more unmitigatedly sardonic than the new collection of short stories entitled ***Human Nature*** (Appleton, $2.00). This collection is emphatically not for readers who estimate fiction by the number of characters in it whom they would enjoy having in cozily for tea. For the *dramatis personæ* of *Human Nature* are for the most part a shabby crew. This shabbiness reaches its peak, to my thinking, in the widowed college professor in 'The Day of the Funeral' — as ignominious a figure of petty, unconscious, and thoroughgoing caddishness as I have encountered on the printed page. 'Diagnosis' and the doubly ironic 'Joy in the House' likewise owe their force to the writer's detestation of rationalized evasion and ruthlessness. But the real relieving contrast in the volume is the tornado of artistic temperament in the ingenious sketch called 'The Glimpse' — the most healthful of convulsions, releasing something neither petty nor personal, the thing that makes the great artist.

But if *Human Nature* is not for readers in quest of charming acquaintances, as emphatically it is for those who savor stories brilliantly told. It is late in the day to speak of the beautiful exactness, the beautiful economy and vitality of that clear medium, Mrs. Wharton's style; of her mastery of the short-story form, or of her dexterity with the unexpected twist at the end. This unexpected twist may be simply a second turn of the screw, which upsets expectation, but cannot be said to cheat it. This is the case in the long short story — more than a third of the volume — entitled 'Her Son.' In this conflict between two women — the one stupid but single-minded, whole-hearted, and possessed of a certain nobility, the other a callous vulgarian — the reasonably canny reader must foresee the outcome; what he could not foresee is the stroke of destiny that annuls the ugly triumph. Some of Mrs. Wharton's sharpest penetration is in this study of bitter though covert antagonism between two women, with controlled but passionate distaste on one side, active malice on the other, and the advantage — till the unforeseen last moment — automatically with the underbred and ruthless.

When Linnie, second daughter of the house of La Fleur (***Papa La Fleur***, Appleton, $1.50), learned that 'power tower men' had come to Portage, 'she had the wide look, centering on nothing, with which the intuitionist receives word of machinery.' I quote this sentence for two reasons: it illustrates the highly mannered style that often gets in the way of **Zona Gale's** telling of her story; and it forecasts the theme of the book — the cleavage that eternally divides youth and age on the point of old ways and new, conformity and independence.

This theme of eternal opposition between the generations is well worn. But in *Papa La Fleur* two things give it freshness. The first of these is the skill with which the current of sympathy is made to set away from the young and toward the old. At the beginning of the story there is something faintly irritating about the eager, happy little old man so absorbed in his flowers and his bees. His crooked, staggering run seems to typify something inept and gently importunate in him: his habit of telling long stories of the past that no one cares to hear, his punctilious insistence upon doing the honors for those of a brusquer day. It is hard to tell how far the shift of sympathy to this gentle soul whose paradise breaks up around him is due to the obnoxiousness of his elder daughter, a Norn-like creature whose simple way of dealing with direct questions is to ignore them. This speechless woman at first seems merely preposterous; later she is perceived to be an effective *reductio ad absurdum* of the cult of independence for its own sake.

But the major achievement of this story, I think, is the extraordinary life given to the river with which the lives of the La Fleur family are so bound up. One is always vividly aware of it: of its glitter and shimmer, the sun-pattern that it throws on the inner walls of the house, the wild greenness of its banks, the sweep of its current, and, at the last, the mighty swelling of force that seems to reduce the swollen human emotions to their proper scale.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

***Henry Adams*, by James Truslow Adams**

[A. & C. Boni, $2.50]

ORIGINALLY intended as the introduction to a collected edition of Henry Adams's *Works*, this book had to be stretched and padded to make it cover two hundred pages; and it certainly is not what the publishers' 'blurb' announces it to be — 'the most important biog-

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raphy of the year.' In length and technique, it is something between a 'psychograph' of the Bradford type and a well-documented, comprehensive study. It devotes, for example, only a few paragraphs to Henry Adams's voyage with John La Farge to the South Seas — a trip which he barely mentions in his *Education* and which needs amplification. James Truslow Adams is always a skilled craftsman with an instinct for the right selection of material, and he has in this volume touched briefly, not without illuminating phrases and penetrating analysis, on Henry Adams's course as amateur diplomat, journalist, historian, teacher, and philosopher. He points out that what Henry Adams wanted most was power — 'a career which would lead in a dignified way to anything sufficiently big for a fourth-generation Adams' — and, secondly, 'social consideration and distinction.'

James Truslow Adams is, of course, more than a mere recorder. He is a thinker, gifted with the ability to generalize from facts. Hence comes the importance of his picture of the shy, fastidious, introspective, temperamental genius, who was called by his friends a strange combination of porcupine and angel. Mr. Adams, the biographer, could not help producing a book discriminating, often clever, and sometimes wise. But all the truth has not yet been revealed about Henry Adams, either by himself or by this latest biography.

CLAUDE M. FUESS

***100,000,000 Guinea Pigs*, by Arthur Kallet and F. J. Schlink**

[Vanguard, $2.00]

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One could ask that the authors' presentation of what is unquestionably a serious situation had been less sensational in tone, for, in spite of all the dire facts they marshal, many of us manage to live to a reasonable age without recourse to antidotes. It will, nevertheless, profit all of us to read the book if only to build up a protective resistance to the specious claims of advertisers of patent medicines, halitosis cures, hair dyes, face bleaches, hair removers, and other proprietary products, many of which are shown to be of highly dangerous character. The authors bring an especially severe indictment against the Food and Drug Administration for lax and inefficient performance of its duty to protect the public. It will shock the reader to learn how slight is the measure of defense afforded the consumer under the law as now administered. The disclosures by the authors should greatly aid in arousing the public to demand such revision and extension of the food and drug laws and such competent administration of them as shall adequately protect the community.

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ARTHUR D. LITTLE

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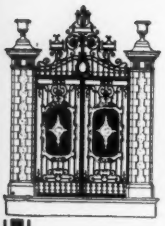

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James Maxton's life of ***Lenin*** has the defects of the enthusiast for a cause of which most of us are skeptical. And **Sir Laurence Binyon,** who writes of Eastern art as no other Westerner can write, is unfortunate, it seems to me, in attempting the alien task of the biography of ***Akbar*** the Conqueror, a figure more suited to legend than to history. All the biographers in this useful series lend distinguished names to an enterprise to which the *Atlantic* most heartily wishes success. The form, especially the bindings of the books, is admirable. I would only suggest that a list of important dates would in every instance make an invaluable addition to the prefatory matter, and, if a commercial suggestion is admissible, I would ask the publisher whether such little volumes cannot be more neatly adapted to purses yet more slender.

ELLERY SEDGWICK

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DR. BARTON'S subject, Lincoln as President of the United States during the Civil War, was one of the few remaining great opportunities for the American historian. Dr. Barton unfortunately was not the best man for the enterprise. He devoted his life to the study of Lincoln, but he was primarily interested in personality — in the human figure, the development of Lincoln's mind, the quality of his thoughts, the mysterious deepening of his nature. His laborious researches have been invaluable to biography, both in the establishment of fact and in the destruction of legend. But the present work, perhaps because it was unfinished before Dr. Barton's death, does not do justice to the most critical Presidency in our history.

The book, in fact, hardly justifies its title. It is a military history of the Civil War interspersed with anecdotes of personality and occasional brief summaries of the social scene in Washington and Richmond. It is an acceptable outline for superficial readers, but little more. The military history is conventional, a running narrative which fails to take into account most modern research and which fails to consider the economics and the grand

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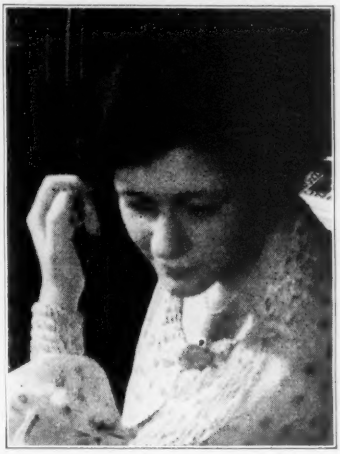

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strategy of the war. The anecdotes are familiar to nearly everyone, and the social background is derived chiefly from Gideon Welles and J. B. Jones.

Most of the important problems that a discussion of Lincoln as President should face are ignored. We are not given an adequate statement, even, of the enormously complex question of foreign relations. The narrative of the Trent affair omits everything but the dramatic aspects. The customary accounts of the British ironclads and the French proposal for arbitration appear, but no statement of the problems involved, no analysis of the solutions, and, more surprisingly, no estimate of Lincoln's relationship to them are made. Chase is commended for his financial policy and we are told that Lincoln discussed finance with him, but no critical analysis of that policy is made and one who wonders what Lincoln had to do with it is left as ignorant as before. Again, Dr. Barton does not even mention the Homestead Act or the two acts relating to the Union Pacific Railroad — and one who asserted that these were, finally, more important than Emancipation could not easily be controverted. The most catastrophic omission is the much-needed study of Lincoln as a politician — it will be the central occupation in the eventual settlement of Dr. Barton's theme. Of what did Lincoln's genius for the management of men consist, and by what use of it was he able to hold together a disintegrating nation and make it fight a victorious war? That, in one question, is what the historian, the philosopher, and the general reader want to know, and Dr. Barton does not even phrase it.

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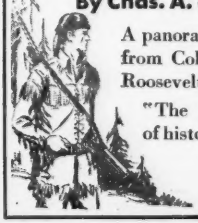

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THIS is not a travel book. There are no descriptions of the snowy mountains or of the almost impossible passes. There is no discussion of the privations of life where the only running water is in half-frozen streams and where food is a monotonous diet of tsamba and buttered tea. These things and many more are mentioned in passing. But Madam David-Neel is not a traveler; she is an explorer. Here she is exploring the mind of the Tibetan. Like all true explorers, she equipped herself as fully as possible before she started. She had had a scientific education, she was a Buddhist, she learned the Tibetan language, she wore the garb of a lama and lived as the lamas did, with no attempt to bring anything of Europe to them.

Perhaps the quality above all others that makes the book so readable is Madam David-Neel's singular insight into humanity. She travels through the strange mental land in which the Tibetans live and sees them as people, sharing their emotions with them. At times her observations seem to pass from the real to the unreal. Then we are brought up short in the very next paragraph with a skepticism that restores our confidence and makes us wonder if there are not more things under the heavens than man has dreamed of. When the Tibetans trade or carry on their simple tasks of living or appear in their family relationships they are as understandable as any people. It is among the unseen things of the world that we have difficulty in following them, and among the values they ascribe to the seen and the unseen. Having minds, they have used them. They know nothing of science. They have only themselves and their mountains to think about. It is no wonder they have evolved amazing systems of thought.

In form the book is a series of pictures, grouped chronologically but capable at times of a peculiar detachment. The episodes are taken from legends, from tales told of people the author knew, and from her own observation. Each illustrates its point admirably and is in itself an admirable tale whatever one may think of the people and the incidents. Some of them will be repeated by people who have no interest in the theology or psychology of the Tibetan, but who love a tale well told. Here is food, however, for those who like theology and psychology, but most of all for those who like to explore the minds of other peoples.

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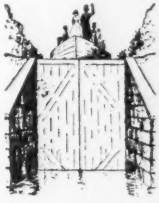

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may not be restored, those who have a taste for witty and intimate memoirs, should be quick to read ***Peace Patrol*** (Putnam, $3.50) by **Colonel Stewart Roddie.** This English soldier and gentleman was attached to innumerable commissions sent into Germany directly after the Armistice; he patroled the impoverished palaces, inspected factories, directed the destruction of armament, was sniped at by rebels, and everlastingly applied now force, now sympathy to a broken people — by turns an amusing and a pathetic picture of the personalities behind that caricature, *boche*.

In this day of strict realism, fiction in the form of letters presents too much difficulty to the average writer. But there is nothing average about **Ring Lardner.** He knows baseball as shrewdly as Hemingway knows bullfighting, he knows Main Street better than O. Henry knew New York, he knows how to develop the gossip in a barber shop into something more moving than pathos or satire. Of the 'colloquial' writers, Lardner is the most original, the most accurate. His latest, ***Lose with a Smile*** (Scribners, $1.50) is the exchange of love letters between a rookie ball player and the girl back home. Funny at the outset, filled with the 'horsing' of the training camp, these letters disclose beneath the rookie's conceit, and despite his 'dumbness,' a human quality which is irresistible. To men only the story will afford the full measure of its humor, though, of course, it is lucid enough in comedy and pathos to entertain anyone. The aptness of the mad misspelled idiom is best appreciated when read aloud; it rings perfectly true.

Pioneer stories are too remote in time for us to corroborate the exact flavor of their dialogue. They depend for conviction more upon the vividness of the descriptive detail and the skill with which the writer recaptures the spirit of the times. ***Let the Hurricane Roar*** by **Rose Wilder Lane** (Longmans, Green, $1.50) brings fresh vitality to a somewhat familiar scene. A short novel, it marks the struggles of a young couple in establishing their homestead on the Dakota plains. Making their home in a dugout, bearing her first child and later weathering a fierce winter alone, Caroline, the newly-wed, in her speech and resourcefulness embodies that fearlessness we like to think American. She is rounded and real, where Charles, her husband, is flat and romantic. Caroline, for her spirit, and three striking scenes — the plague of the grasshopper, the miracle of the October blizzard, and the ghostly coming of the wolves — give this short narrative its uncommon distinction.

Edward Weeks

THE
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MAY 1933

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS. I

BY GERTRUDE STEIN

I WAS born in San Francisco, California. I have in consequence always preferred living in a temperate climate, but it is difficult, on the continent of Europe or even in America, to find a temperate climate and live in it.

Up to my twentieth year I was seriously interested in music. I studied and practised assiduously, but shortly then it seemed futile; my mother had died and there was no unconquerable sadness, but there was no real interest that led me on. In the story of Ada in *Geography and Plays* Gertrude Stein has given a very good description of me as I was at that time.

From then on for about six years I was well occupied. I led a pleasant life, I had many friends, much amusement, many interests; my life was reasonably full and I enjoyed it, but I was not very ardent in it. This brings me to the San Francisco fire, which had as a consequence that the elder brother of Gertrude Stein and his wife came back from Paris to San Francisco, and this led to a complete change in my life.

I was at this time living with my father and brother. My father was a quiet man who took things quietly, although he felt them deeply. The first terrible morning of the San Francisco fire I woke him and told him, 'The city has been rocked by an earthquake and is now on fire.' 'That will give us a black eye in the East,' he replied, turning and going to sleep again.

As I was saying, we were all living comfortably together and there had been in my mind no active desire or thought of change. The disturbance of the routine of our lives by the fire, followed by the coming of Gertrude Stein's older brother and his wife, made the difference.

Mrs. Stein brought with her three little Matisse paintings, the first modern things to cross the Atlantic. I made her acquaintance at this time of general upset and she showed them to me. She also told me many stories of her life in Paris. Gradually I told my father that perhaps I would leave San Francisco. He was not disturbed by this; after all

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there was at that time a great deal of going and coming, and there were many friends of mine going. Within a year I also had gone and I had come to Paris. There I went to see Mrs. Stein, who had in the meantime returned to Paris, and there at her house I met Gertrude Stein. I was impressed by the coral brooch she wore and by her voice.

I may say that only three times in my life have I met a genius, and each time a bell within me rang and I was not mistaken; and I may say that in each case it was before there was any general recognition of the quality of genius in them. The three geniuses of whom I wish to speak are Gertrude Stein, Pablo Picasso, and Alfred Whitehead. I have met many important people, I have met several great people, but I have only known three first-class geniuses; and in each case, on sight, within me something rang. In no one of the three cases have I been mistaken. In this way my new full life began.

II

This was the year 1907. Gertrude Stein was just seeing through the press *Three Lives*, which she was having privately printed, and she was deep in *The Making of Americans*, her thousand-page book. Picasso had just finished his portrait of her which nobody at that time liked except the painter and the painted, and which is now so famous, and he had just begun his strange complicated picture of three women. Matisse had just finished his Bonheur de Vivre. It was the moment Max Jacob has since called the heroic age of cubism. I remember not long ago hearing Picasso and Gertrude Stein talking about various things that had happened at that time. One of them said, 'But all that could not have happened in that one year.' 'Oh,' said the other, 'my dear, you forget we were young then, and we did a great deal in a year.'

There are a great many things to tell of what was happening then and what had happened before, which led up to then, but now I must describe what I saw when I came.

The home at 27 rue de Fleurus consisted then, as it does now, of a tiny pavilion of two stories with four small rooms, a kitchen and bath, and a very large atelier adjoining. I had been invited to dine on Saturday evening, which was the evening when everybody came, and indeed everybody did come. I went to dinner. The dinner was cooked by Hélène. I must tell a little about Hélène.

Hélène had already been two years with Gertrude Stein and her brother. She was one of those admirable *bonnes* — in other words, excellent maids of all work, good cooks thoroughly occupied with the welfare of their employers and of themselves, firmly convinced that everything purchasable was far too dear. 'Oh but it is dear,' was her answer to any question. She wasted nothing and carried on the household at the regular rate of eight francs a day. She even wanted to include guests at that price — it was her pride — but of course that was difficult since she, for the honor of her house as well as to satisfy her employers, always had to give everyone enough to eat. She was a most excellent cook, and she made a very good soufflé.

Hélène had her opinions. She did not, for instance, like Matisse. She said a Frenchman should not stay unexpectedly to a meal, particularly if he asked the servant beforehand what there was for dinner. She said foreigners had a perfect right to do these things, but not a Frenchman, and Matisse had once done it. So when Miss Stein said to her, 'Monsieur Matisse is staying for dinner this

evening,' she would say, 'In that case I will not make an omelette, but fry the eggs. It takes the same number of eggs and the same amount of butter, but it shows less respect, and he will understand.'

III

Before I tell about the guests I must tell what I saw. As I said, being invited to dinner, I rang the bell of the little pavilion and was taken into the tiny hall, and then into the small dining room lined with books. On the only free space, the doors, were tacked up a few drawings by Picasso and Matisse. As the other guests had not yet come, Miss Stein took me into the atelier.

Against the walls were several pieces of large Italian Renaissance furniture, and in the middle of the room was a big Renaissance table, on it a lovely inkstand, and at one end of it notebooks neatly arranged, the kind of notebooks French children use, with pictures of earthquakes and explorations on the outside of them. And on all the walls, right up to the ceiling, were pictures. At one end of the room was a big cast-iron stove that Hélène came in and filled with a rattle, and in one corner of the room was a large table on which were horseshoe nails and pebbles and little pipe cigarette holders which one looked at curiously but did not touch, but which turned out later to be accumulations from the pockets of Picasso and Gertrude Stein.

But to return to the pictures. The pictures were so strange that one quite instinctively looked at anything rather than at them just at first. It is very difficult, now that everybody is accustomed to everything, to give some idea of the kind of uneasiness one felt when one first looked at all these pictures on these walls. In those days there were pictures of all kinds there. The time had not yet come when they were only Cézannes, Renoirs, Matisses, and Picassos, nor, as it was even later, only Cézannes and Picassos. At that time there was a great deal of Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, Cézanne, but there were also a great many other things. There were two Gauguins, there were Manguins, there was a big nude by Valloton, there was a Toulouse-Lautrec. There was a portrait of Gertrude Stein by Valloton that might have been a David but was not, there was a Maurice Denis, a little Daumier, many Cézanne water colors. There was, in short, everything. There was even a little Delacroix and a moderate-sized Greco. There were enormous Picassos of the Harlequin period, there were two rows of Matisses, there was a big portrait of a woman by Cézanne and some little Cézannes.

All these pictures had a history and I will soon tell them. Now I was confused, and I looked and I looked and I was confused. Gertrude Stein and her brother were so accustomed to this state of mind in a guest that they paid no attention to it.

Then there was a sharp tap at the atelier door. Gertrude Stein opened it, and a little dark dapper man came in with hair, eyes, face, hands, and feet all very much alive. 'Hullo, Alfy,' she said, 'this is Miss Toklas.' 'How do you do, Miss Toklas,' he said very solemnly.

This was Alfy Maurer, an old habitué of the house. He had been there before there were these pictures, when there were only Japanese prints, and he was among those who used to light matches to light up a little piece of the Cézanne portrait. 'Of course you can tell it is a finished picture,' he used to explain to the other American painters who came and looked dubiously, 'you can tell because it has a frame. Now whoever heard of anybody framing a canvas if the picture is n't finished.' He had followed, followed, followed, always

humbly, always sincerely; it was he who selected the first lot of pictures for the famous Barnes collection some years later, faithfully and enthusiastically. It was he who, when later Barnes came to the house and waved his check book, said, 'So help me God, I did n't bring him.'

IV

But to return to that first evening. A few minutes after Alfy came in there was a violent knock at the door, and 'Dinner is ready' from Hélène. 'It's funny the Picassos have not come,' said they all. 'However, we won't wait, at least Hélène won't wait.' So we went into the court and into the pavilion and dining room, and began dinner.

'It's funny,' said Miss Stein, 'Pablo is always promptness itself. He is never early and he is never late; it is his pride that punctuality is the politeness of kings; he even makes Fernande punctual. Of course he often says yes when he has no intention of doing what he says yes to. He can't say no. No is not in his vocabulary, and you have to know whether his yes means yes or means no. But when he says a yes that means yes, and he did about to-night, he is always punctual.' These were the days before automobiles and nobody worried about accidents.

We had just finished the first course when there was a quick patter of footsteps in the court and Hélène opened the door before the bell rang. Pablo and Fernande, as everybody called them at that time, walked in. He, small, quick-moving but not restless, his eyes having a strange faculty of opening wide and drinking in what he wished to see. He had the isolation and movement of the head of a bullfighter at the head of their procession. Fernande was a tall beautiful woman with a wonderful big hat and a very evidently new dress. They were both very fussed.

'I am very upset,' said Pablo. 'You know very well, Gertrude, I am never late, but Fernande had ordered a dress for the *vernissage* to-morrow and it did n't come.'

'Well, here you are anyway,' said Miss Stein. 'Since it's you, Hélène won't mind.' And we all sat down.

I was next to Picasso, who was silent and then gradually became peaceful. Alfy paid compliments to Fernande and she was soon calm and placid. After a little while I murmured to Picasso that I liked his portrait of Gertrude Stein. 'Yes,' he said, 'everybody says that she does not look like it, but that does not make any difference — she will,' he said.

The conversation soon became lively. It was all about the opening day of the *salon indépendant* which was the great event of the year. Everybody was interested in all the scandals that would or would not break out. Picasso never exhibited, but as his followers did and there were a great many stories connected with each follower, the hopes and fears were vivacious.

While we were having coffee footsteps were heard in the court, quite a number of footsteps, and Miss Stein rose and said, 'Don't hurry, I have to let them in.' And she left.

When we went into the atelier there were already quite a number of people in the room, scattered groups, single and couples, all looking and looking. Gertrude Stein sat by the stove talking and listening and getting up to open the door and go up to various people talking and listening. She usually opened the door to the knock, and the usual formula was, '*De la part de qui venez-vous?* Who is your introducer?' The idea was that anybody could come, but for form's sake, and in Paris you have to have a formula, everybody was supposed to be able to mention the name of somebody who had told them about it. It was a mere form.

Everybody could come in, and as at that time these pictures had no value and there was no social privilege attached to knowing anyone there, only those came who really were interested. So, as I say, anybody could come in; however, there was the formula. Miss Stein, once in opening the door, said as she usually did, 'By whose invitation do you come?' and we heard an aggrieved voice reply, 'But by yours, madame.' He was a young man Gertrude Stein had met somewhere and with whom she had had a long conversation and to whom she had given a cordial invitation, and then had as promptly forgotten.

V

The room was soon very very full, and who were they all? Groups of Hungarian painters and writers. It happened that some Hungarian had once been brought, and the word had spread from him throughout all Hungary. Any village where there was a young man who had ambitions heard of 27 rue de Fleurus, and then he lived but to get there, and a great many did get there. They were always there, all sizes and shapes, all degrees of wealth and poverty, some very charming, some simply rough, and every now and then a very beautiful young peasant. Then there were quantities of Germans, not too popular because they tended always to want to see anything that was put away, and they tended to break things; and Gertrude Stein has a weakness for breakable objects — she has a horror of people who collect only the unbreakable. Then there was a fair sprinkling of Americans. Mildred Aldrich would bring a group, or Sayen, the electrician, or some painter, and occasionally an architectural student would accidentally get there. And then there were the habituées, among them Miss Mars and Miss Squires, whom Gertrude Stein afterwards immortalized in her story of Miss Furr and Miss Skeene.

From time to time one heard the high Spanish whinnying laugh of Picasso, the gay contralto outbreak of Gertrude Stein. People came and went, in and out. Miss Stein told me to sit with Fernande. Fernande was always beautiful, but heavy in hand. I sat — it was my first sitting with a wife of a genius.

Before I decided to write this book, my twenty-five years with Gertrude Stein, I had often said that I would write, *The wives of geniuses I have sat with.* I have sat with so many. I have sat with wives who were not wives, of geniuses who were real geniuses. I have sat with real wives of geniuses who were not real geniuses. I have sat with wives of geniuses, of near geniuses, of would-be geniuses; in short, I have sat very often and very long with many wives and wives of many geniuses.

As I was saying, Fernande, who was then living with Picasso and had been with him a long time — that is to say, they were both twenty-six years old at that time, but they had been together a long time — Fernande was the first wife of a genius I sat with, and she was not the least amusing. We talked hats. Fernande had two subjects — hats and perfumes. This first day we talked hats. She liked hats, she had the true French feeling about a hat; if a hat did not provoke some witticism from a man on the street, the hat was not a success. Later on, once in Montmartre, she and I were walking together. She had on a large yellow hat and I had on a much smaller blue one. As we were walking along a workman stopped and called out, 'There go the sun and the moon shining together.' 'Ah,' said Fernande to me with a radiant smile, 'you see our hats are a success.'

Miss Stein called me and said she

wanted to have me meet Matisse. She was talking to a medium-sized man with a reddish beard and glasses. He had a very alert although slightly heavy presence, and Miss Stein and he seemed to be full of hidden meanings.

As I came up I heard her say, 'Oh yes, but it would be more difficult now. . . . We were talking,' she said, 'of a lunch party we had in here last year. We had just hung all the pictures and we asked all the painters. You know how painters are. I wanted to make them happy, so I placed each one opposite his own picture, and they were happy — so happy that we had to send out twice for more bread. When you know France you will know that that means that they were happy, because they cannot eat and drink without bread, and we had to send out twice for bread, so they were happy. Nobody noticed my little arrangement except Matisse, and he did not until just as he left, and now he says it is a proof that I am very wicked.'

Matisse laughed and said, 'Yes, I know Mademoiselle Gertrude. The world is a theatre for you, but there are theatres and theatres, and when you listen so carefully to me and so attentively and do not hear a word I say, then I do say that you are very wicked.' Then they both began talking about the *vernissage* of the independent as everyone else was doing, and of course I did not know what it was all about.

Later I was near Picasso. He was standing meditatively. 'Do you think,' he said, 'that I really do look like your President Lincoln?' I had thought a good many things that evening, but I had not thought that. 'You see,' he went on, 'Gertrude (I wish I could convey something of the simple affection and confidence with which he always pronounced her name and with which she always said Pablo. In all their long friendship, with all its sometimes troubled moments and its complications, this had never changed) — Gertrude showed me a photograph of him, and I have been trying to arrange my hair to look like his. I think my forehead does.' I did not know whether he meant it or not, but I was sympathetic.

I did not realize then how completely and entirely American was Gertrude Stein. Later I often teased her, calling her a general, a Civil War general of either or both sides. She had a series of photographs of the Civil War, rather wonderful photographs, and she and Picasso used to pore over them. Then he would suddenly remember the Spanish War and become very Spanish and very bitter, and Spain and America in their persons could say very bitter things about each other's country. But at this my first evening I knew nothing of all this, and so I was polite and that was all.

VI

The next day I saw Gertrude Stein again, and she said solemnly, 'Do you want to take French lessons?'

I hesitated, 'Why yes, I could take French lessons.'

'Well, Fernande will give you French lessons. Go and tell her how absolutely you are pining to take French lessons.'

'But why should she give me French lessons?' I asked.

'Because, well because she and Pablo have decided to separate forever. I suppose it has happened before, but not since I have known them. You know Pablo says if you love a woman you give her money, and when you want to leave a woman you have to wait until you have enough money to give her. Vollard has just bought out his atelier, and so he can afford to separate from her by giving her half. She wants to install herself in a room by herself and give French lessons, so that is how you come in.'

I agreed to the arrangement, and about ten days later Gertrude Stein and I went to Montmartre, I for the first time. I have never ceased to love it. We go there every now and then and I always have the same tender expectant feeling that I had then. It is a place where you were always standing, and sometimes waiting, not for anything to happen, but just standing. The inhabitants of Montmartre did not sit much; they mostly stood, which was just as well since the chairs, the dining-room chairs of France, did not tempt one to sit. So I went to Montmartre and began my apprenticeship of standing. We first went to see Picasso, and then we went to see Fernande.

At this time he lived in the rue Ravignan. Gertrude Stein knocked and Picasso opened the door and we went in.

He was dressed in what the French call the *singe* or monkey costume, overalls made of blue jean or brown. I think his was blue, and it is called a *singe* or monkey because, being all of one piece with a belt, if the belt is not fastened, and it very often is not, it hangs down behind and so makes a monkey. His eyes were even more wonderful than I remembered, so full and so brown, and his hands so dark and delicate and alert. We went further in. There was a couch in one corner, a very small stove that did for cooking and heating in the other corner, some chairs, the large broken one Gertrude Stein sat in when she was painted, and a general smell of dog and paint. There was a big dog there, and Picasso moved her about from one place to another exactly as if the dog had been a large piece of furniture. He asked us to sit down, but as all the chairs were full we all stood up, and stood until we left.

Against the wall was an enormous picture, a strange picture of light and dark colors, that is all I can say, of a group, an enormous group; and next to it another in a sort of red brown, of three women, square and posturing, all of it rather frightening. Picasso and Gertrude Stein stood together talking. I stood back and looked. I cannot say I realized anything, but I felt that there was something painful and beautiful there, and oppressive but imprisoned.

They continued a low-toned conversation, then Miss Stein said: 'Well, we have to go. We are going to have tea with Fernande.'

'Yes, I know,' replied Picasso.

'How often do you see her?' she said.

He got very red and looked sheepish. 'I have never been there,' he said resentfully.

She chuckled. 'Well, anyway we are going there,' she said, 'and Miss Toklas is going to have lessons in French. . . . Oh I forgot to give you these,' said Gertrude Stein, handing Picasso a package of newspapers. 'They will console you.'

He opened them up. They were the Sunday supplements of American papers, they were the Katzenjammer kids. 'Oh oui, oh oui,' he said, his face full of satisfaction, '*merci*, Gertrude,' and we left.

We left then and continued to climb higher up the hill. At a little house we asked for Mademoiselle Bellevallée, and we were sent into a little corridor; we knocked and went into a moderate-sized room in which were a very large bed and a piano and a little tea table, and Fernande and two others.

The conversation around the tea table of Fernande was not lively. Nobody had anything to say. It was a pleasure to meet, it was even an honor, but that was about all. Fernande complained a little that her charwoman had not adequately dusted and rinsed the tea things, and also that buying a bed and a piano on the installment plan had elements of unpleasantness. Otherwise we really none of us had much to say.

Finally she and I arranged about the French lessons; I was to pay fifty cents an hour, and she was to come to see me two days hence and we were to begin. Just at the end of the visit they were more natural. Fernande asked Miss Stein if she had any of the comic supplements of the American papers left. Gertrude Stein replied that she had just left them with Pablo.

Fernande roused like a lioness defending her cubs. 'That is a brutality I will never forgive him,' she said. 'I met him on the street, he had a comic supplement in his hand, I asked him to give it to me to help me to distract myself, and he brutally refused. It was a piece of cruelty that I will never forgive. I ask you, Gertrude, to give to me myself the next copies you have of the comic supplement.'

Gertrude Stein said, 'Why certainly, with pleasure.'

As we went out she said to me, 'It is to be hoped that they will be together again before the next comic supplements of the Katzenjammer kids come out, because if I do not give them to Pablo he will be all upset, and if I do Fernande will make an awful fuss. Well I suppose I will have to lose them or have my brother give them to Pablo by mistake.'

The next time I saw Gertrude Stein she said to me suddenly, 'Is Fernande wearing her earrings?'

'I do not know,' I said.

'Well, notice,' she said.

The next time I saw Gertrude Stein I said, 'Yes, Fernande is wearing her earrings.'

'Oh well,' she said, 'there is nothing to be done yet. It's a nuisance because Pablo, naturally having nobody in the studio, cannot stay at home.'

In another week I was able to announce that Fernande was not wearing her earrings.

'Oh well it's all right then; she has no more money left and it is all over,' said Gertrude Stein.

And it was. A week later I was dining with Fernande and Pablo at the rue de Fleurus.

VII

And now I will tell how two Americans happened to be in the heart of an art movement of which the outside world at that time knew nothing.

During Gertrude Stein's last two years at the Medical School, Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, 1900–1903, her brother was living in Florence. There he heard of a painter named Cézanne, and saw paintings by him owned by Charles Loesser. When he and his sister made their home in Paris the following year they went to Vollard's, the only picture dealer who had Cézannes for sale, to look at them.

The first visit to Vollard has left an indelible impression on Gertrude Stein. It was an incredible place. It did not look like a picture gallery. Inside there were a couple of canvases turned to the wall, in one corner was a small pile of big and little canvases thrown pell-mell on top of one another, in the centre of the room stood a huge dark man glooming. This was Vollard cheerful. When he was really cheerless he put his huge frame against the glass door that led to the street, his arms above his head, his hands on each upper corner of the portal, and gloomed darkly into the street. Nobody thought then of trying to come in.

They asked to see Cézannes. He looked less gloomy and became quite polite. As they found out afterward, Cézanne was the great romance of Vollard's life. The name Cézanne was to him a magic word. He had first learned about Cézanne from Pissarro the painter. Pissarro, indeed, was the man from whom all the early Cézanne lovers heard about Cézanne. Cézanne

at that time was living gloomy and embittered at Aix-en-Provence. Pissarro told Vollard about him; told Fabry, a Florentine, who told Loesser; told Picabia, in fact told everybody who knew about Cézanne at that time.

They told Monsieur Vollard they wanted to see some Cézanne landscapes, they had been sent to him by Mr. Loesser of Florence. 'Oh yes,' said Vollard looking quite cheerful, and he began moving about the room. Finally he disappeared behind a partition in the back and was heard heavily mounting the steps. After a quite long wait he came down again and had in his hand a tiny picture of an apple with most of the canvas unpainted. They all looked at this thoroughly, then they said, 'Yes, but you see, what we wanted to see was a landscape.'

'Ah yes,' sighed Vollard, and he looked even more cheerful. After a moment he again disappeared, and this time came back with a painting of a back. It was a beautiful painting — there is no doubt about that — but the brother and sister were not yet up to a full appreciation of Cézanne nudes, and so they returned to the attack. They wanted to see a landscape.

This time, after even a longer wait, he came back with a very large canvas and a very little fragment of a landscape painted on it. Yes, that was it, they said, a landscape; but what they wanted was a smaller canvas but one all covered. They said they thought they would like to see one like that.

By this time the early winter evening of Paris was closing in, and just at this moment a very aged charwoman came down the same back stairs, mumbled, '*Bon soir monsieur et madame*,' and quietly went out of the door. After a moment another old charwoman came down the same stairs, murmured, '*Bon soir messieurs et mesdames*,' and went quietly out of the door.

Gertrude Stein began to laugh and said to her brother: 'It is all nonsense, there is no Cézanne. Vollard goes upstairs and tells these old women what to paint, and he does not understand us and they do not understand him, and they paint something and he brings it down, and it is a Cézanne.' They both began to laugh uncontrollably. Then they recovered and once more explained about the landscape. They said what they wanted was one of those marvelously yellow sunny Aix landscapes of which Loesser had several examples.

Once more Vollard went off, and this time he came back with a wonderful small green landscape. It was lovely, it covered all the canvas, it did not cost much, and they bought it. Later on Vollard explained to everyone that he had been visited by two crazy Americans, and they laughed and he had been much annoyed, but gradually he found out that when they laughed most they usually bought something, so of course he waited for them to laugh.

Before the winter was over, Gertrude Stein and her brother decided to buy a big Cézanne. They convinced their elder brother that this outlay was necessary, and it *was* necessary as will soon be evident. They told Vollard that they wanted to buy a Cézanne portrait. In those days practically no big Cézanne portraits had been sold. Vollard owned almost all of them. He was enormously pleased with this decision. They now were introduced into the room above the steps behind the partition where Gertrude Stein had been sure the old charwomen painted the Cézannes, and there they spent days deciding which portrait they would have. There were about eight to choose from and the decision was difficult. Finally they narrowed the choice down to two, a portrait of a man and a portrait of a woman, and finally they chose the portrait of the woman.

Vollard said, 'Of course, ordinarily a portrait of a woman is more expensive than a portrait of a man, but,' said he, looking at the picture very carefully, 'I suppose with Cézanne it does not make any difference.' They put it in a cab and they went home with it. It was this picture that Alfy Maurer used to explain was finished, and that you could tell that it was finished because it had a frame. It was an important purchase because, in looking and looking at this picture, Gertrude Stein wrote *Three Lives*.

VIII

The next thing that happened was in the autumn. It was the first year of the autumn salon, the first autumn salon that had ever existed in Paris, and they, very eager and excited, went to see it. There they found Matisse's picture afterwards known as La Femme au Chapeau.

This first autumn salon was a step in official recognition of the outlaws of the independent salon. The pictures were to be shown in the Petit Palais opposite the Grand Palais where the great spring salon was held. That is, those outlaws were to be shown there who had succeeded enough so that they began to be sold in important picture shops. These, in collaboration with some rebels from the old salons, had created the autumn salon.

The show had a great deal of freshness and was not alarming. There were a number of attractive pictures, but there was one that was not attractive. It infuriated the public, they tried to scratch off the paint.

Gertrude Stein liked that picture; it was a portrait of a woman with a long face and a fan. It was very strange in its color and in its anatomy. She said she wanted to buy it. Her brother had in the meantime found a white-clothed woman on a green lawn and he wanted to buy it. So they decided to buy two, and they went to the office of the secretary of the salon to find out about prices. They had never been in the little room of a secretary of a salon and it was very exciting. The secretary looked up the prices in the catalogue. Gertrude Stein has forgotten how much and even whose it was, the white dress and dog on the green grass, but the Matisse was five hundred francs. The secretary explained that of course one never paid what the artist asked, one suggested a price. They asked what price they should suggest. He asked them what they were willing to pay. They said they did not know. He suggested that they offer four hundred and he would let them know. They agreed and left.

The next day they received word from the secretary that Monsieur Matisse had refused to accept the offer, and what did they want to do. They decided to go over to the salon and look at the picture again. They did. People were roaring with laughter at the picture and scratching at it. Gertrude Stein could not understand why, the picture seemed to her perfectly natural. The Cézanne portrait had not seemed natural, it had taken her some time to feel that it was natural, but this picture by Matisse seemed perfectly natural and she could not understand why it infuriated everybody. Her brother was less attracted, but all the same he agreed and they bought it. She then went back to look at it and it upset her to see them all mocking at it. It bothered her and angered her because she did not understand why, because to her it was so all right, just as later she did not understand why, since the writing was all so clear and natural, they mocked at and were enraged by her work.

IX

This was the story of the buying of La Femme au Chapeau by the buyers, and now for the story from the sellers' point of view, as told some months after by Monsieur and Madame Matisse. Shortly after the purchase of the picture they all asked to meet each other. Whether Matisse wrote and asked, or whether they wrote and asked, Gertrude Stein does not remember. Anyway, in no time they were knowing each other, and knowing each other very well.

The Matisses lived on the quay just off the boulevard Saint-Michel. They were on the top floor in a small three-room apartment with a lovely view over Notre-Dame and the river. Madame Matisse was an admirable housekeeper. Her place was small but immaculate. She kept the house in order, she was an excellent cook and provider, she posed for all of Matisse's pictures. It was she who was La Femme au Chapeau, lady with a hat. She had kept a little millinery shop to keep them going in their poorest days. She was a very straight dark woman with a long face and a firm, large, loosely hung mouth like a horse. She had an abundance of dark hair.

They had with them a daughter of Matisse, a daughter he had had before his marriage, and who had had diphtheria and had had to have an operation and for many years had to wear a black ribbon around her throat with a silver button. This Matisse put into many of his pictures. The girl was exactly like her father. Madame Matisse, as she once explained in her melodramatic simple way, did more than her duty by this child because, having read in her youth a novel in which the heroine had done so and been consequently much loved all her life, she had decided to do the same. She herself had had two boys, but they were neither of them at that time living with them. The younger, Pierre, was in the south of France on the borders of Spain with Madame Matisse's father and mother, and the elder, Jean, with Monsieur Matisse's father and mother in the north of France on the borders of Belgium.

The Matisses had had a hard time. Matisse had come to Paris as a young man to study pharmacy. His people were small grain merchants. He had become interested in painting, had begun copying the Poussins at the Louvre, and become a painter fairly without the consent of his people, who however continued to allow him the very small monthly sum he had had as a student. His daughter was born at this time and this further complicated his life. He had at first a certain amount of success. He married. Under the influence of the paintings of Poussin and Chardin he had painted still-life pictures that had considerable success at the Champ-de-Mars salon, one of the two big spring salons. And then he fell under the influence of Cézanne, and then under the influence of Negro sculpture. All this developed the Matisse of the period of La Femme au Chapeau.

The year after his very considerable success at the salon he spent the winter painting a very large picture of a woman setting a table, and on the table was a magnificent dish of fruit. It had strained the resources of the Matisse family to buy this fruit. Fruit was horribly dear in Paris in those days, even ordinary fruit; imagine how much dearer was this very extraordinary fruit, and it had to keep until the picture was completed, and the picture was going to take a long time. In order to keep it as long as possible they kept the room as cold as possible, and that under the roof and in a Paris winter

was not difficult. Matisse painted in an overcoat and gloves, and he painted at it all winter. It was finished at last and sent to the salon where the year before Matisse had had considerable success, and there it was refused.

And now Matisse's serious troubles began, his daughter was very ill, he was in an agonizing mental struggle concerning his work. Every morning he painted, every afternoon he worked at his sculpture, late every afternoon he drew in the sketch classes from the nude, and every evening he played his violin. These were very dark days and he was very despairful. His wife opened a small millinery shop and they managed to live.

The only encouragement came in the atelier where he worked, and where a crowd of young men began to gather around him and be influenced by him. Among these the best known at that time was Manguin, the best known now Derain. Derain was a very young man at that time, he enormously admired Matisse, he went away to the country with them to Collioure near Perpignan, and he was a great comfort to them all. He began to paint landscapes, outlining his trees with red. He had a sense of space that was quite his own and which first showed itself in a landscape of a cart going up a road bordered with trees lined in red. His paintings were coming to be known at the independent.

X

Then came the first autumn salon and Matisse was asked to exhibit, and he sent La Femme au Chapeau and it was hung. It was derided and attacked, and it was sold. Matisse was at this time about thirty-five years old, he was depressed. Having gone to the opening day of the salon and heard what was said of his picture and seen what they were trying to do to it, he never went again. His wife went alone. He stayed at home and was unhappy.

This is the way Madame Matisse used to tell the story. A note came from the secretary of the salon saying that there had been an offer made for the picture, an offer of four hundred francs. Matisse was painting Madame Matisse as a gypsy holding a guitar. This guitar had already had a history. Madame Matisse was very fond of telling the story. She had a great deal to do and she posed beside, and she was very healthy and sleepy. One day she was posing, he was painting, she began to nod, and as she nodded the guitar made noises. 'Stop it,' said Matisse, 'wake up.' She woke up, he painted, she nodded, and the guitar made noises. 'Stop it,' said Matisse, 'wake up.' She woke up, and then in a little while she nodded again and the guitar made even more noises. Matisse, furious, seized the guitar and broke it. 'And,' added Madame Matisse ruefully, 'we were very hard up then, and we had to have it mended so he could go on with the picture.'

She was holding this same mended guitar and posing when the note from the secretary of the autumn salon came. Matisse was joyful. 'Of course I will accept,' said Matisse. 'Oh no,' said Madame Matisse, 'if those people (*ces gens*) are interested enough to make an offer, they are interested enough to pay the price you asked,' and she added, 'the difference would make winter clothes for Margot.' Matisse hesitated but was finally convinced, and they sent a note saying he wanted his price.

Nothing happened, and Matisse was in a terrible state and very reproachful, and then in a day or two, when Madame Matisse was once more posing with the guitar and Matisse was painting, Margot brought them a little blue telegram. Matisse opened it and he made a grimace.

Madame Matisse was terrified; she thought the worst had happened. The guitar fell. 'What is it?' she said.

'They have bought it,' he said.

'Why do you make such a face of agony and frighten me so, and perhaps break the guitar?' she said.

'I was winking at you,' he said, 'to tell you, because I was so moved I could not speak.'

And so Madame Matisse used to end up the story triumphantly, 'You see it was I, and I was right to insist upon the original price.'

The friendship with the Matisses grew apace. Matisse at that time was at work at his first big decoration, Le Bonheur de Vivre. He was making small and larger and very large studies for it. It was in this picture that Matisse first clearly realized his intention of deforming the drawing of the human body in order to harmonize and intensify the color values of all the simple colors mixed only with white. He used his distorted drawing as a dissonance is used in music, or as vinegar or lemons are used in cooking, or eggshells in coffee, to clarify. I do inevitably take my comparisons from the kitchen because I like food and cooking and know something about it. However this was the idea.

Little by little people began to come to the rue de Fleurus to see the Matisses and the Cézannes. Matisse brought people, everybody brought somebody. They came at any time and it began to be a nuisance, and it was in this way that the Saturday evenings began.

It was also at this time that Gertrude Stein got into the habit of writing at night. It was only after eleven o'clock that she could be sure that no one would knock at the studio door. She was at that time planning her long book, *The Making of Americans*, she was struggling with her sentences, those long sentences that had to be so exactly carried out. Sentences, not only words but sentences, and always sentences, have been Gertrude Stein's lifelong passion. And so she had then — and indeed it lasted pretty well to the war, which broke down so many habits — she had then the habit of beginning her work at eleven o'clock at night and working until the dawn. She said she always tried to stop before the dawn was too clear and the birds were too lively because it is a disagreeable sensation to go to bed then. There were birds in many trees behind high walls in those days, now there are fewer. But often the birds and the dawn caught her, and she stood in the court waiting to get used to it before she went to bed. She had the habit then of sleeping until noon, and the beating of the rugs into the court — everybody did that in those days, even her household did — was one of her most poignant irritations.

XI

It was about this time that Gertrude Stein's brother happened one day to find the picture gallery of Sagot, an ex-circus clown who had a picture shop further up the rue Laffitte beyond Vollard's. Here he, Gertrude Stein's brother, found the paintings of two young Spaniards, one whose name everybody has forgotten, the other one, Picasso. The work of both of them interested him, and he bought a water color by the forgotten one, a café scene. A few days later he became interested in a big picture by Picasso. This was the now well-known painting of a nude girl with a basket of red flowers.

Gertrude Stein did not like the picture. She found something rather appalling in the drawing of the legs and feet, something that repelled and

shocked her. She and her brother almost quarreled about this picture. He wanted it, and she did not want it in the house. Sagot, gathering a little of the discussion, said, 'But that is all right. If you do not like the legs and feet, it is very easy to guillotine her and only take the head.' 'No, that would not do,' everybody agreed, and nothing was decided. Gertrude Stein and her brother continued to be very divided in this matter, and they were very angry with each other. Finally it was agreed that since he, the brother, wanted it so badly, they would buy it, and in this way the first Picasso was brought into the rue de Fleurus.

It was only a very short time after this that Picasso began the portrait of Gertrude Stein, now so widely known, but just how that came about is a little vague in everybody's mind. I have heard Picasso and Gertrude Stein talk about it often, and they neither of them can remember. They can remember the first time that Picasso dined at the rue de Fleurus, and they can remember the first time Gertrude Stein posed for her portrait at rue Ravignan, but in between there is a blank. How it came about they do not know. Picasso had never had anybody pose for him since he was sixteen years old; he was then twenty-four; and Gertrude Stein had never thought of having her portrait painted, and they do not either of them know how it came about. Anyway it did, and she posed to him for this portrait ninety times and a great deal happened during that time.

To go back to the first time: Picasso and Fernande came to dinner. Picasso in those days was what a dear friend and schoolmate of mine, Nelly Jacot, called a good-looking bootblack. He was thin, dark, alive with big pools of eyes, and a violent but not a rough way. He was sitting next to Gertrude Stein at dinner and she took up a piece of bread. 'This,' said Picasso, snatching it back with violence, 'this piece of bread is mine.' She laughed and he looked sheepish. That was the beginning of their intimacy.

Then there was the first time of posing. The atelier of Picasso I have already described. In those days there was even more disorder, more coming and going, more red-hot fire in the stove, more cooking and more interruptions. There was a large broken armchair where Gertrude Stein posed. There was a couch where everybody sat and slept. There was a little kitchen chair upon which Picasso sat to paint. There was a large easel and there were many very large canvases. It was at the height of the end of the Harlequin period when the canvases were enormous, the figures also, and the groups.

Fernande was, as always, very large, very beautiful, and very gracious. She offered to read La Fontaine's stories aloud to amuse Gertrude Stein while she posed. She took her pose, Picasso sat very tight on his chair and very close to his canvas, and on a very small palette which was of a uniform brown-gray color mixed some more brown gray and the painting began. This was the first of ninety sittings.

Practically every afternoon Gertrude Stein went to Montmartre, posed, and then later wandered down the hill, usually walking across Paris to the rue de Fleurus. She then formed the habit which has never left her of walking around Paris, now accompanied by the dog, in those days alone. And Saturday evenings the Picassos walked home with her and dined, and then there was Saturday evening. During these long poses and these long walks Gertrude Stein meditated and made sentences. She was then in the middle of her Negro story 'Melanctha Herbert,' the

second story of *Three Lives*, and the poignant incidents that she wove into the life of Melanctha were often these she noticed in walking down the hill from the rue Ravignan.

The winter went on. *Three Lives* was written. Gertrude Stein asked her sister-in-law to come and read it. She did, and was deeply moved. This pleased Gertrude Stein immensely. She did not believe that anyone could read anything she wrote and be interested. In those days she never asked anyone what they thought of her work, but whether they were interested enough to read it. Now she says if they can bring themselves to read it they will be interested.

Spring was coming and the sittings were coming to an end. All of a sudden one day, Picasso painted out the whole head. 'I can't see you any longer when I look,' he said irritably. And so the picture was left like that.

Nobody remembers being particularly disappointed or annoyed at this ending to the long series of posings. There was the spring independent, and then Gertrude Stein and her brother were going to Italy, as was at that time their habit. Pablo and Fernande were going to Spain.

It was during this summer, which Gertrude Stein spent at Fiesole, near Florence, that she began her great book, *The Making of Americans*. It began with an old daily theme that she had written when at Radcliffe: —

> Once an angry man dragged his father along the ground through his own orchard. 'Stop!' cried the groaning old man at last. 'Stop! I did not drag my father beyond this tree.'
>
> It is hard living down the tempers we are born with. We all begin well. For in our youth there is nothing we are more intolerant of than our own sins writ large in others, and we fight them fiercely in ourselves; but we grow old and we see that these our sins are of all sins the really harmless ones to own, nay that they give a charm to any character, and so our struggle with them dies away.

It was to be the history of a family. It *was* a history of a family, but by the time I came to Paris it was getting to be a history of all human beings, all who ever were or are or could be living.

Gertrude Stein was working tremendously over the beginning of *The Making of Americans* and came back to Paris under the spell of the thing she was doing. She came back to a Paris fairly full of excitement. In the first place, she came back to her finished portrait. The day he returned from Spain, Picasso sat down and out of his head painted the head in without having seen Gertrude Stein again. And when she saw it, he and she were content. It is very strange, but neither can remember at all what the head looked like when he painted it out.

There is another charming story of the portrait. Only a few years ago when Gertrude Stein had had her hair cut short — she had always up to that time worn it as a crown on top of her head, as Picasso has painted it — when she had had her hair cut, a day or so later she happened to come into a room and Picasso was several rooms away. She had a hat on, but he caught sight of her through two doorways and, approaching her quickly, called out, 'Gertrude, what is it, what is it?'

'What is what, Pablo?' she said.

'Let me see,' he said.

She let him see.

'And my portrait,' said he sternly. Then his face softening, he added, '*Mais, quand même, tout y est.* All the same it is all there.'

(*To be continued next month*)

A CHALLENGE

BY PHILIP CABOT

I

AFTER a generation of lavish spending, which we disguised under the title of 'a high standard of living,' the great middle class in the United States, which is the backbone of the nation, has been forced to come down to earth and make drastic reductions in its family budgets. During that period the life of the wage-earning male was devoted to providing the money necessary to enable his ambitious family to keep up with the Jones's, a race which became almost a religious rite. Like most religious movements, this one took stronger hold on the women than on the men; but the men testified to their faith by working harder and harder in order to stay in the game, although it often converted them into mere money-making machines. The panic of 1929 put an end to this merry-go-round which fed the body but starved the spirit of the nation. Incomes could not be maintained and, to avoid bankruptcy, expenditures had to be cut down. One may note in passing that this process of deflation, though painful, was on the whole salutary.

The same process of reckless expansion went on in government expenditures, particularly during the last fifteen years of the period, with the aid of new revenue raised by taxation. But when revenues were sharply reduced by the depression, the governments, instead of following the practice of individuals and reducing their expenses, adopted the opposite course. Expenditures continued to increase, and the savings of the hard-pressed taxpayers were confiscated. After three years, however, the end of this programme is clearly in sight. The geese that elected the governments and laid the golden eggs are ready to give up the ghost. Our large cities are on the edge of bankruptcy — some of them have gone over it; a few states are in the same predicament; and even the Federal Government, after three staggering deficits in its budget, has arrived at the point where it is hard to see how anything but drastic economy can avert disaster.

Although governments face a simpler problem than individuals, because they can operate for a time with unbalanced budgets, even governments must ultimately balance their accounts or go bankrupt. In many parts of the country that time has arrived. Increased taxation has passed the point of diminishing returns, so that governments as well as individuals have now come to the place where economy is the only prudent course.

But at this point we face a startling fact. The revenues of governments are spent largely for wages and salaries, the total of which in our great cities is grossly excessive; for, even where the salaries paid to individuals are not too high, the number of individuals

employed is. It is a matter of common knowledge that many of our cities could be run better with less money than is now paid to their public servants. And yet it is becoming more obvious every day that these necessary and profitable economies will not be made because the organized power of the government employees, whose jobs are threatened, will prevent it.

We are being forced to admit that our cities, and even many of our towns, have ceased to have a republican form of government. They are oligarchies, controlled by organizations of officeholders, supported by the taxpayers. Some of the states are in a similar position, and even the independence of the Federal Government is gravely threatened. It piled up a deficit of over $2,500,000,000 last year and will have a deficit of about $1,500,000,000 this year. This should be met by drastic economy, but new taxes may have to be added to an already overburdened people because the economies cannot be made. A miracle would be necessary to clear the road for them. Two great leaks in the federal budget are the salaries of federal officeholders and the payments to World War veterans. A saving of a billion dollars could probably be made in these two items without impairment in government efficiency or injustice to any deserving veterans. But it will take a miracle to bring this about. The organized power of the federal employees and of the veterans is so great that Congress under normal conditions dare not oppose them.[1]

The fact is that the servants and pensioners of the federal, state, and municipal governments have got a strangle hold on the nation which threatens our political freedom. This situation is not new, but it has been greatly aggravated during the last twenty years. It has crept up on us like a thief in the night, and there are even some who are naïve enough to welcome it. One commentator, who computes the number of citizens who now work directly or indirectly for the government at eight or nine millions, states with apparent satisfaction that the growth of this army has been a major factor in the relief of technological unemployment, and, as a solution of the problem of depression, he urges that additional taxes be levied *at once* to increase it. Perhaps in his enthusiasm he has set the figure high, but, in view of the fact that one quarter of the national income is now eaten up by taxes, the figure must be approximately correct.

[1] Since this was written a miracle has taken place. Panic has been met with genius and Congress has abdicated. But when it begins to function normally again, we shall be faced with the problem in its old form. — AUTHOR

II

Few of us have realized how vast the number of government employees has become; still less what it indicates. Bluntly put, it measures the decay of representative government. During the last generation, and particularly since the war, we have got into the habit of looking to our governments to do our work for us. After the panics of 1873 and 1893, when the country was going through a similar period of trial, our fathers took a more rugged and self-respecting view. They felt that it was their business to help the government, while now we feel that it is the government's business to help us. This is partly the cause and partly the result of the vast bureaucracy which has been built up during the interval. The time has come when we must consider where it will end. It appears that the arteries through

which the processes of government must flow have become so encrusted with parasites that the life of democracy is threatened. If these government employees knew their power and were properly organized, they could control the government completely and democracy would be at an end. Perhaps that point is already reached; in the large cities they control the government now, except during comparatively brief periods of revolt.

We seem to have forgotten what our fathers knew, that democracy can never be an efficient form of government. Efficiency was not its purpose. By deliberately making it inefficient, its founders aimed to promote self-confidence and efficiency in the citizen, so that he could, and would, do things for himself. Their objective was a weak government and strong individuals. During the last generation, however, individuals appear to have become less self-reliant, while the governments, though given more work to do, have not become more efficient. They are not likely to. If we want to preserve democracy we must act at once. Perhaps it is too late, or perhaps we may not want to preserve it, for President Hopkins of Dartmouth, one of our great educational leaders, has raised the pertinent question whether democracy as we now have it is safe for the world. As he says, it has become so cumbersome and so vacillating in action that it is unable to deal with rapid change. Change is now the fabric of our environment, and a form of government which cannot deal with change is obsolete. The cumbersomeness and the vacillation are in part the results of bureaucracy, in part a weakening in the character of the voters. As an efficient method of government, democracy never stood high, even among its friends, but there is value in its inefficiency, for, if clearly perceived, this should force us to rely upon ourselves and not on the government. Personally, I would not give up democracy without a struggle, for I value its by-products highly.

To recover our freedom, two things must be done. We must first kill off some of the parasites which live upon our government activities. The tendency to breed them is a congenital disease of bureaucracy, which under a democratic form of government is incurable, but, like the potato bug, its ravages can be kept under control. Such treatment might give immense relief, particularly in our cities, where the disease is most acute.

But that alone is not enough. The areas subject to the disease must be walled off and reduced to a minimum by curtailing government activities wherever possible. We must learn to carry on ourselves, or go without, many of the operations now assigned to our governments if democracy is to be preserved. The choice lies between simplification of governmental functions and reorganization of the whole structure. Our tendency to load the government with new burdens is evidence of our ignorance of the purpose for which this particular piece of machinery was designed. If we go on, the machine will break down.

Already there are signs of breakdown. The Federal Government is a notable example of this abuse. The towering structure of the federal bureaucracy rests upon constitutional foundations which are pronounced by competent lawyers to be very insecure. If the attention of the voters, staggering under the burden of taxation, were concentrated upon this point, the seats of the mighty might become unsafe. Some of the bureaus whose legality is challenged are the Bureau of Education, under the Department of the Interior, and under the Department of

Labor the Children's, Women's, and Labor Statistics Bureaus and the United States Employment Service. These bureaus and others are said to have no constitutional justification.

It may be, of course, that all systems of government — like men — are subject to degeneration, and that the disease of bureaucracy is incurable. If this is true, civilizations have a limited life cycle and ours is walking toward the sunset.

It is a depressing prospect which cannot be waved aside by our congenital optimism. This condition will not cure itself, but we should not abandon hope, even though the battle to recover our health is likely to be desperate. The army of officeholders, government employees, and pensioners is now so large and so well organized that under normal conditions neither Congress nor state and local governmental bodies dare oppose it. While our legislators are generally honest and well-meaning men, it is too much to expect that they will be resolute enough to resist these organized groups who are fighting for their lives, unless they are supported by an equally well-organized force of overwhelming superiority. 'Safety first' is a motto that appeals to legislators as well as to other men, and until the anger of the voters at the loss of their power has reached the boiling point, the bureaucrats are safe behind their entrenchments.

At present the individual voter, though aware of the ignominious position into which he has fallen, is helpless because unorganized. Individual sniping at trained troops in entrenched positions is a heroic but a futile business. A successful attack can only be made by superior forces of organized and determined men. The voters of the nation possess, of course, an overwhelming superiority of numbers, but they lack both the other essentials — organization and determination. The softening effects of a generation of prosperity are staggering, and the character of the voters may have been so undermined that the recovery of our political freedom is now impossible. But the early action of the new Congress shows clearly what an aroused public opinion can do under skillful leadership. If we want political freedom we can get it.

III

Before we advance to the attack, we must see clearly the nature of the problem which confronts us, and the conditions necessary to its solution. We must decide whether a democratic form of government can deal effectively with the problems of modern industrial life, and whether it is likely to prosper in that environment. Decisions on these questions made a century ago must now be reconsidered. The tools of government which we have were fashioned for use in an agricultural country whose inhabitants were poor. For a highly mechanized industrial civilization, where high living has been common during the last twenty years, they may be wholly unfit. Of late, constructive thinking on problems of government has been notably rare, and a period of training may be needed to fit us to decide the difficult and subtle problems now presented.

This training is a major task of our educational system, in which it is unlikely to succeed unless it can be kept completely free from political control. An educational system under political control will never restore to us political freedom. Unless our educational institutions, which are the central nervous system of an industrial democracy, can be kept free, the death of our civilization may result, for if education in this country should be completely incorporated into the

same circulatory system with government, the diseases which afflict our government will certainly be communicated. There is grave danger that this will occur — in fact, it has already occurred to an alarming degree. Our public school system and our state colleges are already under complete political control. Only the private schools and our endowed institutions of higher learning and of research remain free, and some of these are menaced by the present depression.

Political control of the school system need not perhaps give us *immediate* concern, for it is not to the elementary part of our educational system that we are looking for help in the solution of our present problem. But if the hand of the government is once firmly laid upon our institutions of higher learning, the Rubicon has been crossed. It is hardly too much to say that our salvation depends on keeping our higher education completely free from the control of government, for only in this way can we hope to maintain a method of rejuvenation and renewal on which the life of our civilization depends. The evolving life of an industrial democracy hangs on the thread of educational freedom. If this gives way, our future is very dark.

It is, therefore, alarming to hear a prominent educator like President Hutchins of the University of Chicago urging more extensive government support for our institutions of higher learning. The panic which has overwhelmed the markets seems to have spread to the universities, which ought to be immune. What we need is not more government support but more private endowments. Even President Hutchins seems to be conscious of this, for he is reported to have said: 'The private institutions have struggled to maintain the right of the scholar to exercise his intelligence even though it led him to criticize established policies or institutions. Their example has enabled most state universities to take the same position with infinite profit to the states.'

About the infinite profit to the states there can be no doubt. But one thinks that President Hutchins is too sanguine about the independence of these state-controlled institutions. They have little independence now, and it cannot be expected to survive. When an institution is wholly, or mainly, dependent on annual grants from a legislature, it must ultimately bow to the legislators' will. The working of cause and effect is obvious. 'He who pays the piper calls the tune.' This is what is actually taking place, and it is futile to expect that a system of education supported, and therefore controlled, by the state can long maintain its independence.

Our best hope of regaining our political freedom, and of keeping it when regained, lies in a vigorous system of higher education completely free from political control. Such a system may be composed of endowed institutions, like those we now have, but the system must be greatly strengthened, and any vigorous movement in this direction is likely to draw the fire of the politicians because it will threaten their power. In fact, we have already witnessed the beginning of the war. It takes the form of attacks on our endowed institutions because their endowments are partly the gifts of men who have made their fortunes in business, and who are suspected of being prejudiced in favor of industry and somewhat blind to the national welfare. Such charges are groundless; in fact, irrelevant. The case is not comparable to that of the state institutions, because these are *endowments*, which have passed completely

out of the hands of the donors, once and for all, into the hands of trustees, who owe them no obligation whatever except to maintain the freedom of the institutions. In view of the obvious motive for such attacks, they can safely be disregarded.

At the present time our most urgent need is more endowed institutions of higher education and foundations for research, staffed by teachers and scholars of the most powerful and most independent minds. In the past we seem to have failed to attract a sufficient number of such men, and the reason is not far to seek. During the last century, and especially during the last fifty years, the prizes in business have been so attractive that the best brains of the nation have gone into that field. Business has been the great adventure of our time and has attracted the great adventurers.

There are signs, however, that we are near the end of that era. It is unlikely in the future that the adventure element in business will be predominant. In fact it cannot be, for, unless we can stabilize and control our present economic system, it will be superseded by some other system which can be controlled. Capitalism, as we have known it in the past, must be tamed and socialized. If this cannot be done, it will be abandoned. Personally, I have no doubt that it can be done, but this will necessarily deprive capitalism of some of its most attractive aspects for the adventurous and the powerful. The attraction of the magnetic field of business has already sensibly weakened, and the next generation may well discover that the fields of education and government offer to men of exceptional ability at least equal opportunities.

This will be true whether perceived or not. In an industrial democracy, industry rests on government and both rest on education. The rapid changes in the last two decades have so altered our environment that both our methods of government and our methods of education may need to be redesigned. Until this work has been done, the healthy development of our industrial life is a hit-or-miss process with the chances in favor of missing. The progress of a nation might be compared to a man walking. During the last fifty years our industrial advance has been immense. This must now be balanced by corresponding advances in education and in government. Otherwise, we shall topple over. If it be true that genius knows instinctively where it will be most effective, genius will gravitate in these directions. Great victories in the field of education must clear the road for us.

IV

That the career of education now offers great prizes is beyond question. Think of the power which a great educational leader could exert. Many, even of our solid citizens, are bedeviled by constant 'alarums and excursions' about technological unemployment, which they fear may overwhelm us.[2] Clearly seen and wisely dealt with, it is not a threat, but a magnificent opportunity — perhaps one of the greatest. Granted the boon for which men have always prayed, — namely, relief from the burden of labor, — we stand dismayed before it. We call our leisure unemployment, and we are asked to regard it as a sudden and damaging blow. It is not sudden, and will not harm us unless we bungle it.

[2] Discussions of unemployment are often confused by people who do not distinguish between technological unemployment and unemployment caused by depression. The latter is due to errors of the past; the former, with which we are here concerned, is a problem for the future. — AUTHOR

Technological improvements, to which some of our unemployment may be due, have been going on for generations, and we have been adjusting ourselves to them by reducing the working hours. But we have done this rather like men walking in their sleep. The hours of leisure of the great majority have been increasing for two generations, but we have not realized that we faced a problem demanding action, with the result that during the last fifteen years or more the burden of our leisure has become overwhelming, particularly for the wives of the middle class. The schools have taken away their children, and electricity and canned goods have taken away most of their housework, so that they have been forced to take refuge in shopping, bridge-whist, and other forms of idleness — truly a terrible burden.

Training for the profitable use of leisure is another major task of education. Hereafter we may hope that men can produce abundance in a relatively small amount of time, so that, if they choose, they may devote a major part of their lives to the development and use of the creative faculties which all possess, in some measure. Many have believed that this process — or the development of character, which is akin to it — was the purpose for which God gave us life. Some still believe it. From the first settlement of this country to the present day, labor has occupied the whole life of this nation. During the last century we have conquered, scalped, and partly disemboweled half a continent, and it took all our strength to do it. For the great mass of our people, labor and life were roughly synonymous. Labor was the routine and the training of and for life, so that labor was education as well as a method of keeping alive. Labor was also a method of controlling emotion and imagination — the great creative and explosive forces of the human soul — through the fatigue which it inevitably produced.

During the last fifty years or more, however, accumulated wealth or the introduction of machinery has greatly reduced the burden of labor. By shortening the years of labor for practically the whole population we have found time for schooling for all and for a college training for many. For the masses, fatigue is still relied upon as an instrument of emotional control, but for a relatively small upper class the control of fatigue has vanished, and education is relied upon to take its place. With the decline of religious teaching in home and church, this burden seems to have become too great for our educational system, for during the last few years the children of the upper class have been notably lacking in self-control. We might take comfort in the thought that this failure has damaged only a small group, but we are likely soon to be deprived of even that consolation, for in the future machines should be able to lift the burden of labor from the masses, thereby shifting the centre of gravity of the nation's life. It is therefore quite possible that the controlling influence of fatigue may be removed from the masses, as well as the classes, so that on all fronts we shall face the riddle of the profitable use of leisure.

V

The impact of science on industry is a striking phenomenon which has struck some of the light-headed 'all of a heap.' It even produced a group called technocrats, led by a successor to the renowned Cagliostro, who in the eighteenth century made himself one of the most interesting figures in Europe by his skill as a magician. Our contemporary Cagliostro modestly

indicated his willingness (with the aid of his friends) to direct the destinies of the nation by a set of new scientific formulæ apparently so complex and so powerful that they could not safely be made public. The technique of a Cagliostro must always be based on mystery, for otherwise no one would listen to him. Only the gullible do, but the skillful charlatan can make fools out of sober burgesses — at least for a time.

There is some danger that men of this type may attract a following under present conditions, for it seems to be a law of our nature that when we are overwhelmed by the terrible realities of our world we take refuge in illusion, whose ready servant is magic. This may be the origin of the insistent demands for 'aggressive leadership'; they may be merely an expression of our childlike yearning for a magician who will pull a rabbit out of a hat.

One of the remedies proposed by our contemporary Cagliostro was the abandonment of the price system, which has controlled the distribution of goods for centuries, and he did this with the confidence of a man who had a patent remedy in his pocket — which in fact he had. From the fleeting glimpses of it which we have been permitted, we can only guess at the nature of the new system, but it is certain that neither he nor anyone else has ever tested it. New inventions need testing, for all experienced persons know that they are tricky things, prone to failure at critical moments. The vast majority of them prove to be liabilities rather than assets, and this one is likely to follow suit.

Our old tool the price system, on the other hand, has had a long trial, and it has been quite successful in overcoming the most ingrained weakness of human nature — namely, sloth. It is hazardous to disregard the fact that ever since his creation man has worked under compulsion, and that with comparatively rare exceptions he will not work without compulsion. This is the rock on which the proposed substitutes for the price system are likely to split. The notion that men will work to the limit of their strength if paid only according to their needs as judged by someone else is a beautiful ideal, but men will have to be remade before it can be achieved. Now, and for a very long time to come, compulsion in some form will be needed to make most men work.

Communism — another remedy for our troubles which is often suggested — is merely compulsion in another form. Those who have searched it deeply know that it begins in a form of compulsion far more brutal and thoroughgoing than the price system ever contemplated, and that until it ceases to be communism the pressure cannot be relaxed. Without attempting to defend the price system as a wholly satisfactory method of distribution under modern conditions, we shall do well to remember that it is a very ancient system of education which aims to overcome man's congenital sloth without making him a slave. In fact, it aims to make him free. Communism is merely a competing system of education which frankly takes away all freedom at the outset while holding out hopes that freedom will be restored at some later period. These hopes are pure illusion. Communism begins and ends in slavery, and has little to recommend it except for a nation which desires to be enslaved and will be content in that condition.

VI

This nation need not take too seriously the notions of these technocrats and communists, but no intelligent

person is likely to minimize the importance of the changes which machinery has produced. They have thrown a new and heavy responsibility on education. It seems certain that in the future men *can have* far greater freedom to develop their lives according to their own choice. Like all freedom, this can be abused, and it is likely to be, unless men are trained for it. At present we have not been trained for such a life. We have been trained for labor, and must now be reëducated for freedom. That we have not been trained for freedom is proved by the willingness of men to labor day and night so that their families might 'keep up with the Jones's,' while starving their intellectual life almost into unconsciousness. The craving for industrial adventure is another example. Being wholly in the material world, it gives little exercise to the finer qualities of the intellect or those emotions connected with the love and understanding of beauty, so that success can be achieved by highly vitalized men without much cultivation or intelligence.

Being untrained for it, we have failed to appreciate or to seek intellectual adventure, although it is far more adventurous and satisfying. Money-making, as most men find after it is too late, is an attainable goal which when reached leaves the pursuer hugging a skull. This is not true of adventures of the intellect or of the spirit — these are infinite and unattainable, and therefore are an endless source of joy for the true adventurer. What is now required of us is to turn round and face the sunrise. During the last half century we have worked an industrial miracle by the application of machinery to production. Our present problem is to use it wisely, which we cannot hope to do unless corresponding advances are made in the fields of government and education.

Two great responsibilities, therefore, have been laid on education by industrial changes which are comparatively recent. Man must be trained to desire freedom, and also to use it wisely when obtained. As our training in the past has been for labor, we have the instincts of caged birds, fearful of the outside world.

If these demands on education do not offer an opportunity worthy of commanding genius, it would be hard to conceive one.

VII

To those who feel that our present education has risen to the occasion, and is now training us for freedom, I would recall the Jones's to whom I have before referred. While these Jones's are doubtless admirable people in their way, it is *their* way and not other people's. Keeping up with the Jones's is a slave complex. Those who spend their lives in imitating others have not been educated for freedom, but for slavery. Educators can hardly escape some share of responsibility for this failure.

There seem to be many who believe that our educational problems can be solved by mere changes in the curriculum, and much ingenious experimentation in this field is now going on. But the root of the trouble *in the upper strata of our educational system* is not in the curriculum. While it is certainly true that the curriculum of our schools and colleges needs attention, the main weakness is not in the subjects taught. What is needed is not so much the strengthening of the curriculum as of the staff, for, whatever the name of the course of study, the objective is always the same — namely, to teach a way of life. Men cannot teach what they do not know. We urgently need men who can teach a larger view of life, and the cloistered scholar with pro-

found knowledge of Greek, literature, or history is often ill-qualified to teach this most essential thing. That requires talent of a different order, and to enlist this talent in the field of education is perhaps our major problem. We must first decide what sort of men we want, and then where to look for them. All great teachers teach a larger view of life, and men who cannot teach this will not serve us now.

The supply of such men appears to be inadequate to meet even our present standards, and some pessimists, who believe that teachers are born and cannot be made, say that the number born will never be adequate. If this is true, our problem is insoluble and we are destined to fail. But such pessimism, like most pessimism, is unimaginative. No one familiar with what has gone on in this country during the last generation will deny that there have been thousands of men engaged in industrial activities who had just the quality of mind and imagination required in a great teacher. For the problems which have faced many of these men are in fact problems of education, and their success proves their competence in this field. It is not always, or even commonly, true that money has been the dominant motive in such men. Their dominant motive was the creative instinct eager for expression, which is the very motive needed in the teacher or searcher for new truth. We need not despair of the supply of good, or even great, teachers if the demand is urgent. 'Seek and ye shall find.' The trouble in the past has been that the pull in other directions has been too strong.

But such men must live, although often they will work for starvation wages, and immense new endowments are essential. If we want well-rounded men, we must make it possible for them to live normal lives, and the younger members of the staff must therefore be paid enough to enable them to marry and give their children the sort of education they received themselves. Otherwise, their lives may be distorted so as to impair their power. But there is good reason to believe that the necessary endowments can be obtained, for it is clear that under modern conditions we shall want to divert the profits of industry to social uses to an increasing degree. While most social capital is not expected to earn a profit, capital devoted to the endowment of education — the best of all social uses — *will* earn profits in the future, for capital so invested, if wisely used, is the best of all insurance against the risks to existing capital. It seems, in fact, the only way in which such capital can be preserved, for, unless we have an adequate educational system as a foundation for industrial democracy, all industrial investments are unsafe.

Our wisest capitalists have long known that the best way to protect their capital was to invest their surplus in education and in research, and they have done so. Unfortunately, we have not yet emerged from the Stone Age, so that much of this endowment has been invested in bricks and mortar instead of in brains. Investments in buildings are subject to rapid obsolescence, so that, as the profits are far in the future and must be reaped in other fields, the results have sometimes been disappointing. But investments in brains — that is, in good teachers — are not wasting investments. There is nothing more nearly immortal than creative thought, and we may hope that the capital invested in education in the future will go into this more permanent form.

The notion that the hard-boiled individualists who have made their fortunes in business will voluntarily

divert them into education may seem rather fanciful. But it is not. It has occurred in the past on a considerable scale and will occur in the future on a far greater one. These men may be tight-fisted, but they are not stupid, and, when faced with the alternative of investing some of their money in education or having it taken away from them by taxation, they will choose the first course. This alternative is not fanciful, but a serious probability, as any alert observer of the trends of our time can testify. We may conclude, therefore, that the endowments needed *can* be obtained. If only education and research can be kept vigorous and free, and the number of institutions large, so that the problems will be attacked by many independent minds from many angles, our problem can be solved.

ENGLISH DOLE AND AMERICAN CHARITY

BY HELEN HALL

With a good deal of trepidation, I hopped off the No. 6 bus and walked toward the street in Bethnal Green where I was to see my first unemployed families in England. In settlement work one soon finds out how few ideas are hardy enough to stand up against the buffets of daily living. Perhaps, I thought to myself, after I had visited the people themselves I should never again believe in any kind of unemployment insurance.

Who were the people, humanly speaking, who drew this benefit? Had the British workingman been robbed of his self-respect and his initiative? Did he no longer want to work? That he was healthier I knew, for on that point there seemed no disputing the figures of the Ministry of Health. But — as we have so often been told in the United States — had the 'dole' brought moral and spiritual degradation in its wake?

On my desk now as I write is the thick blue-covered report of a two years' study of the British Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance. This has been issued since my return from England, and, like those that have preceded it, is ample evidence of the thoroughness with which the British are studying the operation of their Insurance Acts. It had seemed to me, however, that I could not stop at reports or at what officials, employers, and labor leaders told me. To judge of the things they said, I felt I must come to know the people themselves.

I

The 'Missus' was out at the Nickersons', but Mr. Nickerson was at home minding the four small children. He invited me in, and we settled at the kitchen table. He was friendly, even before he knew I had come from his friends at St. Margaret's Settlement. Most engaging as to looks and manner, he spoke with a cockney accent and

a racy idiom which brought added color to a story that was full of interest on its own account.

John Nickerson had started work at fourteen as a shop boy in a small furniture factory which specialized in overmantels. He brushed up shavings and learned what he could from the experienced men. When the firm failed two years later, he found another job at once — ''ay-cartin'.' This turned out to be driving a wagon loaded with horse fodder. He ''ay-carted' successfully for a year until he left to join the army at the age of seventeen. That was in 1917. Discharged in December after the Armistice, he went to live with his mother and drew his first unemployment insurance in the three-week period before he found work with a cabinetmaker. He was with this firm until it closed down, a year and a half later.

In the meantime, he said, he had 'got silly and married.' 'Not but what it ain't comfortable when things is going right, but the kiddies keeps you too worried when work ain't steady.' After the cabinetmaker failed, Mr. Nickerson was out of work for eight weeks and drew insurance at that time. Then he 'got in' on one of the government road schemes, earning £2 17*s.* 6*d.* a week, but when the project was finished he was out again for three months. He had never been unemployed so long before, and, as he put it, he got so tired of himself that he 'wanted to make a break.'

II

We in America are apt to think of the unemployed in England as a great unchanging mass. The post-war depression there has exceeded in its duration anything we have known; certain occupations, like mining, have been down for years at a stretch. But, in the country as a whole, Mr. Nickerson's story goes to illustrate what one finds set down in the official tables: —

LENGTH OF PERIOD MALE CLAIMANTS TO BENEFIT WERE UNEMPLOYED IN THE TWELVE MONTHS PRECEDING FEBRUARY 2, 1931[1]

	Per cent
Out of work less than 6 months.....	54.5
" " " 6 months but less than 9..	22.8
" " " 9 months but less than 12.	17.7
" " " 12 months.....	5.0

You will see that over half of the unemployed in the period covered were out of work less than six months. Only a twentieth were out for a year or more. Besides this, more than 41 per cent of the persons covered by insurance in February 1931 had never drawn benefit at any time.

III

How the insurance plays its part in helping along from one job to the next, Mr. Nickerson and his like make plainer than any tables. Going on with his narrative of job hunting, he told of the break he made. His brother had married a French girl during the war, was living in France, and seemed to be getting along well. Mr. Nickerson wrote to inquire what the chances were and the brother answered 'right back,' telling him to come along — there was plenty of work in Cambrai. The Nickersons had one child at the time, but they sold their furniture, drew £5 on the Prince of Wales Canteen Fund, and were off to the old war zone where reconstruction work was going forward on the German reparations money. They arrived on a Saturday, and on Monday Mr. Nickerson had a job as bricklayer.

He would gladly have stayed on in France, for, as he said, 'it did n't make no difference to me if I did n't speak the

[1] Royal Commission, *Minutes of Evidence*, p. 1176. — AUTHOR

language. Me brother told me to say "Oui, oui" to everything, and of course I was soon learning the French 'ow to speak English. It was different with the Missus. She was 'omesick for 'er mother. She liked 'er sister-in-law, but they could n't do no more than sit and look at each other and larf. I told 'er to be easy-like and point at things, but she could n't seem to do it.'

The Nickersons stuck it out for three months, but at the end of that time he thought he ought to bring his wife home to England and make another try for a job there. As soon as he was back, he answered a want ad in the paper for a carpenter. He had never done anything which exactly fitted him for the trade, — that is an important point among English workers, — but he felt that his early training, when he picked up shavings for the overmantel people, and his cabinetmaking might help him out.

'I always tries anything,' he told me, 'for it's the only way you can get any work, and this job turned out lovely even if I did 'ave to bluff a bit to get it. I 'ad the luck to be able to read a bit of blueprint, and I bought a bag of tools to give me the right appearance.' He was eleven months on this job, and then again out of work for six weeks.

Just here he paused and smiled, as though he had something really special to tell me. 'One morning at the end of that six weeks I came into the Libor to sign on.' (Getting unemployment insurance was referred to most often in England as being 'on the Labor,' as it is handled by the Ministry of Labor.) 'There was four men with green cards going out. You know what they are — they're the cards you gets as introduction to a gov'ner when there is a job to be 'ad.'

'Yes,' I said, for I had seen them, but it was only afterward that I came to know how significant these bits of pasteboard are in the whole working life of England.

'I goes up to the man at the desk,' he went on. '"Ain't there room for one more?" I arsk. "No," sez 'e; "four were telephoned for." I did n't stop to argue with 'im. I just runs after the four with the green cards. They 'ops a tram and I 'ops after them. When they 'ops off, I 'ops off. They goes up to an office. I plays fair and waits till they've gone in, and then when I sees them come out all smiles and throwin' their 'ats up I knows they've got their jobs. Then I goes in quick-like myself, and I says, "Got anything for me, gov'ner?" and 'e says, "I 'ave just took four on," and I says, "If you 'ave need of four, surely you 'ave need of five." And 'e arsks me what I can do, and I says, "I can do anything, gov'ner; just give me a try." 'E says, "All right, I'll give you a try, but not on the job with them fellows." And then 'e gives me an 'elper. 'E says to me, "Take Old Bill there in the yard to 'elp you and do this bit of work." And you see that made me a kind of a gov'ner over Old Bill. That was a lucky day for me, for that work lasted four years. And the work that the poor fellows with the green cards was put on only lasted four weeks.'

Nickerson earned £2 15*s.*[2] on this job and was officially a handy man and decorator. There was a five months' interval, looking for work, before he was taken on as a painter-laborer under the Metropolitan Water Board. The new work paid £2 13*s.* 5*d.*, and he kept at it for ten months. Then his oldest child died of tuberculosis, and, as he described it, he 'went kind of queer for seven weeks,' and they did not hold his job for him. It was a year before he found something else, — his longest

[2] Weekly rates for wages, insurance, and rents have been used throughout. — AUTHOR

time without work, — and he spoke of it with great discouragement.

Finally he found employment again decorating schools under the London County Council, a 'top-rate' job, for it generally brought him as much as £3 a week. He had kept inquiring at the gates from the clerk of the works, watching for the time when the schools closed and would need to be redecorated. After the schools were done over, he was shifted around to other institutions under the London County Council. Altogether he had steady work under the Council for eighteen months; then he had none for five, until he secured his next and last job in June. This was in an ice-cream factory, where he worked eighty-four hours a week, starting at nine-thirty in the morning and working till twelve at night, for which he received £2 15*s.* a week. He said he was away so much that the kiddies almost forgot him and wondered where their dad was. But it was better than no work. He had lost this job the week before my visit. One night, not having eaten all day, he had gone out to get his dinner at half-past nine, and the gov'ner had been angry.

IV

If you have followed this recital you will see that getting insurance had never put a stop to Mr. Nickerson's search for work. The first time he was out long enough to be eligible, — that was after his discharge from the army, — he drew on it for three weeks. Then, after working a year and a half, he had seven weeks of insurance; then a short period on a government road scheme, then three months of insurance before his three months of work in France. No time elapsed before getting his next job of eleven months. Then came six weeks of insurance, which led into four years of steady work, then five months of insurance, followed by a ten months' job. His next period of insurance, that of one year, came after a severe illness. Then an eighteen months' period of work, then five months of insurance, drawing 31*s.* 3*d.* a week, then a job at which he worked eighty-four hours a week for less than twice what the insurance would have given him.

'Money you get from the Libor,' he finished, as I started to leave, 'is 'andy between whiles — it keeps things going for you while you're finding another job. No, I don't know any of those people who just live on the Libor, but I've 'eard tell of 'em. But I don't see 'ow they does it, for the money don't feed you well enough to keep you fit for the next job if you keep the kiddies going right. It just keeps you alive and going while you're looking.' He had n't saved any money during the time he was at work, because, he said, 'when you're out of work, you get behind with your clothes and your shoes, and money 'as to be spent to make you look tidy. Personal appearance do make such a difference for getting a job; they'll talk longer to you when you are a real tidy dresser. Me girl is as keen as anyone can be, but you can't manage clothes on the "Libor." Not but what the Libor keeps a roof over your 'ead, and food in your stomach, but you can't plan proper for children on it. We don't run into debt, though; we would rather pawn some of the furniture than do that, and me wife goes up and down the street to save a farthin'. There is the two weeks' rent come Monday, but we'll get it paid up some'ow.'

As I left the Nickersons and kept on down the street looking for the house of my next neighbor, I wondered whether many families were going to reveal the personal details I wanted to learn from them as well as had Mr. Nickerson. I could not foresee that what I found the

first day among the families I saw in Bethnal Green was to be driven home to me over and over again by the families I visited in many other parts of London, in Manchester, the heart of the textile district, in Liverpool, the city of dock labor, and in the coal valleys of South Wales. Their case stories and spontaneous testimony will enter into the comparative study of the effects of relief methods on family life which American settlements have been making with the collaboration of neighborhood workers in England and on the Continent. Before I was through, the British working people I visited had altogether convinced me that the minimum of security which meant so much to them had not produced in any degree the demoralization of family life that our relief methods in America are producing.

V

On my ship coming back from England, a very intelligent and charming young American told me that she could not believe in the dole. 'You know, don't you,' she continued, 'that people go to the Continent, where it costs less to live, and just come back to collect their dole. Great numbers are doing that,' she finished firmly.

I was encouraged by that story, for I realized that such tales can be dispelled by the most rudimentary knowledge of the regulations governing the workings of British unemployment insurance. I could understand her antagonism toward a system which she believed worked like this. No matter how adequate your own income, it is natural not to want to be taxed so that the unemployed may spend their winters in Florida or on the Riviera. Mr. Nickerson did go to France, but he went there to get work, and he gave up any chance of help from the dole while he was away. A worker, to be eligible for insurance, must, when unemployed, 'sign on' at the Labor Exchange at least twice a week during his normal hours of work;[3] dock laborers sign twice a day, since they are engaged for the half rather than the whole day. To get the benefit, they must be at all times not only able but willing to work, and if a man refuses a suitable job offered by the Exchange his benefit may be denied by the insurance officer.

In such a case, he may take his claim to a court of referees consisting of an independent chairman and representatives of employers and of insured contributors. If the referees grant him leave to appeal, or if their decision against him is not unanimous, he may appeal to an umpire who is appointed by the Crown, and whose decision is final. Thus his rights under the system are protected; but, to prevent malingering, there is this work test and sifting-out process of which we have no general counterpart in our public relief operations in America. At the same time, by linking the Labor Exchanges with the Insurance Offices, the organized efforts of the British Government are thrown alongside those of the worker in finding a new job.

Another of the stories which bob up most often is that of the servant who retired from domestic service to live on the dole. The fact that neither domestics nor agricultural laborers come under the Insurance Acts makes a case of this kind an impossibility. The only way a houseworker might share in the dole would be either to go to live with relatives who are receiving the insurance for themselves, or to be in charge of a man's household and children and thus indirectly receive dependents'

[3] A reliable check against fraudulent claims, inasmuch as a worker could not sign if he had work during these hours, which are specified. — AUTHOR

benefit. The amount of benefit is not large enough to encourage sharing of this kind. The merits of barring these two groups of employees from the system is another matter. They work for so many and such widely scattered employers that the cost of administration has been a chief factor in keeping them out of the insured class.

You are sometimes told that this exclusion tends to keep people from going into domestic service, and in some instances this may be true. My impression, however, is that the tendency is no more marked in England than in America, where we have no insurance, and it is more reasonable to attribute it to the wider opportunities for choice which have come with the growth of industry. A maid at the house of a friend in England told me that while some of her friends preferred to go into factory work, in which they would be protected by insurance, she chose housework because it was steadier; and, she added significantly, 'Hours are fairer than they used to be.'

There are British critics of British Unemployment Insurance, and there are grievances, abuses, and anomalies in it, just as there are in the American school system (where we may have gone far ahead of the British). These are aired in reports, investigations, Parliamentary debates, and much informal conversation, but Conservative, Liberal, and Labor Party followers alike discussed them with me without any more thought of abolishing the system than we should have of doing away with our plan of public education because of its faults.

VI

The English saw unemployment for what it is, a permanent social problem, when in 1911 they passed their first Unemployment Insurance Acts. They turned to insurance as a method for apportioning some of the economic costs of unemployment among employers, employed workers, and the public. There have been many changes since, for they have treated the new method as experimental and evolutionary. It has been neither the wholesale bounty nor the hard-and-fast scheme which Americans associate with the word 'dole.'

Unemployment was with us, too, in our prosperous years, but we were less aware of its significance. Even after three years of unparalleled unemployment we have worked out little but appeals to private charity and emergency public funds. The recent Royal Commission's Report to which I have referred is immensely interesting, but it will probably have scant reading in the United States. We have shut ourselves off from the wealth of British experience with myths and catch phrases. In crying 'dole,' and investing the term with our own misconceptions, we have raised a wall over which we seem unable to look. Once we look over it we shall see more clearly where the British have succeeded and where they have failed. Only then will their twenty years of experience help us in working out something for ourselves. Both our prejudices and the propaganda which has aggravated them seem to be giving way before the misery which our own spasmodic efforts these last four years have failed to prevent.

There are two kinds of benefit under the Unemployment Insurance System of 1931, and it is important to get the distinction between them clearly in mind. First, there is what is termed Standard or Insurance Benefit, based on a definite relationship with contributions paid into the Fund. In order to be eligible, a claimant, between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five,

must himself have made thirty contributions to the Insurance Fund within the previous two years. He makes his contribution weekly on the first day he works during any week. This is taken out of his wages by his employer, and a stamp is affixed to his unemployment book as a record. A worker who has thus qualified and who is laid off, can, after waiting a period of six days, begin to draw benefit. Should his unemployment continue, he can claim twenty-six weeks or six months of benefit within one benefit year.

At the end of twenty-six weeks, if the claimant is still unemployed, he comes out of the first class of benefit and becomes an applicant for what is known as Transitional Benefit. To be eligible for this, the claimant must himself have made eight contributions during the previous two years or have paid thirty contributions during his lifetime and must undergo a Means Test, a complete innovation in the English scheme. Broadly speaking, it is around these second payments that most of the controversy in Great Britain has centred. They were formerly known as Extended Benefits, and it is to them, since the conditions of eligibility were relaxed, that the word 'dole' has been most generally applied in England.

Transitional Benefit is paid from the same office as Insurance Benefit; the amount paid, however, is not fixed, but is determined by the Means Test. The Means Test itself is carried out by the local Public Assistance Authorities of the counties, at the request of the Ministry of Labor. The home of the applicant is visited to ascertain what his resources and income, if any, may be. All wages earned by members of the household, pensions, or other means of support are taken into account. If as much should be found coming into the household from other sources as the Insurance Benefit would normally bring, the claimant is not eligible for Transitional Benefit. If only part of that amount is coming in, enough is allowed to bring the family income up to what the total Insurance Benefit would otherwise be. In counting children's wages, some deductions are made for such things as carfare, lunches, and personal expenditures. Once a claim for Transitional Benefit is allowed, the Public Assistance Authority reviews the applicant's circumstances every four weeks. As soon as conditions change in the home, — for instance, where the child upon whose wages the rate of benefit is based loses his job, — the family may apply for reconsideration of the benefit paid them. In one way or another the household income is thus kept up to the insurance minimum as long as the breadwinner is without a job and stands ready to take one.

It will be seen that the basis in this second class has tended to shift from mutual insurance to public relief. It is this change in procedure and principle which conservatives regard as necessary to safeguard the National Budget, but which has been most sharply protested by British Labor on the ground that the fault lies, not in any unwillingness on the part of the wage earner to work, but in the failure of industry and government to supply him with the opportunity. They hold that right, no less than need, enters in, and that the Means Test tends to penalize thrift and to demean the applicants who must submit to it.

While the great bulk of unemployment is treated under the Unemployment Insurance Acts, — roughly two thirds under the Standard or Insurance Benefit, and one third under Transitional Benefit, — there is still one other aid of which those who are not eligible under either of these two categories may avail themselves. This

again is administered by the local Public Assistance Authority in a county. In the last report of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance the figures show that 5.1 million pounds were spent in local outdoor relief for the unemployed in 1931–1932 as against 89.2 million pounds[4] spent by the Government through the Unemployment Insurance Acts in the same year. This is a ratio of 1 to 17, and sharply contrasts with our experience with emergency public relief in the United States during the depression. With us the Federal Government has only entered in through loans by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation; some few states have voted funds, but the heavy end of the burden of public unemployment relief has come down on local government and local taxpayers.

Nor does the total bill for unemployment insurance and relief in England seem so impressive, now that we have begun to tally up our own heavy outlays under similar conditions. The total British bill for insurance last year was 122.8 million pounds. To the 89.2 million pounds put up by the Government were added the 33.6 million pounds coming, half each, from sources for which we have as yet no counterpart — that is, the contributions of employees and employers. Under the present ruling, the employer, the employees, and the Government contribute each a third of the weekly payments to the Insurance Fund. The rate is ten pence a week per worker, from each of the three. From 1921 on, the National Treasury has, through deficiency grants and loans, made up each year the amount of the Insurance Fund deficit. The last two years the Government has made a direct payment to cover the cost of the Transitional payments, which in 1931–1932 amounted to 32.3 million pounds and is included in the above figures for the government grant.

[4] This amount includes 39.6 million pounds lent by the Government to the Fund. — AUTHOR

VII

Considering these three types of benefit paid to relieve unemployment, we are brought directly to the fundamental English philosophy as to the care of dependency. The acceptance of public responsibility is inherent not only in English law but in English thinking. The whole English system of caring for dependency of any kind, whether it is caused by unemployment, sickness, or old age, lack of capacity or death, is based on the assumption that the State is responsible for furnishing the necessities of life, if for any reason an individual is unable to sustain himself. Realistically enough, food, shelter, heat, and clothes are taken as essential factors in the assumption of public responsibility. In the case of the local Public Assistance Authorities, the amount of the grants is left to committees who act on the basis of what is termed an invisible scale (one used merely as a guide) which includes consideration of all four items. In our emergency relief work here in America, only food has been generally regarded as essential, and that has been pared down below tolerable standards. I learned that the British Public Assistance allowances tend to be slightly lower than the insurance benefits, although in many special instances, such as in sickness, they may be higher. They may also supplement the Standard Insurance Benefit where there is some particular need.

The following table gives the weekly rates allowed under the Unemployment Insurance Acts of 1931. It will be seen that the gradations of benefit have to do with age, not with the earnings of the beneficiary — a point on which most American thinking breaks with

the English precedent. Likewise the premiums paid by the British are at a flat rate, and not a percentage on pay roll, as in the American proposals.

	Weekly Allowance
Males aged 21 and under 65	15*s.* 3*d.*
" " 18 " " 21 *	12*s.* 6*d.*
" " 17 " " 18	8*s.*
" " 16 " " 17	5*s.* 6*d.*
Females aged 21 and under 65	13*s.* 6*d.*
" " 18 " " 21 *	10*s.* 9*d.*
" " 17 " " 18	6*s.* 9*d.*
" " 16 " " 17	4*s.* 6*d.*

* Young men and women who receive a benefit for a dependent receive the same ordinary rates as men and women aged 21 and under 65. Persons under 16 or over 64 (they are eligible for old-age pensions at 65) are not entitled to receive benefit. An additional dependent's benefit of 8*s.* is allowed for the wife of an unemployed wage earner, and 2*s.* for each child.

In translating some of the figures into dollars, I am using the par value before England went off the gold standard, as the domestic buying power of the pound has not gone down in the same way. The allowance for a family of five consisting of a man and wife and three minor children would thus work out as follows: —

	English money	*American equivalent*
Allowance for man	15*s.* 3*d.*	$3.71+
" " wife	8*s.*	1.95+
" " child	2*s.*	.48+
" " "	2*s.*	.48+
" " "	2*s.*	.48+
Total	29*s.* 3*d.*	$7.10+

In judging what this amounts to as a substitute for lost wages, we have to take a great many factors into consideration. The chief of these, it seems to me, are the much lower rents in England, the lower wage scale, and a lower cost of living. I was assured that 29*s.* 3*d.* would approximate at least $12 in spending power in this country, although comparisons are difficult to make under present conditions. As to the wage scale, the equivalent of $12 would be much nearer the level of pay for unskilled labor in England than here before the depression set in, and consequently it more nearly enables such workers to conserve their manner of life. It does not, of course, approach the standard of wages of skilled workers in England, but it does afford them a minimum of protection. Such families can count on it, and it gives them a chance, when out-of-work periods come, to hold on to hard-won standards of living.

VIII

Quite accidentally I stumbled on Mrs. Bruce, who was living at St. Heliers, a charming new housing estate just out of London. I had scarcely expected to meet unemployed families there, yet it was in such settings that this last aspect of unemployment insurance was brought home to me most forcibly.

The Bruces' place was so engaging that I had stopped to take a picture, and Mrs. Bruce herself came out to greet my host and invite us in. She was a very 'house-proud little woman,' as one man had described his wife to me, and was distressed because her beds were airing, even though the whole place was marked by a beautiful spotlessness. Five rooms, besides a kitchen and a bathroom — we came to know the particular virtue in each as their possessor almost caressingly pointed them out. Folding doors between living room and dining room so that a small sewing society could meet there; gas fires in some rooms and a coal stove in the living room that could be arranged to make an open fire. The triumph of our tour, however, was the garden, and it had evidently been the climax to the family's ambitions. It was sweet with flowers and vegetables, rivaling each other in a very tiny space.

The Bruces had lived in Shepherd's Bush in London, and had looked for-

ward ever since they were married to something like this. Two years ago they had come here. It had taken a long time, for it was a big step. The rent was £1 a week and they had only been paying 14*s.* 5*d.* in Shepherd's Bush. They had managed beautifully for the first year, and then Mr. Bruce, who is an auto mechanic, lost his job. He was out of work for eight months. 'How did you manage to stay here?' I asked. 'But for the insurance, we should have gone back,' came the answer. Then she went on, 'It was only 27*s.*, but, with that little, we hung on. We had just two dinners a week, and the Blue Van Grocery Wagon trusted us some because I had always paid before. The milkman trusted me, too, and my sister lent us £2. My husband has only been back at work a month, but I have everyone paid up except my sister, and I am starting to pay her.' Mr. Bruce was earning £3 10*s.* a week, and the oldest daughter, a girl of fifteen, 10*s.* An eight-year-old boy was at school, and the baby of the family, a girl of five, followed us around, shyly reflecting her mother's satisfaction in their establishment.

That the Bruce family had hung on to what represented progress and hopes in life to them, at the expense of their diet, seemed plain — but perhaps there are times when hopes are more important than calories.

The Jones's, whom I found living on one of the housing estates in Manchester, must have done the same thing. Jones was a compositor, thirty-six years old, earning £3 16*s.* a week. He had set type steadily with one firm for twelve years, 'paying into the insurance all that time,' he said, 'but never drawing on it.' Just one week after he had moved his family into one of the new estates, he lost his job, and for two years he could find no steady work. Their rent was 19*s.* 11*d.* a week, he said, and 'it wanted a bit of doing' to be able to stick it out; but they held on. Finally his old boss was able to send for him to come back to his old job, and at the same wages. For the last three months of his unemployment he had been on Transitional Benefit. 'They did n't ask us to sell anything,' he said, looking around at the good parlor furniture, the bookcase, and the pictures, 'and we were very grateful for that. We had only been able to save enough for this furniture since we were married, and it meant everything to us to be able to keep it and not have to start from the bottom again. This had been all we could afford, and have the children. Jack is seven and the twins are four.' There was a twin in each parent's lap, and Jack was solemnly regarding me from the fireplace. It seemed to me that, if charm and looks counted, the money had been well expended.

I had seen this same kind of capability in families living on the housing estates in Germany, and had seen there, too, how insurance had enabled such families to hold on to fought-for standards. I cannot but feel that these people are important to a nation and that their standards are valuable in the sum total of any community. Had they been obliged to turn to charity, they might never have been quite the same again, nor have had the same qualities of self-reliance to offer to their community. When these are lost, something of use to the country has gone.

The Woods were among a number of families I visited in a housing association in London. Joe Wood, the father of the family, was a stocky, dark-eyed young fellow of thirty-three, with four boys under twelve. He had worked steadily for six years after the war and drawn no benefit. Since that time, however, his work, bricklaying, had

been irregular, and it was the insurance he could draw in his out-of-work periods that had kept them going. That and the 4*s.* a week, out-of-work pay, that he drew as a member of his union. When I visited them, their rent was paid up and the children were healthy, even though they had to 'eat slim' on the Labor.

Joe was somewhat of a philosopher as well as a bricklayer, and we discussed the pros and cons of unemployment insurance for a long time. I was to think of his final comment one day soon after I returned home to Philadelphia. 'I can recollect me father, when things was bad, 'ow desperate 'e was,' he told me. 'As for meself, I believe it stops us from being criminal.'

Two months later Mr. Barton, one of our neighbors at University House in Philadelphia, brought this sharply to my mind again. He was backed up against his kitchen wall with an old gun in his hands, saying to the constable who had come to evict him, 'I'll shoot you if you put us on the street. I don't care if you do lock me up. You might as well.'

IX

Michael Barton had been out of work two years. Less than a year before that he had been earning between $30 and $40 a week as utility man in a Philadelphia factory, working on machinery. Before that he had had a record of fourteen years with one firm. He had started to buy a house through a building and loan association, and had paid $1100 cash on it when he was put on part time. With great difficulty he kept up the payments on his house through three months of broken work; then he lost his job altogether. Three months later the mortgage was foreclosed, and the family was out on the street. This happened during one of the periods when funds for unemployment relief in Philadelphia, both public and private, had run out. So the family separated; a sister in New York took Mrs. Barton in, and an aunt of Michael's was persuaded to take him and the children.

Nine months later the fourteen-year-old boy got work running errands for a grocer, and Mrs. Barton found two or three days' cleaning a week. Philadelphia friends who had kept their furniture for them when they were dispossessed took the reunited family in while they saved enough to pay the first month's rent on a house of their own. Compared to the respectable little home they had lost, this one was miserable enough, but what they minded most was that it was down an alley where the drunks of the neighborhood congregated. Even this was not to last long, for little John lost his work; Mrs. Barton became too sick to scrub; Michael could only pick up odd jobs, not enough to pay the rent; and they were given warning to get out in ten days.

By this time the Pennsylvania Legislature had appropriated money for unemployment relief, and the Bartons applied for help. When the state money was first made available for Philadelphia, it was stipulated that none of it should be used for administration. Consequently thousands of families applied for help before proper arrangements could be made even to interview them. For weeks people stood in line outside the doors of the central relief station, waiting sometimes all day before they could get in to make their application. In an effort to make the administration more humane, tickets were distributed down the lines with a date on which the applicant should return. The date was sometimes three or four weeks ahead.

This, be it remembered, was at

the beginning of the fourth year of the depression. We in America might fairly have been expected to have worked out of our first confusion and established some order in handling relief.

When an investigator finally arrived at the Bartons', it was only to tell them that no rents were being paid in Philadelphia and that it would be some time before even a grocery order could be got to them. On the day the constable arrived, Mr. Barton had walked to Darby and back, a distance of five miles, in search of work. For two years he had done everything he knew of to earn money; he had peddled fish from door to door, and gone from factory to factory in search of a job. He was worn out and hopeless. The day that the constable arrived to evict them, he was exhausted from his long walk and almost crazy in his desperation. Mrs. Barton was crying and the little girl was clinging to her, not knowing whether to be more frightened at what her father or what the strange man might do.

At such a moment one would not turn instinctively to the constable to save the situation, but life is quaint, even in its bitterest moments. This particular young man was as kindly and discerning as it was possible to be; it was he who calmed Mr. Barton and lent the family ten dollars so that they might pay something toward the rent on a house across the street. There you may find them to-day if you have a mind to make your way down Manning Street. They may not be there to-morrow, for Mr. Barton still has no job and the family's shelter hangs once more on the four dollars a week young John brings in from his new job as errand boy.

I had so long heard commiseration expressed by Americans toward England because of her unemployment and her 'dole' that it was a novel experience to find us the object of pity to English working people. Our plight had apparently seeped through to even the least informed among them. Early in my inquiry, I was greeted from the steps of a tenement in London: 'Do come in, miss. I'd be glad to 'elp you in any way I can, for I 'ear things is dreadful in America. I see by the papers in some plices they're linin' 'em up for bread.'

LANTERN IN THE STORM

BY EDWIN M. SLOCOMBE

I

His mother's words surprised me. She was sitting at a desk in the little waiting room across the corridor — a room provided for such vigils as ours. She did not sigh or gasp, nor sink down in her chair. With characteristic courage she lifted up her head and held her tear-filled eyes wide open. 'His life was beautiful,' she said. And I heard myself replying, 'He was beautiful all through.'

He was like that — this fifteen-year-old boy. It is not that we idealize him now, because he died. We always thought of him in that way, and so did our friends. Even people whom we did not know would stop us on the street or at some social gathering and inquire about Graydon. They would explain that they had seen him somewhere, had had some casual meeting with him. 'He attracted me so much that I inquired about him and was told that he is your son,' they would say; or, 'I was impressed by his courtesy and his beautiful smile.'

Walking across the Cornell campus last June, we introduced him to a professor with whom we chatted for a moment. Twice afterward, in that busy reunion week, this professor went out of his way to speak to us of the impression Graydon had made upon him. It was like that, always.

He had all the gifts of physical beauty — a handsome face, clear blue eyes, a lovely skin, bright chestnut hair, and a pleasing voice with an unusual lift of happiness in it. I have felt a thrill of pleasure in his physical beauty as I have watched the graceful swing of his golf drive. On the day of his coming home from camp with the infection which proved to be fatal, it seemed to me that I had never seen so beautiful a boy. Probably I never had, for at that moment he was crowding back his sensations of pain in order that he might greet me with a smile. The glory of his brave, considerate spirit was shining through his sunburned face.

There were strength and depth in his character, and these qualities could be detected in an undercurrent of seriousness that was never far beneath the surface of his life. On the surface he was gay and fun-loving, always alert to play some mirthful boyish prank — but never one that hurt another person's feelings. Frequent and quick as his flashes of humor were, they were always kindly disposed.

If some one trait of his was more frequently evident than any other, it was his courtesy, which was instinctive and spontaneous. His mother and I could still say, at the end of his days, as we had often said before, 'He has never once failed in courtesy to us.' Any parent of a vigorous warm-blooded boy in his fifteenth year will appreciate how much that simple statement means.

Or perhaps the trait most constantly

evident in him was eagerness — a lively eagerness in his personal interests, a shy eagerness in whatever interested other people. He was eager to join in the play or the work that was going on, and eager to make it go well. When he was given a chore to do in the home, he brightened it by the spirit in which he went about it, and usually added some playful or artistic touch that showed the interest he had put into it, and made of it a personal contribution to the welfare or the happiness of the family.

A member of his Scout troop said, 'When we went on an overnight hike every fellow came back feeling that he had had a better time because Graydon went. He did n't play around with one or two of the fellows that he liked best. Every fellow felt the same about him, and every fellow had a better time because Graydon went.' An older friend wrote of him, 'I wonder if you, who were so close to him, really knew the power he had to make other people happy.'

Yes, we knew. The way in which a boy does a chore in his home is more revealing than anything his friends outside ever see. His gift for making other people happy, his courtesy, and the interest that he put into whatever he did, were animated by the spirit of eagerness that characterized his living.

II

We had always lived in New England until last year, when we moved to Virginia. Graydon loved the new home from the outset. The gracious manners and speech of the South were congenial to him. Of his own accord he adopted the colloquial 'sir' and 'ma'am' in addressing his parents or other adults, and, having adopted these words, he never afterward answered 'What?' when we called him, or said merely 'Yes' or 'No' in reply to our questions. It was characteristic of him to perceive the finest qualities in his environment and, unconsciously, to weave them into his own life.

Although he had this sensitiveness to the graces of conduct and speech, he was at the same time a lively, high-spirited, sport-loving boy who defended his boyish ideals with a boy's uncompromising and hot-blooded loyalty. Among his playmates at one time were some who did not always play fair; Graydon's prompt resentment of their occasional unfairness gave him plenty of experience in defending his principles with his fists. Neither fighting nor boxing was congenial to his nature, but he fought with these boys when occasion demanded, and boxed with them between occasions.

Golf and Scouting were his chief delights, and he was eager to excel in them both. He played tennis, baseball, basketball, and football, but golf was to him a sport apart from all others. Anything associated with golf had a special place in his affection. Next to playing, he liked to caddy. He was ambitious to be a quite superior caddy — an ambition which I am sure he achieved. On the few occasions when he caddied for me he insisted on observing strictly all the requirements of his position. When we played together he was as likely to win as I. Eager as he was to have me play with him, he knew that I seldom played and never urged me to do so. 'How about some golf, Daddy?' he would ask, his face alight; and if I said that I'd like to play but could n't very well manage it, that was the end of it. He would go off and caddy, or do something else, with a cheerful heart.

Here, in Virginia, his interest in Scouting was greatly stimulated by his liking for the boys in his troop and by his deep attachment to his Scout-

master — a young minister of great personal charm, with quite exceptional gifts for his parish ministry and for his leadership in Scouting. I recall the tears in Graydon's eyes when, last May, he told me that Mr. Dudley was leaving Lynchburg to go to a church in North Carolina. Among the most precious of my treasures is a letter which came to me from this young minister after Graydon's death. In that letter he wrote: —

> It was with the troop that I last saw him, a good Scout, jovial, healthy, and happy. It is the way I like to remember him. It is needless for me to tell his father that he was honest, truthful, loyal, and energetic, for you knew these qualities in him better than I. I never saw him exhibit a single negative characteristic. . . . I often remarked to my wife, before and even since leaving Lynchburg, that Graydon was the only Northern boy I had ever known to become immediately popular with a group of Southern boys. I've known a good many to 'make their place,' but none other to find it waiting. Graydon was exceedingly popular with the boys of the troop.

There is a glimpse of this popularity in a gracious letter from the mother of one of the boys in this troop, and it is significant that without knowing us she was moved to write to us about Graydon: —

> I saw that fine boy of yours at a Parents' Night of Troop Three, and was so impressed with him that I asked my boy who he was. Billy's reply was: 'One of the finest boys I know, and smiles always.' I am grateful that my boy knew him.

III

A water blister on his foot — that was all. Bacteria entered the broken blister and forced their way into the blood stream. Once they had entered that stream, so the specialist informed me afterward, there was no hope, and nothing that could be done for the boy. It was on Wednesday that he came home. Now it was Monday, a little after midnight. 'That is the end?' I asked, looking up at the nurse. She bowed her head.

Bacteria — the lowest order of life — had wrought this tragedy. The lowest had triumphed over the highest! Here was a boy in perfect physical condition, vibrant with health, energetic and athletic — a boy with a superior mind and high ideals, wholesome, affectionate, fastidious, tenderly considerate of others. And here, attacking him, were these bacteria, having neither mental nor moral qualities.

In a rational universe what outcome should one expect? It must be that the spirit of life that animated this boy's body was the superior in power, in intelligence, in vitality. It must be that his spirit would be the victor in this conflict. The creative energy of the universe which had produced a life of such a high order must be capable of defending it. God Himself must care mightily that this life should live and fulfill its great promise. Although I was the father of this boy's body, his spiritual nature was begotten of a divine source. Surely the power, the purpose, the intelligence, and the love within that Source were actively defending this boy against this low-lived organism. I reminded myself that the All-loving is also the All-mighty. I did not expect this Spiritual Power to interfere with the order of nature, but I did expect some evidence of the presence and the activity of this Power operating in and through the natural order.

I heard the last outgoing breath. There was nothing more — only stillness. 'That is the end?' I asked. And then the storm fell. It was as if a cold, sheeted rain had suddenly fallen around me, completely surrounding me with its down-pouring torrents. I was in an enclosed space — a sort of room within

the room, only the walls of this inner room were walls of beating, beating rain. Everything else was on the outside of those walls. Inside, there were only my child and I.

So this was reality! All that had seemed impossible — that this boy's life could come to this untimely end; that bacteria could destroy anything so good, so beautiful, so healthful as this boy; that the lowest should triumph over the highest — all this, which had seemed impossible and unreal, was real! And all that had seemed real — that victory would be on the side of goodness and beauty; that my boy's life was defended by invisible allies which were equal to his need; that the Eternal Goodness must have provided effective support within the natural order for such a life — all this was unreal!

That there was a Supreme Power in the universe, I did not for a moment doubt. It was the discovery of the nature of this Power that took me by surprise. It was not the kind of power I had thought it to be. I knew now how little I had understood it, how much I had misunderstood it! I had attributed to it certain qualities which appear in human life at its highest and best — justice, mercy, gentleness, kindness, love, compassion, an active supporting of the best elements in a situation, and an active opposing of the worst elements. The Supreme Power had displayed none of these qualities in this event. But, even though God did not have these qualities, which I had attributed to Him, they were nevertheless real. They existed. *My boy had them.*

IV

I walked across the corridor to the waiting room. The walls of ceaseless, pouring rain moved with me as I walked. They were now the walls of that little waiting room. Inside them, shut away from the world, shut away from the universe, shut away from God, there were only the two of us — his mother and I, the two who cared most, who alone in all the universe cared infinitely that this boy should live. I was aware that even the loved body of my son was now on the outside of those streaming walls — out there in the storm.

'His life was all beautiful,' she said. And as we spoke of him we discovered that we both were having the same feeling — a compelling feeling that we *must* not grieve. We attempted to explain to each other the reason for this feeling. There was no need. It had come to us both with the same understanding. Grief would be unfair to him. It would be a failing to appreciate the worth and beauty of his life. It would be disloyal to all that he was, to all that he stood for. He deserved the response of gratitude, not of grief.

This compelling feeling, which held our grief in check, came to us out of our boy's life. It was an effect upon us of the beautiful qualities of his life. These qualities had been manifested in an area of existence which the bacteria could not touch. They existed still *in that same area.* They were not visible qualities, but they never had been. Now, as hitherto, they were the invisible qualities of his invisible spirit. Here, then, in this area of existence, was an organization of certain mental and moral qualities, and certain qualities of the affections, that existed in the very degree and in the very proportion in which this boy's life had combined and established them. Despite the death of his body, this other organism still existed. It not only existed, it radiated energies which were able to make their way through the barriers of our grief and compel us to think of him in terms of beauty and victory.

It was not as possible evidence of the survival of my boy's spirit that this experience was illuminating to me. My assurance of immortality is beyond the reach of doubt or the desire for objective support. What I did learn, and learned to my surprise, was the actual power of those qualities which had made his life beautiful. I discovered that they were more than qualities — they were energies. They were not only beautiful and lovable — they were also powerful. They were even more powerful than grief.

'I can't understand it,' his mother said, 'but I feel that I must not grieve. He was so fine — it would n't be fair. I should be "letting him down."' And all I could say was: 'I understand. I have that same feeling. We must be worthy of him.'

V

But we had not come to the end of this strange experience, although, having spoken of it, we turned at once to the many things which had to be attended to that night. It was in the strength of the beautiful in Graydon's life that we worked on, side by side, through that long night.

In the twilight of early morning we went to our hotel and were soon on the road to our summer home and the three children whom we had left there. They came out to meet us, disclosing by their quiet manner that they were prepared for what we had to tell them. As we sat talking on the porch steps we were unaware of the sunlight which was shining upon us from the sky, but we were aware, all of us, of a light that was shining in our hearts. We might have thought — their mother and I — that the children were merely reflecting the spirit which we were trying to communicate to them, had not the absent daughter written to us, from the distant summer school which she was attending, of her own experience which was similar to ours.

The days have lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into nearly six months since Graydon died. The ashes of his body are now a part of the soil of the Virginia that he loved. Throughout these months the tides of feeling have had their ebb and flow. The storm that fell on that night in August returns at times, and the pitiless rain pours down again in torrents. While the storm lasts there is darkness in the world, and darkness in my heart.

But, outside my heart, out there in the storm, a light always shines. It is not the love of God. That energy cannot pass through my resentment when the storm is on. It is Graydon's beautiful spirit that shines out there — a lantern in the storm. In the midst of the storm it shines and shines, until its light penetrates into my heart and I am aware once more that out there, where Graydon is, there is not only truth, goodness, beauty, and not only a strength that is gentle and considerate and gracious, but also, out there where he is, there is *happiness*.

AN OLD QUARREL

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN

I

MRS. MASSEY, a stout, kindly woman of sixty, full of energy for her age, and red-faced and healthy except for an occasional pain in her left leg which she watched very carefully, had come from Chicago to see her son who was a doctor. The doctor's family made a great fuss over her, and she felt in such good humor that she said suddenly one night: 'I declare, I'll go and see Mary Woolens. I wonder what's happened to her? Find out where she lives for me.'

She had grown up with Mary Woolens. Thirty years ago they had quarreled, she had married and gone West, and they had not seen each other since.

So the next afternoon Mrs. Massey was back in her old neighborhood on the avenue at the corner of Christopher Street, staring around longingly for some familiar sight that might recall an incident in her childhood. Looking carefully to the right and left, she had darted forward across the street with a determined look on her face, for traffic now made her nervous, and had arrived on the other side breathless with relief.

She walked slowly along the street, taking one deep breath after another, and leaning forward to lift some of the weight off her feet. Her face was screwed up as she peered at the numbers on the houses, and as she stopped to put on her glasses she was smiling eagerly like a woman who nurses a secret.

If she had closed her eyes and stood there, she could have remembered vividly almost every word of her quarrel with Mary Woolens. Mary had been a foolish, rather homely girl who found herself in love with a deceitful man who kept on promising to marry her while he borrowed her money. Then Mary had borrowed a hundred dollars from her, and it turned out that she had given it to the fellow, who had gone away, and of course Mary was not able to pay the money back. There had been so much bitterness. She had wanted to have the man arrested. For a while Mary and she seemed to hate each other, then their friendship was over.

Now, walking along the street, Mrs. Massey was full of shame to think there had been a quarrel about money. It seemed now that they both had been mean and spiteful, and she could n't bear to think Mary might not know that she had forgiven her long ago. 'This must be the place here,' she said, looking up at a brownstone house. For a moment she felt awkward and still a bit ashamed, then she went up the steps, feeling like a self-possessed, well-dressed woman in good circumstances.

It was a clean-looking house with a little sign advertising small apartments and a few rooms for rent. As Mrs.

Massey rang the bell in the hall, she peered up the stairs, waiting, and then she saw a woman in a plain dark blue dress and with astonishingly white hair coming toward her. This woman, who had a pair of earnest blue eyes and a mild, peaceful expression, asked politely, 'Were you wanting to see somebody?'

'I was wanting to see Miss Woolens,' Mrs. Massey said. Then she said, 'Goodness, you're Mary. Mary, don't you really know me?'

'I can't quite see you in that light. If you'd turn your head to the side. There now, well. Elsie Wiggins! It can't be Elsie Wiggins. I mean Elsie Massey.'

The little white-haired woman was so startled that her hands, held up to her lips, began to shake. Then she was so pleased she could not move. 'I never thought of such a thing in my life,' she said. She was very flustered, so she cried out suddenly, 'Oh, I'm so glad to see you; come in, please come in, Elsie,' and she went hurrying along the hall to a room at the back of the house, while Mrs. Massey, following more slowly, smiled to herself with deep enjoyment.

And even when they were sitting in the big carpeted room with the old-fashioned couch and armchairs, she knew that Mary was still looking at her as though she were a splendid creature from a strange world. Mrs. Massey smiled with indulgent good humor. But Mary had no composure at all. 'I just don't know what to say to you, Elsie. I'm so delighted to see you.' Then, darting up like a small bird, she said, 'I'll put on the kettle and we'll have a cup of tea.'

II

While she waited, Mrs. Massey felt a twinge of uneasiness, wondering how she would mention that she had long ago forgiven Mary, for she was sure that was what was making the poor woman so flustered, even though, so far, she was pretending there had never been bitterness between them. With a pot of tea on a tray, and beaming with childish warmth, Mary returned, saying, 'I was just trying to count up the years since we last saw each other.'

'It must be thirty years. Fancy that,' Mrs. Massey said.

'But I've heard about you, Elsie. I once met a woman who had lived in Chicago, and she told me that you had a son who was a doctor, and I read about some wonderful operation he performed in one of the hospitals here. It was in all the papers. You must be awfully proud, Elsie. Who does he look like?'

'They always said he looked like his father.'

'Maybe so. But of course I always think of him as Elsie's boy.'

'Has your health been good, Mary?'

'I've nothing to complain about. I don't look strong, do I? But outside of a pain in my head that the doctor says might be caused by an old tooth, I'm in good health. You look fine, though.'

'Well, I am, and I'm not. I've a pain in the leg, and sometimes a swelling here, just at the ankle, that may be from my heart. Never mind. Have the years been good to you, Mary? What's happened?'

'Why, nothing. Nothing at all, I suppose,' Mary said, looking around the room as though puzzled. As she smiled, she looked sweet and frail. 'I look after the house here. I learned to save my money,' she said. All of a sudden she added, 'Tell me all about your son, the doctor,' and she leaned forward, as though seeking a confirmation of many things she might have dreamed. 'I ought to pour the tea

now,' she said, 'but you go right on talking. I'll hear everything you say.'

Mrs. Massey began to talk quietly with a subdued pride about her son, and sometimes she looked up at Mary, who was pouring the tea with a thin trembling hand. The flush of excitement was still on Mary's face. Her chest looked almost hollow. She was a woman who, of course, had worked hard for years, every day wearing clothes that looked the same, seeing that her house was cleaned in the morning, going to the same stores every afternoon, and getting much pleasure out of a bit of lively gossip with a neighbor on the street.

'I need more hot water,' she said now, and hurried to the kitchen with short steps, and then, when she returned, she stood there with a cup in her hand, lost in her thoughts. 'Goodness,' she said. 'There are so many things to say I don't know what I'm doing.'

Mrs. Massey continued to talk with gentle tolerance, remembering that her own life had been rich and fruitful, and having pity for Mary, who had remained alone. But when a bit of sunlight from the window shone on Mary's white head and thin face as she sat there with a teacup in her hand, her face held so much sweetness and gentleness that Mrs. Massey was puzzled, for Mary had been a rather homely girl.

'It upset me terribly to stand on the corner and feel so strange,' Mrs. Massey was saying.

'Elsie, heavens above! I did n't ask about Will, your husband.'

'Will? Why, Will's been dead five years, Mary.'

'Dead. Think of that. I hardly knew him. It seems like yesterday.'

'We were married twenty-five years.'

'You used to love him very much, did n't you, Elsie? I remember that. He was a good-living man, was n't he?'

'He was a good man,' Mrs. Massey said vaguely, and they both sat there, silent now, having their own thoughts.

III

Mary Woolens, the small white-headed one, was leaning forward eagerly, but Mrs. Massey, stout and red-faced, sighed, thinking of the long, steady years of married life; and though there had been children and some bright moments and some hopes fulfilled, she was strangely discontented now, troubled by a longing for something she could not see or understand.

Perhaps it was Mary's eagerness that was stirring her, but she aroused herself by thinking, 'Has she forgotten I once told her I hated her? Won't she mention it at all?' And since she had been the one who had held the old grievance, she felt resentful, for the old mean quarrel had bothered her a long time, had filled her with shame so that she had been eager to forgive Mary; and now Mary seemed to have forgotten it.

She looked full into Mary's face, and then could n't help wondering what was making her smile so happily. 'What are you thinking of, Mary?' she asked.

'Do you remember how we grew up around here, and were little bits of kids together?'

'I sort of half remember.'

'Do you remember when we were such little things, we used to sit together on the steps and you used to tell me all kinds of fairy stories, making them up. I'll bet you can't remember.'

'I do remember,' Mrs. Massey said, leaning forward eagerly. 'There was

another girl used to sit with us sometimes. Bertha, Bertha — oh dear, now, what was it?'

'Bertha Madison. We wore big hair ribbons. I can remember some of the fairy stories now. The night I read about your son being the fine surgeon and performing that wonderful operation, I lay awake in bed thinking about you, and I remembered the stories. It used to seem so wonderful that you could make up such fine stories as you went along, and it seemed just right, when I thought about it, that your boy should be doing the things he was. I remember there was one story you kept carrying on, and like a whole lot of bright patches it was.'

'I remember,' Mrs. Massey said, holding on to her animation.

Mary looked up suddenly. Her face was flushed, her blue eyes were brilliant. She was looking up with a kind of desperate eagerness. With a rapt interest and mysterious delight, Mrs. Massey was leaning forward, her heavy face holding a little smile that kept her lips parted. They were both filled with delight, leaning close to each other, almost breathing together, while they were silent. Then, without any warning, Mary began to cry, shaking her head hopelessly from side to side, and dabbing at her eyes with a small handkerchief.

'Mary dear, Mary! What is the matter? Why are you crying?'

'I don't know,' Mary said.

'You should n't go on like that, then,' Mrs. Massey said, fretfully. But she, too, felt her eyes moistening. 'Oh dear, oh dear, Mary,' she said, rocking from side to side, 'oh dear, oh dear.' She tried bravely to smile, but it no longer seemed important that they had once quarreled bitterly, or that her life had been full and Mary's quite barren — just that once they had been young together. A great deal of time had passed, and now they were both old.

CONTRASTS

Memories of John Galsworthy and George Moore

BY FORD MADOX FORD

I

To-day, at the end of January, I went for a walk down through the dim Luxembourg Gardens where they were putting iris plants in among privet bushes. It seemed a curious thing to do. But of course they know what they are about. I continued down the rue Férou, which, it is said, Dante used to descend on his way from the Montagne-Ste-Geneviève to the Sorbonne, and in which Aramis lived on the ground — and Ernest Hemingway on the top — floor. And how many between the musketeer and the toreador! And so across the Place St-Sulpice, more dimmed by the thaw than even the long alleys of the Luxembourg.

Terrible things — for those to whom terrible things occur in their lives — happen in the last days of January. The heavy drag of winter is then at its most dire, and your courage at its lowest, as if in a long four o'clock in the morning of the year. You seem to pass as if you yourself were invisible in the owl light of the deep streets. . . . Between dog and wolf, they say here. It is a good phrase.

Because, through such tenebrousnesses, I made my way to a café where I sat all alone and read that Galsworthy was dead. A week ago it had been George Moore. So the days between — the days of black frost twilight turning to crepuscular thaws — were days between dog and wolf. . . . Between their deaths!

I sat for a long time looking at the words: —

Mort de John Galsworthy
La Carrière du Célèbre Romancier

It seemed wrong to be reading of his death in Paris. And, for me in tawdry light above tawdry *nouvel art* decorations of a café I much dislike, I saw through the white sheet of paper . . . dull green hop-lands rolling away under the mists of the English North Downs; the sunlight falling through the open door of the stable where he used to give me breakfast; the garden of the Addison Road house. It backed on the marvelous coppices of Holland Park, and the pheasants used to fly from them into the garden.

He had a dog — an immense black spaniel — that seemed to be more to Galsworthy than his books, his friends, himself. A great, dignified, as if exiled-royal, creature. That is why I say between dog and wolf. For, when it came to writing, George Moore was wolf — lean, silent, infinitely swift and solitary. But Galsworthy was the infinitely good, infinitely patient, infinitely tenacious being that guards our sheepfolds and farm sides from the George Moores. Only, there was only one George Moore.

In one January week the Western World lost its most skilled writer — and its best man! So it seems to be wrong to read about the death of Galsworthy here, before the West begins. With George Moore it mattered less. He was as Parisian of the 'seventies to 'eighties as an Anglo-Irishman could be.

II

The last time I saw Mr. Moore was on the Quai Malaquais. He wandered along before the old book backs, under the gray branches of the plane trees, above the gray Seine. His pale eyes were unseeing in his paler face. They must have seen a Seine and book backs of fifty years before. Sexagenarian graynesses — as when I saw the news of the other death my eyes rested on thirty-year-old Kentish greenness!

I stood with my hat in my hand for several seconds. I always stood with my hat in my hand when George Moore passed me in the streets, and I think that writers of English should stand with their hats in their hands for a second or two on the anniversaries of a January day in 1933. . . . On that day he was walking very slowly, and I waited — as one does when the King goes by — until he was a little way away before I put my hat on again. I don't think he so much as saw me, though he seemed to acknowledge my salute by a minute sign with the fingers of the hand that hung at his side.

I did not ever know him at all well. If I had not had so great an admiration for his greatness, his clarity of mind, and the chilliness of his temperament, I might have got to know him well, for I saw him often enough. . . .

Once I was writing a preface to a volume of translations from Maupassant. Mr. Henry James had told me some singular details about the life and habits of the author of *La Maison Tellier*. Conrad had said that these stories were all nonsense. I was not writing about the life or personality of Maupassant — only about his methods of writing. But I thought it might clarify my thoughts if I could get myself posted as to the matter upon which James and Conrad disagreed. Moore had lived in Paris in the great age of impressionistic painters and had known all the naturalistic writers of the last decades of the last century. What I wanted to know was a question of French manners.

I wrote to Mr. Moore and asked him for information as to two succinct points so that he need take no more trouble than to answer 'Yes' or 'No.' He ordered me to go and see him.

He was in a dressing gown, recovering from influenza in a darkish, rather rich room that I found overheated. Before we had even sat down he said: —

'So you want to steal my thunder!'

I was then young and that annoyed me. I denied that I had any intention of using anything that he said, but he paid no attention. The interview continued disagreeably for me.

There is an early American folk song: —

> So I sez to Maria, sez I:
> 'Praise to the face
> Is open disgrace.'

And I have never been able, in the presence of the great, to express to them the admiration that I usually feel. I try to bide my time until I can slip into the conversation something like 'your admirable *Nets to Catch the Wind*' — or whatever I judge to be the great one's favorite work. But Mr. George Moore never gave me the time to manœuvre for position. He said at once that Maupassant had pilfered his ideas in *Une Vie* and *Bel-*

Ami, and hinted that he had made a very poor job of it as compared with *Esther Waters* and *A Modern Lover*.

If you put it to me to-day that *Esther Waters* is a greater novel than *Une Vie*, I do not suppose that I should deny it, for Maupassant, great as he may have been as a short-story writer, was not a novelist *pur sang*. To state that is to deny the gods of my youth, but I was then in the full heat of the Maupassant faith. And Mr. Moore, if he was unobservant as to material details, was a perfect demon for detecting hesitancies of the voice.

It became worse later, for I distinctly chilled him by obstinately stating that I preferred *A Drama in Muslin*, he, quite properly, thinking that *Esther Waters* was his masterpiece. But at the moment I had just finished reading the other, and I had read it with a personal enthusiasm for its relative humanity, whereas all the rest of the master's novels left me — personally — cold. Intensely admiring — but repelled!

So I have that early image of him, standing rather rigid and grim, chilled and monachal in his long dressing gown. He was dismissing me with one hand on the door knob of his dim, overheated room. I had at the moment for the first time the impression of his extreme pallor. That was owing, possibly, to a shaft of light coming from the passage. And he seemed as aloof as if he had been a denizen of another world where there was neither sun nor wind. The impression was so strong that I was relieved that he did not remove his hand from the door knob and offer it to me.

I gathered that he took me for an interviewer. I had told him again and again that I had no intention of printing anywhere anything that he might say, but it had not seemed to make any impression on him. Before I came he had made up his mind that he was going to receive a reporter who was going to pick his brains, and he was a man who had great difficulty in changing his ideas. In those days an interviewer was regarded in England at once with a sort of fearful fascination and as a being some degrees lower than the man who comes to check your gas meter.

So I remained with the impression of something at once querulous and etiolated. (Etiolation is what happens to plants if you grow them in the dark.) I felt as if a minor James had called on a blotted Flaubert. I have already recorded elsewhere the repulsion that James said he had felt when Flaubert had opened his front door to Turgenev and himself — and in a dressing gown! And Flaubert had bellowed at James. Mr. Moore had a servant to open his front door, and his voice was almost too faint, his dressing gown almost too elegant. Nevertheless he always gave me the impression of being a water-color drawing of the sage of Croisset that, whilst it was still wet, had been nearly bleached with blotting paper.

It was, I fancy, a sort of nervousness engendered by this particular pallor that prevented my making any effort to see any more of the author of *Esther Waters*.

III

Later I called on him once more at his request, and the visit was even more of a failure. I asked him to give me something for the *English Review*. He asked me what sort of writing I wanted from him, and we got to something like icy bickering. It was, of course, my fault. I had just been reading a volume of his reminiscences, — *Ave atque Vale*, I think, — and I had felt such admiration for their beauty of expression and poetry that I said that I liked them infinitely

better than anything else he had ever done.

You should never say to a novelist that you prefer his 'serious' writings to his fiction, though I find that such few novelist friends as I have always say that to me. But novel writing is a sport infinitely more exciting than the other form, so that almost all writers would prefer to be remembered rather by their imaginations than by their records.

In the end Mr. Moore said that he was engaged in revising one of his novels, but that if I would ask him again in a month or two he might do something for me. I think he really liked the idea, but to my lasting shame I forgot to write to him, and I never saw him alone again.

I suppose it was his aloofness from life that made one always forget George Moore. I have never met a critic with any pretensions to knowledge of letters who would not acknowledge when challenged that Moore was infinitely the most skillful man of letters of his day — the most skillful in the whole world. Yet in an infinite number of reviews and *comptes rendus* of the literature of the world that I have read — and written — George Moore was almost invariably forgotten. That was due perhaps to the fact that he belonged to no school in England, perhaps to his want of personal geniality, perhaps to something more subtle.

I was walking last night along a cold dark boulevard with a critic possessing a delicate discrimination in letters. He said, talking naturally of Galsworthy: —

'He was n't, at least, wicked like George Moore . . .' Then he checked and exclaimed almost in mental distress: 'I don't know why I say that George Moore was wicked. I know nothing against him personally. I have never heard anything against him, and the *Brook Kerith* is one of the most beautiful books in the world. But you know what I mean. . . .'

I knew what he meant. It was that something wicked seemed to distill itself from the pages of Moore's books so that whilst you read them you felt, precisely, mental distress. You felt even mentally distressed at merely remembering the writings of George Moore — as if you were making acquaintance of what goes on in the mind behind the glacial gaze of the serpent that is the Enemy of Man.

I will make a personal confession. It has been my fate to be mistaken for — or to be told that I resembled — three men that I particularly disliked resembling. Whenever I have gone to public literary assemblies I have inevitably heard two or three people say: 'Here's Gosse!' And two or three others would whisper: 'Is n't that man like Oscar Wilde!' That I could just stomach, though I should much have disliked to meet the fate of either of those writers. But when the late John Quin, the collector, said to me on our first meeting in Ezra's studio in the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, 'Hullo, George Moore, how well you are looking!' I had hard work to refrain from knocking him down. I think I should have knocked him down if he had not had the sense to see that I looked well — for George Moore! I had so often been taken for Mr. Moore or told that I resembled him that, by that time, it had become an obsession.

IV

There was nothing of that sort attaching to John Galsworthy. When you thought of him you thought of green fields in the cool, calm, bright weather of George Herbert. He had a sort of Greek aura as of perfect physical

motion accompanying measured speculations in a halcyon atmosphere of eternal youth.

I at least have never got over the feeling that he was, as in early days Conrad called him, 'young Jack.' And I cannot bring myself really to believe that he ever had any perturbations of the spirit, though actually I have known him have — and indeed I have accompanied him through — some dark periods. And even at this moment I cannot think of him as other than the Fortunate Youth — happy at once in the lines in which his life was laid and in the occasion of his death. For it is no sorrow to die amidst the still resounding acclamations of a whole planet — and in the same week as George Moore. You may have the feeling that, however Fate may deal hereafter with your name, you are at least one of twin pillars that were the terminal stones — the hind portals — of an age.

I was some years younger than Galsworthy, but he did not publish his first book until six years after I had published mine. In consequence, he being always unobtrusive and I overbearing, I got very early into the habit of considering him, and of treating him, as a much younger man — so that when I read of his death it was almost as if I had lost a younger brother in the flower of his age.

I first saw him in a sporting club. They told of him there a curious anecdote; the fame of it hung over him like a curious legend, so that, though I was not introduced to him for several years, I was accustomed to speculate as to what sort of fellow he could be.

In those days he was the young man about town — at any rate to all appearances. He had eaten his dinners at the Middle Temple, which every young man of good position then had to do, so that he was an unpractising barrister. He was moderate in everything, sedulous in the effort to pass unnoticed in the best places where young men about town show themselves. He had a little bachelor establishment, kept a small stable, drank very moderately, and dressed with the careful negligence that was then required of you. So he appeared always to be in harmony with his surroundings. He seemed to sink into his background — on the grand stand of a good race meeting, in the stalls of a good theatre, at an afternoon tea in the best of houses — as harmoniously as a thirteenth-century Madonna sinks into its gold background in a dim twelfth-century Italian church. He was nevertheless marked out — perhaps because of his legend. I have heard elderly colonels say he was not 'sound.'

I do not know that I ought to tell that story. It is not derogatory to Galsworthy, but it probably belongs to someone else, and one should not tell other people's stories. But most of the people who once knew it must be dead by now and the tale is infinitely illustrative. It is this: —

One night a young man — I think it must have been Earl Bathurst or one of the Bathursts — turned up in that club with another young man — Galsworthy. Bathurst wanted to borrow a fiver from somebody. The two had been to the Derby and had done rather well. In the train with them, coming back, there had been a thimble-rigger. Galsworthy had been perfectly aware that the fellow was a swindler, but he obstinately backed himself to discover under which thimble was the pea — which was of course under none. With the grim persistence that was the main note of his character, he had backed himself, doubles or quits, against the thimblerigger and his confederates. He had lost all his own

money and Bathurst's, which he borrowed. He lost his watch and chain, tie pin, signet ring. So they had come to that club to borrow money to redeem the watch, which had sentimental associations for Galsworthy, while the thimblerigger waited in the hall. Bathurst had eventually got the money out of the club porter.

Grim persistence — that was what it was. Galsworthy thought that the trick *ought* to be exposed for the benefit of the public. 'Ought' — that was even then his great word!

His face seemed to be always just about to smile, the lines of a smile being always about his lips. Actually he smiled a real smile — the product of an emotion rather than of a generally benevolent attitude — only rarely. He was 'Devonshire,' and proud of being Devonshire and proud that the chief attribute of the Devonshire man is a surface softness under which lies the grimmest of obstinacies — the velvet glove on a hand of marble. Nevertheless your main impression of Galsworthy would be his smile — and his softness.

In his physique, too, he had those characteristics. He appeared gentle and inactive, as if with a continuous pensiveness. But he had in his youth muscles of iron, and in athletics the same persistence.

I do not suppose I shall ever forget my surprise just after my first introduction to him. It was at the Pent, when Conrad was stopping with me. I was prepared for something remarkable by Conrad's really radiant expression when he said, 'Jack wants to know if he may come down.' For some days I heard then of 'Jack.' I do not know that I even heard his surname, for Conrad had a trick of taking it for granted that you must know everyone whom he knew. Then, at the station appeared the smiling being of the sporting club. That was already an astonishment.

I was driving a wagonette with a pretty good mare. He swung his grips over the side of the cart and would not get in because, he said, he wanted some exercise. The road from Sandling Junction goes immediately up a very steep bluff, so he walked beside the box seat, conversing, as Englishmen of his station converse, about the properties on either side of the road — the Laurence Hardys' of Sandling, the Deedes' of Saltwood Castle, Earl Sondes' a little farther on.

At the top of the bluff he would not get in. He said, 'Drive on. That will be all right. I need some exercise.'

I said, 'If you mean to walk, there is a kissing gate in the hedge after the next vent-ways. On the left. You cater the field. You'll be on Pent Land. You'll see the house.'

He said, 'That will be all right. Drive on. I want some exercise.'

I touched up the mare. She was a pretty good goer, aged, but with a strain of Wilfrid Blunt's Arab blood. I did not expect to see that fellow again until a quarter of an hour after I got to the house. But there he was, still beside the box seat, trotting along with the utmost equanimity. And, as if we had been strolling down Piccadilly, he continued conversing — about the land of the Pent, which is a clayey loam in the bottoms till it runs into the chalk of the Downs; and about how the young partridges were coming on; and about Selby-Lowndes, the redoubtable Master of the East Kent Hounds who had once had a trencher-fed pack in the Cleveland district. Englishmen have to know all these things or they are not 'sound.' So he trotted the mile and a quarter to the Pent. I felt like Maupassant when the head of Swinburne rose out of the Mediterranean beside his canoe and the poet swam to

shore beside him conversing joyously of Anacreon. Conrad told me afterwards that Jack had held the mile record at Oxford for several years. That needs persistence.

I remember I once had a sort of portable pulpit built to write at. Someone had told me that the reason why painters usually live to be old men whilst writers die relatively young is that painters stand at their work and do not lean over tables, compressing their stomachs and lungs. When Galsworthy saw that pulpit he must have one too, for he wanted to live at least as long as I. I gave up my monstrosity in a very short time, but he persisted with his for many years. So that the image I have of Galsworthy at work is that of a painter before his easel. In those days he wore a painter's gaberdine when he wrote. He had once the idea of using different colored pencils or ink for passages of differing character. He was always trying new devices. So there he would be, an erect figure, thin, not very tall, blond, camped in front of his pulpit with a blue pencil between his lips, in his right hand a red pen that he had just taken up, and a profusion of other pens and pencils and rubbers and gadgets along the ledge in front of him. Poor Jack!

V

It is sad to have to say, 'Poor Jack!' when it is a matter of his being no longer there. But it comes naturally, because whenever Conrad mentioned him in later years it was always as 'Poor Jack!' That was because Galsworthy was so worried about his writing. It did not go very fast in the early days. The life social still had its lure for him; he was not very sure of where, as a writer, he was going. He was grimly determined to produce novels, but he was at first hampered and a little depressed by the influence of Conrad, who knew well enough where *he* was going. *Jocelyn* is a palish study in the manner of the early Conrad — the Conrad of the *Outpost of Progress*. Then Turgenev gripped Galsworthy as he must grip every serious writer, and he produced the *Villa Rubein*, which is a very charming, young book, with, as it were, the face of Turgenev smiling up through every page.

He still, however, worried in our Campden Hill days. His friends and parents jeered at the idea of his writing. His father was a Tartar. I lived at one time next door to him, and that was what the servants said of the old gentleman. Galsworthy *père* and *mère* separated, tired of seeing one another, at very advanced ages. There was something pixy-ish and hard about both those old people, the father ferocious, the mother young for her age, flighty, with bright-colored bonnet ribbons. It was not a usual stock, that from which Galsworthy came.

Nevertheless, say in 1903, he still let social considerations weigh in a major degree in the arrangements of his life, though the Arts began to occupy more of his thoughts. One of his sisters, a few yards away on the Hill, was *mélomane* and gave wonderful concerts; the other was married to Sauter, the tough, dynamic Austrian painter, and lived just down the Hill. Campden Hill, in the royal borough of Kensington, was like a high-class Greenwich in which all the artists should be wealthy, refined, delicate, and well born. It was high in the air. In its almost country roads you met ladies all of whom wore sable coats — or at least sable stoles; and admirable children all bursting with health; and Whistler and Abbey and Henry James.

I lived myself in a house on the very top of the Hill, Galsworthy in a stable

just on the other side of the great covered-in reservoir. It was, of course, a converted stable, very beautifully appointed and suitable for a young bachelor of means and slightly romantic tastes. Here he used to give me those admirable English breakfasts two or three times a week to the accompaniment of gleaming silver and the hissing of the tea urn, with, as I have said, the sunlight shining in through the open door. For myself, I have always hated comfort and all its accompaniments, but here something ascetic mingled with the tempered luxury, and I used to sit there feeling like a pleased fishwife who had got into the basement of a palace.

Galsworthy, however, was still worried. He was preparing to break with Society, but his life was still an energetic round of concerts, receptions, race meetings, richer studio teas, theatres, dinners, and the rest. We used to dispute very vigorously, — mostly about writing, — I being clamorous and he very determined over his kidneys and bacon. I used to declare that a writer can learn no more of Turgenev than he can of Shakespeare, both being temperaments rather than writers with methods to be studied. That used to pain Galsworthy. He would declare that no one could avoid being benefited by contact with that temperament of infinite pity and charity.

There came the mental crash. He crossed his Rubicon. I can place the very, agitating day, and after that Galsworthy was no more the young bachelor about town even in appearance. Nor was he any longer 'Poor Jack.' He had got religion, and his path was plain.

He never looked back, and gradually our ways parted. I still saw a great deal of him. We still lived close together, but now, down the Hill. I could see the beggars and hard cases from my windows, going from my office of the *English Review*, round the corner, to Galsworthy's doorstep that was never without its suppliants. My hard cases were all of the literary sort, such as come to the office of a journal and go on to a Galsworthy. But he had innumerable others. His charities were inexhaustible.

VI

He was helpful with the *English Review*, but I always thought he was not very approving. That organ was too distinctly literary and in no way either philanthropic or propagandist of social reorganization. I used to go for morning constitutionals with him and Gilbert Cannan. Occasionally with Ezra, across the park to Hyde Park Corner. And always Galsworthy would be rather wistfully suggesting that I should print the work of someone who wanted to reform something — the poor laws, the relations of the sexes. Marwood also was too Tory for him. He used to spit with indignation over Galsworthy's humanitarian suggestions, so that my life was not very easy when Marwood walked with us, and when, the blameless tool of the Reformers who had by then got the control of the *Review*, Galsworthy was induced to sit in my editorial chair, I had really a difficult struggle to prevent Marwood's assaulting him. Galsworthy, of course, was completely innocent of any intrigue, and the incident caused no shadow to fall between us. I had gone for a week's rest — which I immensely needed — to the countryside in Normandy. And those Reformers, having already a mortgage on the *Review*, had told poor Jack that I had left the country for good. It was curious the difference there was between his proposal for a number and that which I eventually

printed. You would have said it was impossible that Literature could have two such opposed faces.

The difference was that Galsworthy believed that humanity could be benefited by propaganda for virtue of a Christian order, whereas I believed that humanity can only be brought to ameliorate itself if life as it is is presented to it in terms of an art. And the business of Art is not to elevate humanity, but to render. Those are the two schools of thought that have eternally divided humanity, and no one in the end will ever know which will win out. It is not even certain that the Eighteenth Amendment will be repealed — and the Eighteenth Amendment was brought about by exaggerated imaginative statement.

Yet it used to fill me with amazement to see Galsworthy at work — the grim persistence with which he made point after point, the dog-like tenacity with which he held to his thesis. He would ponder for hours and hours. Then the little rabbits would creep out to die after the *battues;* the law-parted lovers would feel the thumbscrews pinching tighter; the convicts batter on their cell doors until the cruel stupidity of men and their institutions was shown at its apogee — and beyond.

I think that that method is better for plays than for other forms, and possibly at long last it is by his plays that Galsworthy will be remembered. At any rate, for me *The Silver Box* and *Joy* were things of rapturous delight when I first saw them, and they remain like bright patches in my memory after more than a lustre. In them his extraordinary genius for contrasting antithesis with antithesis — his extraordinary gift for sticking to a situation till the last shred of drama was extracted from it — was never thrown away and never grew monotonous. And the structure even of his propaganda plays was almost always impeccable.

He could even keep within his *cadre* with sureness of touch. I remember that after the second performance of *The Silver Box* he was a good deal worried about the curtain to one of his scenes — the one in which a child is heard crying outside the house in which its mother has been arrested. He thought that this did not come over — that there was no *clou* to the scene. He sketched several new endings and rejected them. The point was that a middle-class woman, amiable but insensitive, had had the mother of the child arrested on the wrongful suspicion of having stolen the silver cigarette box. The child, finding that its mother did not come home, hung to the railings outside the open window and cried for her, and the scene ended on the sound of the wailing.

I finally suggested that the middle-class woman might send the child out a slice of cake. For the first time in his life I found Jack become really heated. He came out of the depths of his abstraction to say that that was an atrocious suggestion. The woman was a decent, well-brought-up mother. Her maternal instincts — the maternal instincts of any woman — would make her feel that a slice of cake was not a fitting substitute for a mother's care. So perhaps his detachment from the class that he so skillfully held up to scorn was not as absolute as it seemed to be. He once told me that never, in his man-about-town days, had he been absolutely in the inner circle. Something always marked him off a very little, and he had always the feeling that he was a fish in not quite the right water. But the habits of thought of a youth spent in an atmosphere of so strong a flavor remain singularly in your subconsciousness.

On one of our walks I asked him — just when we were crossing a road — what had become of someone we had both known years before.

He exclaimed, 'Oh, poor man, his sister's married a workingman!'

But as soon as we were on the opposite sidewalk he said determinedly, 'Of course there is no reason why one's sister should not marry a workingman. But with poor Dash's notions it is very disagreeable to him.'

I do not mean that there was anything of the hypocritical about him. Heaven knows nobody could be further from the English governing-class frame of mind than I am. I dare say that, if it were ascertainable, it might well appear that I am much more alien to that frame of mind than even Galsworthy ever was — if in a different direction. But if anyone suddenly asks me even now what is my opinion of someone, I find myself replying with an estimate that is astonishingly like that of the great English public school that it was my privilege to attend.

VII

I will try to put on paper the occasion of one of his real smiles. I came in on him once, in the later days in his house in Addison Road. He was reading a cutting from some paper. He had a humorous expression and read on to the end without speaking to me. He said, 'Those poor devils of penny-a-liners! What won't they say and where won't they get it from!' He tossed the slip to me.

The cutting described the early struggles with poverty, the long years of want of recognition, the bitter sufferings that, according to the writer, Galsworthy had gone through.

It was when he took it back and looked over it again that he smiled — the real smile coming out over the one that was always there, coming out very slowly as if the emotion came from somewhere very deep and irresistibly moved his features. He said, 'Considering that I never had less than several thousands a year, I can't be said to have suffered. . . . And I don't believe I was ever conscious of waiting. . . .'

It comes into my head that I did, on another occasion, see him in a real temper. You might call it topical, but it happened many years ago. He had remembered after paying his income tax that he had not included a quite considerable sum that he had received for Near-Eastern productions of several of his plays. He had written to the income-tax authorities that he was prepared now to pay this sum. They had answered that the accounts for the year were closed and nothing could be done about it. He had replied by sending a check for the amount. He had received a letter, returning the check, and saying that the Lords Commissioners had ordered that this matter must now close.

At that he was enraged. He asked, How could the country be run? How could justice be done? How was it possible to do anything with officials who took serious matters with that levity? He went on being angry about it and worrying officialdom about the matter for a long time. His concern was so great because, he said, how was it possible that the poorer classes should not be unduly burdened when the comparatively wealthy like himself could escape so easily — even involuntarily!

I will conclude with a little gay story.

I had gone to lunch at the Galsworthys' one day when he had had to go out to meet a theatre manager before the meal was quite finished. The door closed behind him and Mrs.

Galsworthy sprang up and said, 'Now we're going to have a treat!'

Galsworthy kept an admirable table, but it was one relatively chaste when compared with my reprehensible culinary feats with garlic and condiments. So Mrs. Galsworthy produced from secret recesses in the sideboard a very wrapped-up Camembert. And when it was unwrapped — well, it was a Camembert!

She said, 'Poor Jack does n't forbid *me* to eat things like this. But nothing so pagan must ever appear when he's at table.'

When the cheese was quite unwrapped and oozing over our plates, 'poor Jack' put his head round the door with his slow, friendly air of reconnoitring. He wrinkled up his nose, smiled as if he had caught two children stealing jam.

'Is n't that,' he asked, 'what you would call being caught *en flagrant délit?* Or is it fragrant delights?'

So he was not above making a pun on occasion.

The last time I saw him was at one of those attempts to establish an entente between Anglo-Saxon and French writers over which he admirably shed his aureole. Curiously enough, it was in Paris. The French loved him for his admirable presence, his old-world dignity, his aureole, and his charming French that was hesitant only because of his modesty. And standing, dominating that crowd of hard-shelled Gallic writers as a white swan might float over an assembly of black herons, he told them that if he had any skill in letters it came from France. It came from a long discipleship to Flaubert and Maupassant and Anatole France . . . and to Turgenev and Conrad, who themselves had learned all they knew of writing from French writers.

It was curious and touching to hear that valiant pronouncement.

BECAUSE YOU CAME TO CLIMB

Turn on this shelf of cliff, and see
Far off the brightly patterned plain
Webbed with those roads that memory
Alone may now regain,
In all their dust and heat
Surprised by flowers —
Mark the tall towns, where many a street
Rang with bright hours!

Because you came to climb the sky,
You noted not the rock grow steep,
Though ominous wings at times went by
Adrift as if on sleep.
Now iridescent light
Veils all the plain
So many storms made strange with night,
Sombre with rain.

And rock is chill on either hand,
And sky is just as far above,
And there below you lies the land
You were so heedless of,
So burning went your haste
Through field and town
To seek the height you finally faced,
Whence you look down.

At least for this new sight was given
The height — though never to reach the sky,
But only now to see your heaven
Reversed, before you die;
And yet, you came to climb,
And you endure —
So turn your face to the rock of Time,
Make one more foothold sure!

William Rose Benét

SUNDAY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

I

WHEN this country at last falls into line and accepts the idea of a dictatorship, when politicians, bankers, and economists finally throw up their hands and ask me to take sole charge of affairs, one of the first things I shall do will be to revive the old-fashioned Sunday.

I shall do this, not primarily as a moral or religious move, but because, with the passage of time, I have come increasingly to believe that the old-fashioned Sunday is the best device ever evolved for restoring poise and judgment to a fidgety world.

The decline of the old-fashioned Sunday is an event still so recent that it needs little recounting. When the first golfer discovered that he could play eighteen holes on the Sabbath and still not be struck by lightning, when the first druggist found that he could sell ice-cream sodas between Saturday and Monday without a frown from his leading patrons, Sunday as a day of universal rest was judged to be obsolete. Like melting snow, its customs and rigidities disappeared in a single decade, and during the next twenty high-pitched years they were scarcely missed.

Sooner or later, however, the world may be brought to realize that the old-fashioned Sunday was not a mere rustic survival from early Calvinism or a tribal rite of the ancient Hebrews, but was a social check-valve developed by centuries of human experience, and that a nervous, high-strung society which has suddenly abolished it will rue its loss. The old-fashioned Sunday, in short, was one of nature's regulators, checking the tempo of life and readjusting it every seven days. It did for a very large part of the civilized world exactly what every physician and modern psychologist would be eager to do if he could. It forced whole communities of men, women, and children to come, once a week, to a complete halt and, for twenty-four hours, alter entirely their physical, mental, and social habits.

This is, in no sense, a 'confessional' article, and, as I have taken pains to make clear, its point of view is not primarily religious. As a churchgoer my record for many years has been no better and probably much worse than that of the average Protestant American. But out of the untidy welter of Sunday papers and cigarette smoke that constitutes the usual present-day Sabbath, out of the chatter of golf scores and the smell of locker rooms, the hurried, tardy engagements, the rushed, undigested meals, and the long, nervous driving on crowded highways that make up a modern week-end, I find myself, with greater and greater longing, looking back to the peace and dignity of the old-fashioned Sunday as it was known to at least one small boy in a medium-sized New England city in the eighteen-nineties.

II

In those days, of course, the word 'week-end' was entirely unknown, unless possibly one ran across it in some English novel. A modern week-end is nothing but two and a half Saturdays, and workdays are merely days that are not week-ends; but at that time every day of the week seemed to have a peculiar character of its own, a sort of mounting progression which ended with Sunday, when abruptly the slate was wiped clean and one began all over again. Tuesday had quite a different 'feel' from Thursday, and Monday from Wednesday. You could almost tell what day of the week it was from the very atmosphere of the little city, from the different kinds of delivery carts that drove around the streets, from the general appearance of the postman's bag, and even from the faces and attitudes of the people themselves.

To a small boy, of course, the most ecstatic moment of the week came at 3.45 on Friday afternoon. He had before him what seemed like an almost endless freedom, and at the same time a wealthy, snug feeling that he had not yet used up a minute of it. The hours between the closing of school and supper time on Friday were quite unlike the same hours on any other day. In sheer golden glory, in the feeling of relaxation and expansiveness, they probably surpassed even Saturday itself. Except for 'dancing school,' which boys of the 'nineties hated with a black venom that the modern fox-trotting child does not seem to share, Saturdays were then very much what they are to-day. But when the boy of that era went to bed on Saturday night, he was to awake next morning to a set of mental experiences which very few children of to-day could even understand.

Now I do not pretend that boys and girls of thirty-five years ago actually *liked* the old-fashioned Sunday in the sense that, if given the choice, they would deliberately have chosen it. Left to themselves, they would probably have done just what their elders have done since — created a week-end consisting of two and a half Saturdays. I do maintain that few of them really chafed and pined under the exactions of the old-fashioned Sunday, as later tradition has pictured them as doing. From their point of view, Sunday was simply *there*. They no more questioned it than they questioned the rising of the sun. I further maintain that, once the mere fact of Sunday had been admitted, children of that day, consciously or unconsciously, really did enjoy it. I believe that, to-day, most middle-aged men and women, looking back on the outstanding and pleasantest recollections of childhood, would be astonished to discover how many of them were connected with the old-fashioned Sunday.

In the first place, as I have suggested, the chief social value of the old-fashioned Sunday lay in its utter difference from all other days, and, in the 'nineties, that difference was apparent from the moment one opened one's eyes. In a city there was a strange sense of stillness. The street cars ran on a different schedule, the sound of horses' hoofs seemed to come with a different rhythm, and only after long gaps of silence. The footsteps of pedestrians were uncannily loud, voices were heard through the open window with an odd clearness, and, in the country, the strokes of the church clock came across the meadows with quite a different tone. It may have been mental, of course, but, even in the woods or on a ship at sea, Sunday 'looked' different from any other day.

The second great influence of the

old-fashioned Sunday began to work from the moment the boy of the 'nineties put his foot out of bed, for at once he not only dressed in clean raiment from head to foot, but put on a formal dark suit of clothes that he seldom wore at any other time; and, on going downstairs, he found a company of elegants whom only custom enabled him to recognize as the members of his own family. If Father were well-to-do, or, possibly, somewhat 'sporty,' he wore a frock coat, and later would put on a silk hat. Otherwise he wore a black cutaway. Mother was a swirl and swish in silk or satin, while Sister positively billowed in muslin or dimity. Even the gardener or furnace man appeared in his best clothes and went through his few chores in a gingerly, dainty fashion. And the point is that these clothes were not just assumed for the church service. They would be kept on all day, and for twelve hours would mould both the acts and the mental states of their wearers.

I know that a great deal of scorn has been packed into the phrase 'Sunday-go-to-meeting-best,' but was there not, under these frock coats and dimities, a very sound psychological principle? Anyone will admit that there is a strong tonic effect in dressing for dinner — indeed, in changing one's clothes at any time of the day; but, while Americans as a race are the first to admit this fact, they are the last to practise it. At every lift of the bars, their habits in this respect take a slip downward. The old-fashioned Sunday was, in short, the only institution that has ever made the entire American people, from top to bottom, realize the obligations and feel the benefits of dressing deliberately and appropriately for a given event. Those Sunday clothes did for their wearers exactly what a uniform does for a soldier. They induced and maintained a complete mental attitude. The moment frock coats were abandoned for knickerbockers, the day ceased to be Sunday. I will admit that I myself would blanch at the idea of wearing a heavy tail coat all through a June day, but, as an observer, I insist that it would be better for the race than the bathrobes and negligees which nowadays can be seen sprawled around almost any American home any Sunday morning.

III

I cannot remember at just what hour my own family breakfasted on Sunday. It was probably later than on weekdays and earlier than would be the case to-day, but I do remember that between breakfast and church time came one of the pleasantest hours of the day. It was an hour of complete, irresponsible leisure — a kind of leisure that I, for one, have not known in twenty years. To realize its peculiar quality one must remember that it could only have existed because every usual occupation for mind or body had been momentarily abolished. No mail came to the door and no telephone rang. No Sunday papers appeared, with the modern fight for the various sections and the subsequent dip into the commonplace. All tasks were at a standstill, even 'homework' being prohibited, while, on the other hand, routine pleasures were out of the question. Noisy and running games were forbidden either by decree or by the necessities of Sunday clothes, and, even if this had not been so, other boys and girls of the neighborhood were occupied with their own Sunday régime and did not appear, tantalizingly, outside the door.

The result was a state of mind which is probably known to-day only during a long voyage on a slow steamer. It was a state of mind in which even

children found it quite pleasant to do nothing more than walk up and down the garden paths or sit under the apple trees. It was the state of perfect relaxation — without even a book, a tool, or a pack of cards — which modern psychologists are constantly trying to induce, the state in which the body rests while the imagination flourishes. In our household, while Father disappeared to the luxuries of his special Sunday-morning cigar and Mother to the last-minute details of her church-going costume, my sister and I, in conscious, tiptoeing elegance, would explore odd corners of the garden which suddenly seemed picturesque and dramatic, would chat over the fence with our neighbor's coachman, or would simply sit in the leafy grape arbor and let fancy roam to fine worlds in which little girls were suddenly grown up and all little boys had six ponies.

For us children the call to church came all too soon, as I imagine it did also for our father, who was still at his ease in the pleasant, shabby old room that we knew as 'the library.' Here, again, I cannot contend that a boy of the 'nineties liked church for its own sake any better than a boy likes it today, but I do insist that he got a good deal out of it and that, both for him and for his elders, one of the chief benefits was that same enforced relaxation of mind and body, which few men or women will take of their own accord.

Once in church, the slow hum of the service had a charm of its own, especially in the spring months, when the warm sounds and scents from out of doors came through the open windows to mingle with that peculiar smell of church cushions and stone walls which a witty minister of my acquaintance once called 'the odor of sanctity.' Into the daydreams which rose and soared during the church hours even the sermon did not break particularly, for there is a technique of listening to sermons, just as there is a technique of listening to symphonies. Although our minds were apparently anywhere except on the discourse, yet we all seemed to find, at dinner time, that we had gathered in the main points, especially if they were anecdotal or humorous.

One of the principal benefits of almost universal church attendance was one which, so far as I know, has never been noted. This was the fact that, in a city at least, church and Sunday School compelled, every week, a complete stirring up and reassortment of the whole community. Then, as now, boys and girls played largely, during the week, with other boys and girls of the immediate neighborhood or with a small group with which they had some common tie. On Sunday these groups split up automatically and each member went to his own church and Sunday School. On Sunday mornings all the Baptist, Methodist, and Catholic boys of our neighborhood disappeared entirely from my Presbyterian ken, and I found myself plunked down in a pew with an entirely new set of boys who were picked at random from all over the parish and who might attend quite different schools during the week. Even the boys whom one saw frequently at other times appeared in a different relationship at church and Sunday School. It may have been due to the atmosphere of the sacred edifice or the consciousness of our Sunday collars. Perhaps it was nothing more than a recognition of our common plight. I can remember one big bully of a boy whom I avoided like poison from Monday to Saturday, and who probably despised me as much as I dreaded him, but with whom I sat on friendly and even jocular terms in Sunday School.

What was true of us children was equally true of our elders. My father

and mother had two complete sets of friends — their social friends and their church friends — and the two groups had, in their minds, almost equal importance.

IV

In my very earliest years Sunday dinner in many New England families was still served at three o'clock in the afternoon, and in winter it was often dusk before we arose from the table. Later, owing no doubt to the increasing servant problem, the hour was moved forward to one or one-thirty. In either case the dinner was a formal affair. The best linen and silver were laid out, and the feast progressed in steady courses from olives and celery through a heavy soup, a huge roast, ice cream (delivered in a wooden bucket every Sunday morning), to nuts and raisins. Those colossal dinners are, I know, one of the favorite modern indictments of the old-fashioned Sunday, but at least we took time to eat them and, afterward, to digest them. They had the slow majesty of a banquet. There was no rushing in from a dozen directions twenty minutes after the hour set, and there was no glancing at watches as the meal progressed. There was nothing else for anyone to do, and, since every other family of our acquaintance was undergoing the same ordeal at the same hour, we were completely free from interruption. In many houses, indeed, the Sunday dinner was quite a patriarchal affair, married sons and daughters with their entire families being present, not once or twice a winter, but every Sunday from September to June.

If the weather was cold or stormy, or if dinner was still served at a late hour, there followed a period very much like that which still follows a Thanksgiving dinner, and it continued, with more or less regularity, until the family went to bed. An awful period, in the modern opinion, but we children of the 'nineties did not find it so. On the contrary, it never lost a certain holiday flavor, if only for the reason that, for once, we were allowed to share completely the life of our elders. With a common thought, the whole family made at once for the parlor or the drawing-room (it might be called either), and quietly sat down to talk or read — which, after all, was not a very strange thing for intelligent people to do.

In the house which I like best to remember, the parlor was a really beautiful old room, purely Victorian, but containing many of those fine, substantial things which scorners of all things Victorian seem never to have known. It occupied most of one side of the big square brick house, having as much space as was comprised in the 'reception room' and the 'library' on the other side of the hall. It had walls fourteen feet high, great silver-knobbed doors, which boomed when they were closed, a marble mantel and fireplace, and long windows with inside wooden shutters which folded back into the walls. The furnishings in this room were not changed from one year to another, not even the books on the tables, but since we saw them so seldom they never lost a sense of exciting novelty. I can remember one great flat volume — *Paradise Lost*, with illustrations by Gustave Doré — over which we pored, Sunday after Sunday. We never, of course, read a word of the text, but Doré alone must surely have been as good for us as 'Happy Hooligan' and 'Buster Brown,' who within ten years were to furnish the most popular Sunday reading.

As a matter of fact, after dinner, when it was no longer necessary to keep collars clean or hair in order, we children were really free to do about as we liked, and if we remained with our

elders in the parlor it was purely by choice. We could now even play running games in the upper halls, if we did not make too much noise. But there was one tacit rule which was widely observed. Children of other families seldom, if ever, came into our house on Sunday, — unless, of course, they came with their parents, — nor did we often go into theirs. I do not remember that either act was expressly forbidden. The rule was probably based on the idea that the head of the house was entitled to quiet during his one day at home, but its effect, like that of most customs of the old-fashioned Sunday, was to force children unconsciously to seek new occupations or diversions which they did not follow during the week. Naturally, as we grew older, reading was the chief of these. While I cannot pretend, like other memorialists of the 'nineties, that I devoured all the classics at a tender age, yet I can look back with special affection to those long hours of unbroken reading on Sunday afternoons.

V

As the day wore on, another and livelier diversion might be expected — a ring at the door, the slow, expectant steps of the maid through the hall, and then the appearance of some beaming caller; for, although lone children were not encouraged to enter a neighbor's house on Sunday, the rule by no means applied to adults. In fact, almost every household had its own little following of what might be called professional Sunday visitors — individuals whom it seldom saw at any other time and who almost constituted a distinct race. Most of them were unmarried men and women who had no real homes of their own, but who, dressed in their Sunday best, had a small list of congenial houses at which they called with the regularity of a calendar. One or two of them usually had the brevet title of 'Uncle' or 'Aunt,' but all of them were welcomed by us children with frenzied delight, because we were fully privileged, as we were not at other times, to sit in the circle of conversation, sharing in any news that might be forthcoming and any stories that might be told. It was assumed that a visitor who came on Sunday came to visit the whole household and not merely its head.

Many of these Sunday visitors had marked eccentricities, and most of them, for some reason, seemed to be followers of unusual occupations: they were likely to be organists, librarians, or curators of the local museum. One of the regulars at our house was an elderly machinist who, late in life, had developed an extraordinary knowledge of botany, even to the Latin names, but whose learned talk always contrasted oddly, in the minds of the children, with his rough, blackened finger nails. Another was a queer, florid German lady whose life, I have since learned, had been exceedingly colorful, but, because of her accent and manners, we youngsters always considered her to be mildly insane. Even the most commonplace of our visitors seemed, in their tail coats or silk dresses, to have an air of importance and interest, and it was something of a shock, in later years, to see most of them sink back to the mere level of very ordinary old men and women.

As the children grew in years, the Sunday routine naturally changed. The time came, soon enough, in our own family, when my sister had prior rights to the parlor on Sunday evenings and was surrounded regularly by a small circle of high-collared, rather embarrassed young men, while Father and Mother, with those of their regular visitors who remained, were driven

back to the greater informality of the library. Moreover, the prohibition of playmates had never included meetings out of doors. As soon as they were ten or twelve years of age, the boys of our neighborhood would gather regularly in someone's back yard or take long walks out into the country, chattering eagerly of all manner of strange things. Nevertheless the spirit of the day still held firmly. A game of baseball in our own yard would have been instantly stopped by the family and in the corner lots by the police.

VI

The waning of the old-fashioned Sunday came, of course, at different times and at varying rates of speed in different parts of the country. In New England, the change was most visible between the years 1900 and 1910. In our own family the first sign was the regular appearance of the Sunday papers, which we began to read during the Spanish War. I do not believe, however, that the final tottering of the old barriers was caused by any sudden slackening in religious interest, as is commonly supposed. Anything of that kind which might have happened had happened long before. Thousands of families that were not really religious scrupulously observed the old-fashioned Sunday, just as other thousands that are religious to-day play golf on Sunday afternoons.

The real truth was that the American people were rapidly becoming cosmopolitan at both ends of the social scale. At one end, immigrant families which had never known the Puritan Sunday or even the North European Sunday were rising up in all communities to sufficient importance so that they could impose their habits on at least their part of the world. At the same time the younger members of old American families were absorbing the English week-end idea or the much advertised freedom of the Continental Sunday. The two influences simply crept toward each other until they met in the middle. Furthermore, the suddenly increased use of the telephone destroyed the power of any family to isolate itself, while, shortly afterward, the motor car offered an invitation to country excursions which at first seemed quite within the spirit of the day.

Even so, the old-fashioned Sunday did not give in without a stiff fight, and for years repeated attempts were made to enforce by law something that could no longer be enforced by social custom. Bills or ordinances to forbid or permit such things as movies, professional baseball games, or even the sale of candy and chewing gum appeared again and again in state legislatures and municipal councils. It is amusing to note that one argument which was used on both sides of the Prohibition question was also used fervently in the earlier battle — namely, the interest of the workingman. The poor abused workingman, it was argued, after his week of gray uninspiring toil, should be allowed the privilege of spending two dollars to watch the Cubs play the Red Sox or of going to nice restful concerts in the local movie theatre.

As a matter of fact, the real workingman knew or cared little about the whole question, just as he later knew little about the famous 'light wines' which were supposed to be his fundamental privilege. The real fight was between the professional amusement interests on one side and the strict religionists on the other. Indeed, if anyone to-day is still observing the old-fashioned Sunday, it is the real American workingman. He still puts on his best clothes, sleeps half the day, and then goes with his family to visit his

wife's folks. Or if he spends the afternoon pitching horseshoes in his shirt sleeves or hanging around the nearest garage, it is only what he did thirty years ago, except that then the garage was a livery stable. In either case it is his own chosen way of breaking his routine.

Yet in 1912, in the New England city which I have described, when the conservatives would not allow the theatres to open on Sunday, the self-appointed champions of the workingman threatened to swear out a warrant for the first golfer who teed up a ball at the country club. More recently a New Jersey official, angered because certain commercial privileges of his own had been curtailed on Sunday, dug up an ancient blue law and arrested every motorist who passed through his town. To-day, in Connecticut, it is legal to fish on Sunday but not to shoot a woodchuck, even with a bow and arrow.

It is further interesting to note that, precisely during the years when America was fighting to throw off the old-fashioned Sunday, the authorities of Paris were proposing to establish it — not in the interests of religion, but to ease social and economic strain. In 1906 a law was outlined for *repos hebdomadaire*, an enforced weekly day of rest in all occupations. The English and American Sunday was widely cited as a beneficial example, but, so far as I know, the law never got much further than the music halls, where comedians had high glee in wondering just which of the typically French occupations would come under the rule.

No, short of a dictatorship, it will be impossible by law ever to reëstablish the old-fashioned Sunday, but it is not at all improbable that social necessities, slowly working in a wearied world, may at length force us to recognize and renew many of its features. When hostesses with small houses begin to rebel at carload after carload of jovial motorists who pour in from morning to night, bringing their friends and their friends' friends, and all expecting cocktails and sandwiches; when the 'tired business man,' for once really tired, begins to balk at the idea of driving two or three hundred miles on a speedway between dawn and midnight; when normal, adult persons begin to realize that it *is* actually possible to ignore the inane 'features' of the Sunday paper and pick up a good book — then it will be safe to say that the tide has turned. And when that time comes I, for one, will be in the forefront of the movement — lustily cheering.

THE VOICE

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

BEING by nature a past-minded man, I have often regretted that I was not born two hundred or, better, five hundred years ago. The longing is, I know, sentimental and, perhaps, absurd. One wishes to be transported with one's twentieth-century mind into a fifteenth- or eighteenth-century world — that is what it amounts to. Why not be content, much more than content, with one's own age, with the incredible fortune of having been born at all?

I was sitting in Tihoti Sage's barber shop, in Papeete, having my hair cut. There was no one else in the shop, and Tihoti is a barber in a thousand. He volunteers no news, nor bits of local gossip, unless called upon to do so. If he understands that you are in the mood for talk, no man could be more willing to play his part, but he has the gift of silence, too.

I was in the dreamy frame of mind that often comes over one when the quality of the sunlight is changing from that of early to that of mid afternoon. So far as I can remember, I was thinking of nothing; and I listened to the snip-snip of Tihoti's shears as though it were a sound born of nothing, existing for itself alone.

Then a voice began to speak to inward consciousness, so clearly that I half believed that Tihoti himself must hear it.

'Be well content,' it said. 'Is it nothing that, out of the limbo of uncreated things, you have, by some chance, been selected for the boon of conscious existence? Think not of the briefness of the time granted you. Waste not a moment in regret. Oh, foolish men! Whatever their misfortunes — and most of them are of their own making — they have escaped by far the greatest: never to have been born at all.'

'*Voilà!*' said Tihoti, removing the cloth from my shoulders and swinging round his chair. 'Now you are well sheared for another fifteen days.'

It was strange indeed to hear his pleasant, matter-of-fact voice breaking in upon this other. A flood of happiness almost painful came over me; or, better, welled up within me, as though it had always been there, waiting to be tapped. I gave Tihoti his six francs; and, had I possessed it, I would gladly have given him one hundred golden sovereigns for every second of his silence upon this occasion. I left his shop sheared of more than my hair. Samson had lost virtue and strength with his; I — for the time being, at least — only the vice of ungratefulness, of occasional regret that I am not someone other than myself, in some other age than this, in some other place than here.

II

Where is the right place and when the precious moment? Here and now.

We all know this with our minds; why can we not always be aware of it with the spirit?

In moments of insight one is abashed, and ashamed ever to have lamented one's fortune or to have railed at fate. And that any man, in the midst of life, should ever allow himself to be preoccupied with thoughts of death . . . what word is there keen enough to prick him awake, or acid enough to dissolve the thick scaly integument of his folly?

I doubt whether any saint, vision-rapt, dreaming of world over worlds, of life beyond life, has known moments of purer happiness than I — anything but a saint — who have never looked beyond this one. I envy no Indian sage, gazing at his navel until he achieves oblivion; I can only wonder that he should wish to achieve it. We Westerners are too ready to believe that others must have gifts more precious than our own. We have the gift above all gifts, that of loving life here and now, even as it is. I would rather be the meanest among us, granted only that he was born whole and that he lives with awakened, receptive faculties, than the greatest of Eastern mystics who, by taking thought or by letting it fall, stands at the portal of the All-Soul.

Is the highest joy in being purely animal? Does it depend upon the chemistry of our bodies and upon that alone? Many say so, and offer what appear to be formidable reasons for believing so. What know I? Only this: —

In past years I have had my full share of those periods of boyish ecstasy when every nerve and fibre and cell of me seemed to be saying, 'How good it is to live!' But it was not until I had passed my thirty-fifth year that spirit said, in music, what my body had said in prose. A high quality of prose, the body's — I grant that; but, since thirty-five, I 'have heard the chimes at midnight,' and I hear them still. I often doubt whether this infinitely higher faculty for enjoyment has anything to do with chemistry.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, Thomas Traherne told of the glory of the world seen through a child's eyes. What he then said was said for all time: —

> The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The men! O what venerable and reverend things did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty. Boys and girls tumbling in the street and playing, were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die; but all things abided as they were, in their appointed places. Eternity was manifest in the light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything, appeared: which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The city seemed to stand in Eden, or to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins, and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it. I knew no churlish proprieties, nor bounds, nor divisions; but all properties and divisions were mine: all treasures and the possessors of them. So that with much ado I was corrupted, and made to learn the dirty devices of this world. Which now I unlearn, and become, as it were, a little child again that I may enter into the Kingdom of God.

III

Unfortunate, indeed, is the man who has no such vivid and happy memories of his childhood; who has come to middle life trailing no clouds of glory. But I believe, with Wordsworth, that aging men are still the fathers of those children; and, if they have aged well, they enter upon a heritage more precious than that they have lost. We know that we are born and must die, and, against the sombre background of the approaching night, how beautiful appears everything that has life! We have the sense of time which throws every passing moment into clear relief, and we see how more than fair it is. Boys and girls tumbling in the street are moving jewels still. They are like drops of water flung high into the sunny air, the more precious because they may not remain there. Even though racked by pain, or hampered by infirmities or other unfortunate circumstance, — often because of this, — we know how to value the gift of life. And if we are healthy in mind and body, what child in his ignorance and innocence knows happiness comparable to ours?

Does the knowledge that it must end bring a soilure of dust and ashes? The poets say so, but I have observed that they are, usually, the minor poets, not the great singers of the Hymn of Life. It seems a thing they have learned by rote, that they take for granted. From generation to generation they continue saying so, and, at times, one half believes that they have never learned to think and to feel for themselves. They make beauty from this thought. Not the beauty, only the mournful truth — if it is truth to them — is lost upon me. It is as though they were speaking in a language I cannot understand.

This intense joy of life, increasing as one grows older, is not limited to the few and the fortunate. I believe that any man or woman, however harsh his or her lot, is not, or need not be, denied it. However high the walls that appear to shut him in with his wretchedness, let him not forget that they exist only in his own imagination. And I believe that the day comes, if he desires it keenly enough, when he will find himself in the midst of life as he has never seen it before, and the glory will be all that he can bear, at first. Time will be needed to accustom himself to living at this new height.

He may be a drudge in an office, making out invoices, turning the handle of an adding machine. He may be opening and shutting the door of an elevator, saying in a monotonous voice, 'Third floor: men's and boys' clothing, shoes, hats, underwear, neckwear . . .' He may be shoveling coal a thousand feet below the surface of the earth. He may as easily be she, taking dictation, as she has, year after dusty year, from a man who says: 'Replying to your favor of January third . . .' He may be anyone, anywhere; the moment the scales drop from his eyes and it is realized that the seemingly solid walls that hemmed him round were only the scales themselves — then, of a truth, nothing else matters. He can never be truly wretched again.

I remember, that day, upon leaving Tihoti Sage's barber shop, that the voice resumed speaking after the brief interruption. And I have often wondered, since, whether the parable of Christ being tempted in the wilderness has not been misinterpreted these past two thousand years. What if it were Life and not Satan that showed him all the kingdoms of the earth? I mean no sacrilege in saying that what I saw appeared to be just such a vision as that. And, being human and transitory, I knelt down and worshiped without being asked to do so.

LETTERS FROM MANCHURIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN

BY NORA WALN

I

WHEN raspberries were ripe in the summer of 1931, I was called by telephone to enjoy raspberry *foo-yung* at an informal family lunch. My host and hostess were a quiet young man and his beautiful young wife who are, among Manchus, the Emperor and Empress of Banners,[1] who are registered in China simply as Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pu-yi, and who have since been proclaimed by the Empire of Japan as King and Queen of Manchukuo.

They and I were then living at opposite ends of Tientsin. Except for myself, this was a household lunch; present were my host and hostess, his two pretty sisters, both in their teens, a boy cousin, my hostess's aunt, and two of my host's uncles. We were all in rollicking spirits. According to family stories I have heard, Yehonala, Princess of the White Banner and Empress Dowager of China, was a gifted entertainer. Her kinswoman, Empress of the Banners, has this talent. We each did an impromptu imitation, and hers was best acted. She pantomimed a solemn deputation of two Japanese gentlemen and three Chinese gentlemen who had called recently and asked why she and her husband did not put a throne in Manchuria — the cradle of their race.

On the night of September 18, the first Japanese *coûte que coûte* occurred in Manchuria. Japan took over the Chinese Government Offices in Mukden, seat of the Manchurian Govern-

[1] Pu-yi was chosen Emperor of Banners in November 1908, when the Emperor Kwang-su was dying, in accord with the Manchu custom of selecting an Emperor from the eligible princes the moment the Emperor mounts his death couch. He was nominated by Princess Yehonala of the White Banner, better known to the world as Empress Dowager of China; his nomination was unanimously accepted by the Eight Banners gathered round her throne in the Hall of Phœnix. This automatically made him ruler of China, since China, conquered in 1644, was under Manchu rule. In January 1912, when six years of age, Pu-yi brushed his signature to a scroll which begins, 'We have exhausted the mandate of Heaven.' Thereby he relinquished dominion over China. In return for his signature to this scroll, which had clauses waiving 'forever' all tribute rights held by any Manchu in any Chinese territory, he and his clans were granted the right 'forever' to certain carefully specified courtyards in the Forbidden City at Peking and an annuity of $4,000,000 in Chinese silver. This treaty was respected until October 1924. Pu-yi and his kin lived in their corner of the Forbidden City. During this period Sir Reginald Johnston shared Pu-yi's household life as companion tutor, for which occupation he was lent by the British Colonial Service. Pu-yi married a cousin-princess in 1922 with the colorful pomp and ceremony which have been elaborated through the centuries for the nuptials of the Emperor of Banners. Not only all the Manchu Banners, but many Chinese and Western friends of the young couple, were at this wedding. 'For two years,' so the Empress once told me, 'our life was an idyll.' — AUTHOR

ment, while Chang Hsueh-liang, the young governor, lay ill of typhoid at the Rockefeller Hospital in Peking. After this incident my friends were seriously perturbed by frequent callers, who used pressure and persuasion to force them to go to Manchuria as rulers. As Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pu-yi, civilian republicans, they appealed by letter and by telegram to the President of the Republic. They reported in detail what was happening, stated that they were convinced republicans, and asked for sanctuary outside the Japanese Concession at Tientsin.

Time became late October and they had received no reply from Nanking. They sold the lease of their house in the Japanese Concession.[2] They sold all their lovely precious ivories to a Danish collector, disposed of other family art treasures to a Frenchman, and sent all the money to Nanking — a gift to Chinese Famine Relief. I saw them frequently during this time. I love them dearly, and they clung to their friends. Eventually they had appealed to every prominent republican in China. They did not receive any response.

At the first rumble of Japanese and Chinese guns at Tientsin, in November, Lieutenant General Kashii, Commander in Chief of the Japanese troops, sent them a courteous but firm command to stay inside the Japanese barricades. Two days later the Japanese Military Attaché, on a visit from Peking, left his cards and advised them to cease receiving visitors from outside.

On the morning of the fifth day of cannonading, the Empress's aunt came to my bedroom before I was up. She asked me to get America to rescue her niece and nephew, who had been taken away on a Japanese gunboat in the night.

In February 1932, while the Chinese Nineteenth Route Army was defending Shanghai against Japanese military invasion, Tokyo news agencies announced that Manchuria had declared independence of China and set itself up as the sovereign state of Manchukuo under the rulership of Henry Pu-yi. During the summer, just prior to the presentation of the report of the Earl of Lytton's Manchurian Commission to the League of Nations, Japan officially recognized Manchukuo.

[2] In October 1924, while Pu-yi and his wife were at breakfast, her serving matron ran in crying that hordes of rough Chinese soldiers were at the gates shouting, 'Kill the deposed Son of Heaven and his Consort.' The Emperor and Empress escaped by back passages. They fled to the British Legation, but the sentry refused them entrance. Fleeing on through the Legation Quarter, they debated concerning the American Legation, and decided that they would be refused. They hesitated regarding the Japanese Legation, but the Japanese sentry ran to their aid and closed the Legation gates against their pursuers. The Legation people were gentle and kind. The Minister's wife insisted that the refugee Emperor and his Empress, who had soiled and torn their clothes, change to garments from her husband's and her own wardrobes. The Minister was sympathetic to Pu-yi's concern for other Manchus, and set soldiers to watch. Many men, women, and children were rescued. Feng Yu-hsiang, the Chinese general widely known by his disgraceful use of the title 'Christian General,' was the one who had sent his soldiers into Pu-yi's residence; the same day he captured Peking and imprisoned the President. After some weeks, Feng was driven out. As his troops withdrew from Pu-yi's corner of the Forbidden City, the President's troops went in. Pu-yi appealed to the President for return of his rights. He was informed, under official seal, that the grants to Manchus were null and void. As had been done in 1912, Pu-yi then appealed to the President of the Republic of China and to the Emperor of Japan for assistance in securing the return of Manchuria, held under autonomous government by Chang Tso-lin, a Chinese. He received no reply regarding this from either, but the Emperor of Japan, through his Minister at Peking, offered the refugee Emperor of Banners residence in the Japanese Concession at Tientsin. Pu-yi, then eighteen years of age, refused guest residence, but he gratefully accepted the permission that was granted to him and to those of his clan to purchase the lease of a house. — AUTHOR

II

In February 1933, when I was in France, I received the following letter from a Manchu princess in residence in Manchukuo: —

'If thou couldst come to us now, thou wouldst find us different yet the same. Pu-yi sits at the opposite end of the table on which I am writing. He wears his horn-rimmed spectacles and the American trousers. He is in this hour occupied with various reports concerning matters politic, from which he is preparing what he will say tomorrow morning at the State Executive Council; but in all possible leisure now he studies Japanese and Russian, to make himself easy in these tongues as he did in English and French. Pu-yi and I thrive in this which is our natural climate. The Empress, who was in such frail health when we traveled, suffers much from the bitter weather. There is sun this afternoon and she is sleeping in a long chair set where the golden warmth comes by the western window.

'I would tell thee of this Manchukuo wherein we are established. Our geography is all north of the Great Wall (built in fear by the Chinese two thousand years ago) which divides Manchuria from China. Our land is land which belonged to our Banners when we conquered China.

'During our dominion over China, which endured from 1644 to 1912, we protected the purity of our race by an edict which forbade a Manchu clan member, male or female, to mate with a Chinese. We protected Manchuria, our clan homeland, from assimilation by the prolific Chinese people with another edict. No Chinese person was permitted to pass over the Great Wall, or to enter by any route, for any excuse whatsoever, except he possessed a permit. Such a permit was a highly privileged possession. It was "by leave of the Imperial Manchu Household," "by permission of the Council of Hereditary Manchu Princes," "by membership in the Chinese Banner Corps." Membership in the Chinese Banner Corps was the privilege only of sons of those families which were regularly domiciled in Manchuria before the sixteenth century and which had persons in our ranks when we sallied south. We vigorously enforced these restrictions safeguarding the place of our origin until 1906. Then, alas, we did not!

'We have not completed a census of our present population. In round figures, from available statistics, we know that we are 16,000,000 Manchu clan members, 750,000 registered Koreans, 250,000 domiciled Japanese, and 100,000 royalistic Russians who have sought sanctuary here from republicanism in their birthland. The Chinese population is difficult to estimate.

'The Chinese Professor of Economics, to whom thou and I listened together at Nankai, counted 27,000,000 of his race as migrated here since 1906. By observation I surmise 14,000,000 as more correct. But if we continue to permit Chinese entry, his total will soon be full. The migration ceased for some months following the Japanese seizure of the Chinese Government offices. It is a voluminous flow now. My intellect tells me that it must be stopped. My heart tells me to blanket my intellect with pity for these bewildered Chinese farm families, who tell of the continued cruelties of civil war in Shantung, and of unmerciful treatment from the unpaid and undisciplined soldiers quartered on Hopei.

'While on this subject of Chinese migration, I must thank thee for the lantern light thou hast thrown on world affairs for me by sending me *The Pacific Area — An International Survey*, by George H. Blakeslee, World Peace

Foundation. In the chapter, "Manchuria," I observe: "It was stated by some experts at the Institute of Politics at Williamstown in 1928 that Manchuria could support a Chinese population of 100,000,000."

'I am eager to be informed as to how many of these war-weary Chinese citizenry, who are migrating from China to every foreign land that will permit them entry, the United States of America is giving sanctuary to. I have been informed, incorrectly I now presume, that thy country has an edict shutting the gate in the Chinese face.

'It has been interesting to observe the behavior of our self-invited guests. On pilgrimages to temples and our ancestral tombs, I have traversed a considerable part of Manchuria during the last ten months. When I first journeyed I found the Chinese sullen. Twice during my first pilgrimage I was called "Japanese Toad," and once my senior bearer was spat upon. Later, after Japanese and Manchukuo troops had begun the anti-bandit raids we are conducting, I found these squatters on our countryside so apprehensive that they ran and hid in their miserable baked-mud hovels as I approached. Some weeks later I discovered that they ventured shyly to return my smile. On my last tour abroad, farmers, wives, and children cheered me with "Good! Good! Good!"

'But there is much to be done before we can honestly accept congratulation. Our territory is more than three times the size of France and has been badly conducted for twenty-one years. To set it in order is a tremendous task. Manchuria has seemingly been the favorite hunting ground of the scum of the Russian and Chinese revolutions. Our land is overrun with bandits of both races, who have organization threads running up every river channel and over every mountain. We hope, now that we have made an example of those arch-villains Su Ping-wen and Ma Chan-shan, we shall have no further disgrace in the northwest.

'The Harbin land is an ulcer on our countenance. No woman of any race is safe there. Murder and kidnapping happen with the same frequency as in China. An Englishwoman was recently killed, in broad daylight, attempting to protect her three little girls. She was taking them the short distance from her home to their morning school. We need a competent force to send there, but we do not yet have men to spare, as all our strength is called to protect our China border.

'We have sufficient to occupy us within our own land, and no desire to be entangled in the affairs of our civil-war-ridden neighbor. But we have had to occupy the Chui Gate eight miles north of Shanhaikwan and send armed men into Jehol. We shall, if necessary to protect the integrity of our birthland, occupy all the Great Wall from where it runs into the sea to the farthest reach of our southern boundary. Quarreling is an extravagance neither we nor China can afford in this era. We each need all our resources to put our own place in respectable condition.

'The rounding of the year brings us the following balances. We have control of the Salt, the Customs, and the Postal Services. Those employees in these organizations, of whatever nation, who refused to obey our edicts have been deposited below the Wall.

'The Salt, in which the workers were principally Japanese and Chinese, was comfortably arranged. The Japanese are our allies. The Chinese were found to be of sound common sense and glad to have salaried positions.

'The Customs Service gave trouble. These officials were for the most part American and English — a race I

find peculiar. But these affairs have smoothed. They should soon be correct. We remembered Mr. Edwardes. He was Director-General of the Chinese Customs Service (which was established for our Aunt Yehonala by Sir Robert Hart) until he was dismissed by the "little dragons" at Nanking when they came into possession of the republican seal in 1928. We had Mr. Edwardes's London address. We used the telegraph to speak with him. He answered "yes." He is here.

'For the Postal Service we have made what I think are lovely stamps. Thou canst judge for thyself, as I will enclose a set. One hundred and four main post offices and ninety-seven branch offices are staffed. Letters and parcels are traveling by train, by air, by motor, by cart, by boat, by camel, and by man-foot. The outer world is waking to consciousness that we have a Postal Service. Japan and Russia send us bags of mail; also France, Norway, Italy, Holland, and Sweden. The Post Office of Canada has sent us a Verification Certificate regarding postal matters. We have signed and returned it. More recently we have received a questionnaire from the General Post Office in New York, which we have gladly answered. The Southampton, England, Postmaster sends us letters and parcels with commendable regularity. China does not see our stamps. We have the same blindness for China's stamps. Communication is by hand-passage.

'As we have already written to thee, we want thee to visit us when the ice goes out of our rivers. Thou art of simple taste, so we feel we can invite thee, but I must warn thee that our life is more frugal than thou canst perhaps imagine. Even the luxuries our Tientsin residence possessed are done without. Our court draws no salary and spends nothing beyond what is necessary for food and shelter. We have not had a foot of silk since we came up; our garments of state are the clothes we had when thou last sawest us. Thou knowest well, and sharest, my delight in Chinese theatricals. We do not spend a cash in the hire of actors. But the flowers of our land are exquisite in their brief season. The rippling waterfalls and our many birds make sweet music.

'This year we have taken tiny taxes from the farmers and shopkeepers. In cases beyond count we have had to forgive default of payment. This must be our policy for a generation. We want our land to be again a land of prosperous people. The race bred here must be virile and strong to survive the stern climate and to maintain our three-cornered position between Japan, Russia, and China. Our children must be well fed and properly clad. The standard of their living must be high. During the régime of Chang Tso-lin and his son, in which both "government" and bandit taxes were recognized as a part of the cost of living, our people had a starvation diet and poor shelter. They must be nourished.

'Our foreign trade is flourishing. We now have a trade balance of more than $1,000,000,000 — all in less than a year. We have also a great many Western visitors bidding extravagantly against each other for purchase of our minerals and our forests. This may make us appear rich. But there is no money for pleasure. Our receipts must be spent in equipping a police and a defense force.

'We have no expense along our thousands of miles of seacoast. This is assured by our friendly relation with our cousin-race, the Japanese. It would be fatuous to pretend that Manchukuo has been established and is maintained by our own volition. We could not have returned to our rightful place without Japanese consent. Manchu men,

women, and children were massacred in every province in China in 1911 and 1912. Our homes were leveled, our wealth taken. We were thus shattered in numbers and in strength. But twenty-one years have passed. A new generation has sprung from "us who survived." I myself have given life to nine healthy sons.

'Even so, as long as Japan was content with a Chinese Governor north of the Wall, we could not take our rightful place. Japan was content with Chang Tso-lin, the daring Chinese ex-bandit, who seized control and made himself Dictator of the autonomous state of Manchuria. He was a man who kept his word. But when his heir failed to respect Japanese treaties, causing Japan to make a military occupation to protect her investments, the Emperor of Japan was willing to confer with us.

'We have made a treaty of mutual benefit. This treaty is public paper for all who wish to read. It does not give any concession or right which Japan did not already possess by preëxisting treaties and agreements, but it assures Japan that the government in Manchuria recognizes these treaties. In return for our signature, Japan agreed to give us military assistance in the establishment and maintenance of national security.

'Thou knowest the persuasion by which Pu-yi and his Empress arrived here. But perhaps thou dost not know that, while the carrier was a Japanese gunboat, his transport had the sanction of Princes and Princesses of each of our eight Banners. Pu-yi had been bitten by the flea of republicanism. Drastic treatment was necessary to remind him that he is Emperor of Banners.

'Now that he has come to his rightful place as leader of his own people in the land of Manchu origin, he understands much that bewildered him a year ago. He is content with circumstance. I think that thou wouldst immediately notice that, although he has retained his natural simplicity, he has developed amazingly.'[3]

III

In the same mail with the foregoing letter I received another from the House of Exile. To it was added the following postscript: —

'Although thou art detained in France by thy husband's command, that thy China-born daughter may correct her China-acquired French and the child's boarding-school rebellion, our Elder is concerned that thou shalt not become ignorant regarding home affairs. We have been occupied during the past month making copies of the reports, and have a survey of the eighteen provinces ready to post, so that the view of no member of our family may be narrowed by knowledge of only the place seen. I enclose one for thee.'

These reports are a compilation of letters written to the homestead regularly by men of the family who are absent on business relating to the medicine shops which are a major part of the family fortune. Each son of the clan in charge of one of these shops sends to the House of Exile a detailed account of local conditions in his territory, and when these letters are all brought together in the family report they present a bird's-eye view of what is happening all over China. The complete report is much too long to include here; I shall have to content myself with citing two pertinent and typical passages from it: —

'*Szechuan.* Nine civil wars in progress. Can our clan do nothing regarding the never-ending wars here? To what purpose do we support two sons in the Nanking Government, paying bills for

[3] Pu-yi is now twenty-seven years of age. His Empress is a few months younger. — AUTHOR

foreign tailor clothes continuously, in addition to the past expense of American university education? Why are they permitted to waste their breath in shouting to please America about bitter-climate Manchu land, which was drawn fast to our map only while the Banners ruled us as slaves? America is a tiger wearing prayer beads.

'In peace, Szechuan is the jewel of China. Space here is greater than that which we might get from the Manchus. Climate here easy. Crop growth almost tropical. Land all cultivatable, and rainfall just right. Mineral and forest wealth magnificent. Native citizens intelligent, quiet, and industrious. But wars for gain waged by intruding generals are sadly depopulating broad spaces. If peace were made here, all those migrating north of the Wall to seek safety would return and achieve prosperity for themselves and for our nation. Security is what we need, and there is no prudence in hypocrisy. The Geneva visitors should have been directed here. Had they even looked in this direction, the Nanking Government would have had to clean Szechuan.

'China has always kept to herself, but now we are being led about by America. America pretends friendship, yet loves us so much that she has an expulsion act against all Asiatics, and her true purpose in fomenting quarrels between Japan and ourselves is so that she can get rich out of us herself. America declares in a loud voice, "Wars are wrong." Writing near the window of our Chungking shop, I view a river vessel unloading. My servant, sent to learn, has brought me a report of its cargo: two scouting planes, a bomber, a fighting plane, thirty-seven machine guns, five anti-aircraft guns, five big guns, 2250 bombs of twenty-five pounds each, and 7000 rounds of ammunition — all sold for cash by an American firm to our local war lord, Lui Hsiang.

'*Shantung.* At last it looks as if we were to see an end of our chronic commotions, at least for a time. The troops of General Han Fu-chu, in command here, are well behaved and have given the civil population no trouble. They go about quietly on foot, officers and men alike. Not one has dashed about in a motor car, disturbing the peace. Although without wives, they have committed no raping. This is the first time since the Republic was set up that this province has had soldiers stay three months without looting for wages.

'Also, civic improvements are under construction. The telephone is being stretched. The river Hsiao-ching is being deepened, that boats may come up from the ocean. Bricks not needed for the city wall are being nicely laid to make a boulevard for summer promenading. Families are encouraged to have trust in Han Fu-chu's staying. Several urban folk have dared build shops, and one person has started to erect a factory.

'But the country folk are like the Men of Ch'i, who feared the heavens might fall. Everything has been done to give them confidence. Even Nature has favored the crops throughout the province by rain and sun. The posting of slogans and regulations for the betterment of the citizens is frequent. These urge the people to kill flies, make cesspools, burn rubbish, clean houses, sweep streets, read the newspapers, and unbind the feet. A training centre for free enlightenment has been established at Tsowping.

'Yet my last shop-tour convinces me that an estimate of another two million hearthstones dragged up is moderate. These families just leave their homestead title deeds blowing on the Shantung wind for whoever chooses to pick them up. It is not easy to quiet slow-witted country people once they are

roused. They do not care about progress. Their concern is for calmness in which to till the earth. Here they have been fevered by twenty-one years of republican purgatory. They have not forgotten their legends, in which the Manchu Empress Dowager of China, affectionately called Old Buddha, and her adviser, little Pu-yi's grandfather, Jung-lu, are represented as sages, and they want to follow Pu-yi to escape a repetition of the terrors they have seen here.

'The postage stamps of the North Wall are forbidden transit in China, and one would suppose that enough to stop the passage of unsettling messages. But it is not. Relatives already there send one of their number down, on foot if they have not the boat or train money. These tell of bandits and republican soldiers chased away, all being quickly accomplished by the Manchu Princes, who have got nice polite Japanese-cousin soldiers, in warm garments of wool, and so overfed that they do not even steal a chicken and never shoot at farmers. They tell of taxes so low that I find it hard to believe. They say that this tax money is all spent for repairing the Great Wall barrier against republican invasion. They also report that little Pu-yi is grown to manhood and is a true Son of Heaven, devoting himself industriously to the establishment of government in his ancestral land. They urge haste before the Manchu gates are closed, as they were up to 1906.

'These Shantung farmers are the kind of hard-working citizens we ought to keep at home. I argue with them, but it is hopeless to talk. I tell them that Geneva will certainly abolish Manchukuo, and then conditions in the Manchu's land will be worse than here. But these stupid people understand nothing except crop rotation. They reply that they never heard of the Emperor Geneva, and accuse me of another republican lie to keep them here so that I shall have customers for my shops.'

IV

In the last of my 'Letters from the Manchurian Border,' printed in the *Atlantic* for June 1932, I told of two dear friends, married in the same month as myself, one Japanese and one Chinese, from whom I had received messages containing this identical sentence, 'My husband fell at Chapei.' The following is my most recent letter from the Japanese friend: —

'The first sheep ever in Japan have just arrived. Two hundred and fifty-three of those ordered by our Minister of Agriculture survived the ocean trip from Melbourne in Australia to Yokohama. The object is to make us independent in the production of wool. Annually we now import wool to the cost of eighty million yen — nearly forty million American dollars. Pasturage for sheep is difficult to arrange because we are so closely populated that we have no empty acres. All possible places are already occupied by rice paddies and vegetable plots. We are urged to level the paddies to grass and purchase our rice from China rather than continue to get wool from such distant places as we do.

'I have smoothed a portion of my rice land and taken two female sheep. The children are delighted. I saw lambs in Kensington Gardens, where they are used to crop the grass, but my little sons have seen only the picture lambs in their Bible-book.

'It is now nearing the time of the customary calling up of the annual contingent of conscripts for the army. How grateful I am that my four sons are all in childhood! My neighbor, of the house to the west with the violet terraces thou so admirest, has just left

me. Her eldest son is in this year's draft.

'His name has been drawn among those allocated to the divisions now serving in Manchuria — or rather Manchukuo, as it is recently named. The official notification requests that he be prepared for zero weather, since these conscripts are not to have the usual drill in home camps, but are to go directly to Manchukuo.

'My second sister's husband is among the time-expiring men in a regiment on service there these twelve months. In readiness to welcome him home, she has prepared dishes to every recipe of his delight, and has her shrubs and window flowers, cleverly held back through December by inspired snipping, in blossom. We have helped to sew the welcome kimonos for her and the children. No needle except her own has been put in the civilian garments made for him. Now her eyes are scalded with salt. This evening an Imperial Delivery brought word that the time-expired men serving in Manchukuo are detained with the colors.

'We in Japan, all through this period of adjustment to the Westernisms thrust upon us, have been *one* people — loyal to our Emperor, confident in our statesmen, faithful to each other. This Manchukuo matter is shaking our nation. The treaty is just. I have not heard that questioned. It does not concede to us anything we did not already possess. It simply assures us that the Government north of the Great Wall of China recognizes our rights to the railways and other enterprises in which we have so trustingly invested — as thou knowest, all the fortune I have from my father is in South Manchurian shares. We did not do a wrong; rather, we righted a wrong by assisting the Manchu clans to their heritage. The sin we committed was done twenty-one years ago, when we trafficked with Chang Tso-lin to prevent the return home of the Emperor of Banners.

'But the League of Nations censure is an earthquake shaking our foundations. For the first time in our national history many citizens are criticizing our Government. The words spoken are invariably sarcasm against the spending of our resources to make an area of peace on the Asia mainland in an era when all the Western World, according to the observation of the League of Nations, wants continued civil unrest there. Not only is friendship of a sister-race silly in this period of history, so the critics say, but the cost of protecting our investment north of the Great Wall totals many thousand times the value of the investment.

'The Great Wall of China is the historic boundary between China and Manchu land. In return for the signature of the Emperor of Banners to our treaties of the past, we promised to join forces with the Manchu Banners to protect the integrity of their land whenever it is threatened. The Manchurians are establishing an army as rapidly as they can, but we have an army machine ready to use. They march with us on every campaign, but each time Chinese troops pass over the Great Wall, as they have recently done into Jehol, it is we who must drive them back.

'I did not realize that there had been so many arrests for criticism of our Government until I received my newspaper yesterday. It contains the police report that 6957 arrests have been made, and that 2278 persons are still detained. Among those arrested are a judge of the Tokyo District Court, two professors at government universities, twenty-nine high-school teachers, one Foreign Office clerk, one official of the Department of Justice, and many sons and daughters of our most

respected names. These young people include the eldest son of Mr. Shibata, Chief Secretary of the Cabinet, and the third son of Mr. Mitsuru Toyama. In America, so I understand, you keep lots of people in jail, but in Japan it is our proud tradition that we are model citizens. Consequently this report stuns me.

'We in Japan have held that dangerous thoughts can only be countered by rigorous suppression. During our world-tour honeymoon, my husband and I found custom in different lands at variance concerning this. At Hyde Park in England we were attracted to the circle gathered about an orator. He denounced the King, the Queen, and all their Cabinet. A policeman approached us. My husband's face lost its color. I trembled, regretting the curiosity that had drawn us into such a crowd. We thought that we were to be the first arrested. But the policeman made no arrests. He just said to us: "You must keep your little dog quiet. (I had Toto with me.) His yapping prevents people hearing."'

IS THE LAW AN ASS?

BY JOHN BARKER WAITE

I

'THE law is a ass,' declared Mr. Bumble, the beadle. But the beadle, though he may have been intimate with lawyers, was ignorant of law.

Why did Chicago suffer the disgrace of Al Capone until relieved by federal authorities, under federal laws? Why did New York fail in twenty-odd attempts to get rid of Legs Diamond by lawful procedure, to be unburdened at last only by his murder? Why were the killer of gambler Arnold Rothstein and the machine-gunners of Chicago's St. Valentine's Day massacre never even brought before the courts? Why was Big Jim Morton convicted of burglary and released, convicted of auto theft and released, convicted of robbery and released, half a dozen times? Why was the Snyder-Gray murder trial called a model of expedition because it lasted only three weeks? And why all those other failures, delays, and corruptions which make our enforcement of criminal law a scandal before the face of the world?

The conventional answer is, 'Because the law is an ass.' Even lawyers fall into that habit of belief.

Some years ago the National Crime Commission, called into being because the inefficiency of law enforcement was so shocking, urged that the criminal law be revised. The American Bar Association expressed a similar desire. Thereafter the American Law Institute, composed of practising lawyers, judges, and a few law teachers, from all parts of the country, created a committee to compile a model code of the law of criminal procedure, in the expectation that state legislatures would adopt it. In 1930 such a code was reported by the committee to the

Institute. It was studied section by section in open meeting, and was formally approved as the best law that could be formulated for the purpose. The following year a joint committee of the Bar Association and the Institute advocated that the substantive criminal law be 'restated' — not improved, nor altered, but 'restated,' whatever that may mean.

Yet not the Crime Commission, nor the Bar Association, nor the Institute, nor the joint committee, ever pointed out any serious faults in the enforcement of the law that could possibly be attributed to defects in the law. No one suggested why either the model code or the 'restatement' should be expected materially to improve the conditions which perturb us. Enforcement of the law is intolerably unsatisfactory, to be sure; but if anyone supposed that changing the law, or reaffirming it, or clarifying it, would markedly improve its enforcement, his conclusion came from a habit of thought rather than from an analysis of causes. So pervasive is the habit that the Institute's code had scarcely been approved and promulgated as a model for adoption by the states when the so-called Wickersham Commission recommended that another code be formulated by Congress, also 'as a model for the states.'

The truth of the matter is that not one, nor two, nor twenty model codes will eliminate the defects in the law's enforcement. Delay, corruption, neglect, and failure are not faults in the law, but faults in the law's administrators — in the policemen, clerks, commissioners, jurors, judges, and lawyers on whom the operation of law necessarily depends.

II

Why was Capone not brought to justice under Illinois law? Only three rational explanations are possible: the police failed to get evidence of crime committed by Capone; they did get evidence, but did not turn it over to the prosecuting officials; they got it and turned it over to the prosecutor's office, but the prosecutor neglected to use it.

Any one of these explanations is a possibility. I once asked a division head of a police force why action was not taken against certain suspected houses of prostitution. He replied that eight warrants to that end had been asked for that morning and immediate action was planned as soon as the papers arrived. But no raids took place. Some time later I asked him why not. In the greatest disgust, he answered, 'We got orders from the city hall to tear 'em all up.'

Shortly after the death of Chicago's florist-gangster, Dion O'Banion, Chicago police officers told me explicitly that before his death they had actually secured evidence enough to convict him of various crimes. Once (so they told me, though I have not verified it in court records) they caught him *flagrantem* in a robbery, but the jury acquitted him 'because those regular jurors all knew O'Banion.' If such was the fact, it would have been easy for the prosecutor to permit it to happen, seemingly without fault of his own — thus saving both himself and O'Banion.

At another time, the police declared, they caught O'Banion in the act of hijacking a truck of whiskey, and turned the evidence over to the prosecutor's office. Here prosecution might have failed because the whiskey was consigned to a West Side druggist who was distinctly loath to appear as a witness. But, at the time, O'Banion had a pistol and a pocketful of cartridges, and he had neglected the easy formality of obtaining a permit to carry

the gun. For this crime he could have been punished without the aid of the druggist. Though many months went by before his death, however, no prosecution was begun. If this happened to O'Banion, as it well may have, it may also have happened to Capone.

Whatever may be the explanation, — whether Capone never committed crime, or the police failed to get the evidence, or the prosecutor neglected to use it, — the fact remains paramount that no change in law could have altered the situation.

The murderer of Rothstein and the perpetrators of the Chicago massacre were never brought before the courts for one or another of those same reasons. If McManus, who was acquitted by a jury, did not kill him, the police presumably have never learned who killed Rothstein. The other persons who were in the room when the shot was fired know; and they could enlighten the police if they would. But no reasonable alteration in law — no change that the public would tolerate for a moment — can make them tell if they choose not to do so. The killer's pistol was found in the street and eventually came into possession of the police. Science can demonstrate that the bullet which caused death came from that weapon. But neither science nor any conceivable provision of law can resurrect upon it the murderer's finger prints, smeared and obliterated by the fingers of innocent handlers.

III

If ever defect in the law itself caused failure in the law's enforcement, it was in the Kahahawai case in Honolulu. Kahahawai was accused of rape of Mrs. Massie. He was tried, but the prosecution failed to convict him. Thereafter Lieutenant Massie and Mrs. Fortescue, Mrs. Massie's mother, took the law into their own hands and killed Kahahawai. Their excuse was the failure of the law itself to bring him to justice.

Of course it was not literally the law which had failed; it was the jury which refused to convict. But, it was said, the jury could not legally convict because of a provision in the law that the accused could not properly be declared guilty, no matter what the jury might think, on the strength of Mrs. Massie's story alone, without some corroboration of its truth by other evidence. It is possible, though I doubt it, that this provision of the law was all that kept the jury from convicting Kahahawai. If so, this was indeed a case where enforcement failed because of the content of the law itself. Here, then, let us say, is one instance, though of infrequent occurrence, where a change in the law would make enforcement easier.

But would it make justice more certain? Should the law be changed even here, or is the requirement of corroborative evidence a wise provision, designed to promote rather than impede *proper* enforcement?

If the California law had contained a similar provision in 1925, it would have saved an innocent man from false conviction and imprisonment in the penitentiary. The story is told in Edwin M. Borchard's book, *Convicting the Innocent.* James Preston was accused of assault on a Mrs. Parsons with intent to kill her. Mrs. Parsons had undoubtedly been robbed and shot in the back by someone. Preston was arrested on suspicion, and Mrs. Parsons positively identified him as the robber. She admitted that the robber had worn a mask, but she was sure Preston was the man because she recognized his singularly piercing blue eyes and a peculiarity in his speech — somewhat

as Mrs. Massie identified Kahahawai's companion Ahakuelo by his gold tooth. Preston, like Kahahawai, had a bad reputation. He had been dishonorably discharged from the navy, and had been convicted of vagrancy.

On the strength of Mrs. Parsons's testimony, without such corroboration as the law required in the Kahahawai case, the jury convicted Preston. Months later, after he had been sentenced to the penitentiary for life and had begun his sentence, it came to light that he was innocent beyond the possibility of a doubt. Another man confessed to the crime, and his confession was verified by the discovery that finger prints left by the robber were identical with his. Preston was eventually freed. But a serious miscarriage of justice had occurred because the law did not contain just the provision for which it was criticized in the Kahahawai case.

Such provisions may indeed make it difficult, in some cases, to convict a guilty man. For lack of corroborative evidence, even a robber or a rapist may go unpunished. It is remotely possible that Kahahawai escaped conviction for that reason. Nevertheless, it cannot be said without vigorous dispute that, in the interests of efficiency, the law ought to be changed even here. And if the law does not require change here, it cannot be made materially more efficient by change anywhere.

Legs Diamond evaded conviction twenty-eight times. Each time he was arrested, he 'beat the rap' in one way or another. Perhaps the police dropped charges against him because they really had no proof of his guilt; possibly they were moved by political coercion. In cases that got so far as the preliminary hearing, it may be that the evidence produced was insufficient, or that the examining magistrate pretended to think it insufficient. The last time, when the case was carried to a trial, Diamond escaped because the jury believed his witnesses, who swore to an alibi.

Yet on not one of the twenty-eight occasions when he ran afoul of the police could a change in the law have brought about a conviction. If there was, in truth, not enough evidence against him, no law could create evidence. If policeman or magistrate concealed evidence, or let him go when there was enough evidence to warrant trial, the law as already written makes each one liable to punishment. It can do no more. If, as many people believe, Diamond's witnesses perjured themselves at his last trial, the existing law makes perjury drastically punishable. Ex-Judge McGannon of Cleveland escaped punishment for murder by means of perjury, but Ohio officials sent him to the penitentiary because of that perjury. Under the New York law, Diamond, or his witnesses, or his lawyers, if they were guilty, could have been punished for perjury. No change in the law was necessary for that.

Livecchi and Pizzino were not convicted of the murder of Jerry Buckley, despite strong evidence of guilt, because a Detroit jury exonerated them. If those jurymen were less competent to evaluate testimony and stick to real issues than they should have been, it was no fault in the law. The statutes call for respectable men of average education and intelligence; if those jurymen failed to measure up to these requirements, it was because the jury commissioners neglected to follow the law. If, on the other hand, the evidence was unfairly and deliberately confused with emotional factors and side issues, the trial judge had power, under the law as written, to prevent the confusion.

Jim Morton was released from jail to

commit repeated crimes, not because the law permitting parole under proper circumstances is unwise, but because the parole commissioners were.

IV

Thus one could continue indefinitely, were it necessary, pointing out that in almost every instance of failure to punish guilt the fault has been, not in the law, but in the law's administrators.

Even the irritating incidentals of enforcement procedure, which make enforcement seem worse than it is, cannot be corrected by legislation. No law requires or authorizes unmannerliness in the police. Police brutality is emphatically forbidden in every state; the third degree is already unlawful and punishable. The shocking delays before trial and during it, the discomforts and financial loss occasioned by jury service, are not approved by the law, although it has discovered no sanction for effectively prohibiting them. It allows to every defendant time enough for proper preparation, the right to investigate the impartiality or bias of prospective jurors, the privilege of testing the truth of evidence by cross-examination. It could not conceivably limit narrowly and precisely the time necessary or permissible for these ends. Prevention of abuse must be left to the sound discretion of the judiciary.

In the Snyder-Gray trial, the whole of the first five days was consumed in the examination and selection of prospective jurors. Four hundred persons were compelled to leave their businesses and come into court for interrogation; one 63-year-old man lost his job as a result, the others lost thousands of dollars in time. Three hundred and ninety were rigorously questioned before a satisfactory twelve could be picked.

At the end of the first day, fifty had been considered and not one chosen. By noon of the second day, one was approved. At the end of three days, only four were in the box. Two hundred and forty-four veniremen had been questioned at great length as to what they had read about the case, whether they knew what the papers were predicting about themselves, whether they had 'open minds,' their acquaintances, clubs, experience in other criminal cases, their ideas on sex and punishment, *et cetera ad libitum*. They had been lectured by the lawyers and the judge upon the nature of 'scruples,' 'confessions,' 'physical or mental duress.'

Finally, at the end of the fourth day, with but seven men thus far approved, the judge asserted his authority. 'With all charity to the lawyers,' he said, 'the jury must be selected by to-morrow if we have to sit here until the next day.' Then the remaining five were quickly chosen.

The point is that not one word in the law necessitated that five-day proceeding. If *fairness* required it, the law permitted it. But to the extent that it was mere unprofitable delay and extravagance, the law did not even authorize it.

Law cannot say, in precise terms, how many veniremen may be examined in picking a jury, how many questions, or what questions, may be asked of each, how much time may be expended. Such rules would be excessive in one case and insufficient in another. The most that law can conceivably do is to permit so much latitude as is necessary, and no more, for the selection of fair and impartial jurors, and leave it to an intelligent judiciary to see that the privilege is not abused. And that is precisely what the law now does.

Again, the law cannot put an end to

those inexcusable delays which sometimes precede the commencement of trial proceedings. In some districts the time interval between arrest and trial runs, not simply into weeks, but into months. The consequence is fiasco, failure, and improper bargaining between the state and the accused. But no wording of law can prevent it. The defense is entitled to enough time in which to prepare for trial. If prosecutor and judge permit more than that, what can law, as law, do to expedite matters?

It may declare that if more than a maximum period is allowed to elapse the accused shall be freed — which is precisely the end toward which the lawyer for the defense is striving. Without a reversal of our whole theory of justice, it cannot say that an accused person who does not get himself brought to trial within a certain time shall be deemed guilty. It must necessarily leave the problem of proper expedition to the good faith and competence of prosecuting attorney, judge, and clerk of court.

V

To assert that the evils and failures of enforcement cannot be remedied by remaking the law is one thing. To say how they can be corrected is quite another. There is no simple cure. In subsequent articles I shall discuss this question at length. Suffice it to suggest here that the end will eventually be attained only through developing, sometimes by indirection, the character of the law's agents. The efficiency of the police will be improved by better pay and longer tenure of office. Prosecuting attorneys may be taken out of politics. More important than all else, the judiciary will have to be developed in strength and independence.

But, whatever the means evolved, one thing can be dogmatically asserted now. Able men can make deficient law effective; but the best law cannot make incompetent men efficient. And the enforcement of law will never be greatly improved until the public comes to think of enforcement as a matter of men, rather than as a matter of rules.

(Next month, 'The Criminal Law in Action,' in which Professor Waite will deal specifically with the shortcomings of lawyers)

HOBBYHORSES

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

One often sees in the daily paper the obituary of some once-active business man, dead at sixty-three in spite of having retired at sixty in good health and with nothing to worry about. Sometimes the notice is paired in a neighboring column with a human-interest story of some old codger who comes down to his office on his eighty-ninth birthday, does a good day's work, and never felt better in his life. The obvious moral to be drawn from such coincidences is that it is better to wear out than to rust out. Statistics, however, if they could be had, would probably show that more men drop dead in harness than die of ennui, while the number who retire to California and linger until they become 'the oldest living graduate' is legion.

It is a national superstition that business is the chief end of man. There are many to whom work is the only interest, who find in it both vocation and avocation, who would be at a loss without it, and bored if the hours were shortened, especially if the work is varied, exciting, stimulating, with definite objectives to be achieved. A business man continues in harness because he does not know a better game. Rarely does he look forward to definite retirement. His ambition is a bigger and better job.

It is said that every Frenchman has written down somewhere the number of francs on which he believes he can safely retire. That is his life objective, and he makes every sacrifice to attain it. But such thinking forms no part of the average American's scheme of life. The insurance companies, in their advertising, stress the idea of retirement, but it makes little impression and meets with no popular acceptance. Indeed, public opinion views with mild contempt the man who quits before he is decrepit.

Though the tide sets against it, nevertheless men do retire — perhaps forced out, or stepping aside voluntarily to make way for younger men, or acting on their doctor's orders, or even, in rare instances, yielding to the pull of some hobby, pursuit, or recreation which is stronger than the fascinations of trade or profession. Unless the last of these reasons is the compelling force, the subsequent histories of these men is often pathetic.

Everyone knows the story, so popular with success magazines, of the old man who bravely turns his business over to the younger generation and goes off, freed at last to live his own life. Soon he is back again to haunt the arena of his former triumphs, pottering about disconsolately, a jealous or wistful critic of his successor's policies. If some turn of events gives him a chance to 'muscle in,' he is soon ensconced again in the old swivel chair, radiating authority and action. It is bull's-eye stuff, and delighted

readers wipe away a tear in sympathetic approval. The old fire horse that jumped the fence to follow the engine once more is the symbol of a national ideal. We do not doubt that the best use to which life can be put is to sell each year a bigger quota of gadgets than last.

One result of the deification of business as an end in itself is that most men never learn any but the routine uses of their faculties; when, for any reason, they find themselves with leisure on their hands, they do not know what to do with it. They have made getting a living more important than living itself. They have never plumbed the resources and richnesses of their own natures, nor learned how full the world is of engrossing interests outside the narrow field in which they have long functioned.

I have in mind one man I knew well. For two full decades he had no occupation. He was in excellent health for his years (he died at eighty-nine), and had no anxiety as to the means of existence. At the age of sixty-nine he had retired to unlimited leisure with nothing to occupy it. In all his long life he had never come to a tempting bypath which made him say, 'Some day, when I have time, I'll explore that.' There was nothing waiting for him, as there should be for every man who beats the Psalmist's record. He did not read in any real sense — had no taste for books. He did not like to write, and his letters were of that perfunctory and characterless kind which do not encourage correspondence. Although physically able, he did not care for walking. His eyesight was extremely good for his age, but he never looked at things; scenery or pictures did not move him. He was particularly awkward with his hands, which had never acquired skill at anything. He played no game and had no sport. His unresourcefulness was exasperating, but the emptiness of his life was pathetic. He did not even find in his descendants, who, before he died, included nine great-grandchildren, the usual fulfillment of living again in the new generation which often gives zest to old age.

It seems incredible that any man could have lived so long and actively as he did before his retirement without accumulating a few interests which, later, he might have turned to account to enliven his leisure. His working life had not even been spent in the routine of ordinary business. He had been a lawyer in a country town, where practice is more adventurous than in the city. His daily round had been spiced with novelty, varied with such lively experiences as a horse race to the neighboring county seat to file a claim ahead of other attorneys, or detective work to uncover the fictitious death of a Methodist minister who had planned to swindle a local life insurance company. These events, and others like them, ought to have limbered up the muscles of his brain, but they did not. For twenty years he sat idle, pondering on the days that were gone. He lingered on, useless to others, a burden to himself — a man without a hobby.

And the pity of it is that this man, though perhaps an extreme instance, does not stand alone in his folly. There are many like him — men who, released from all the ordinary cares of existence, wander disconsolately about, or sit beside tables in club windows, their lives rendered insipid and tasteless because they have not learned to lose themselves in some self-devised occupation which would make them, as Stevenson said, eager in the dawn and weary at night — because, in short, they have never learned to play.

II

If I may venture to suggest a distinction which perhaps does not exist in the words, 'play' seems to imply an active participation, while 'entertainment' may be merely a passive acceptance. Or, to put it differently, in play you make your own entertainment; in entertainment others make it for you. It is this distinction, which exists in fact even if these words do not sustain it, that must be kept to the front in all considerations of the use to which leisure may be put.

Of all the words we use to describe diversion, 'play' is the most spontaneous. 'Recreation' is rather a by-product of play, while 'entertainment' and 'amusement' imply passive acceptance, and approximate play in meaning only when used reflexively with the personal pronoun. When one amuses or entertains one's self, one arrives at something like play. 'Play' is active, 'amuse' and 'entertain' are passive, while 'pastime,' as its meaning makes clear, is something to pass the time, a definition too colorless for anything as vigorous as a hobby should be.

To say that the American man does not know how to play is to state a generalization to which there are many exceptions in the form of varied and colorful pursuits and amusements which some men find satisfying. They are what are usually known as hobbies. A hobby might be conceived as a grown-up toy horse which men mount in the same spirit as that of a boy bestriding a rocking-horse, but the electric cob which Calvin Coolidge rode in the privacy of his bedchamber was not a *hobby*horse. Exercise taken from a sense of duty is not a hobby, though some hobbies deliver a satisfactory by-product of exercise.

Nor can those fortunate individuals who have made a life work of their dominating interest be said to be pursuing hobbies. The things they do would be hobbies for other men, but a hobby is something apart from one's gainful employment. Rex Brasher, the artist-naturalist-hermit of Kent, Connecticut, has just completed a forty-year job of painting the birds of America. He has tracked down over twelve hundred known species, living leanly, working his way, making only a bare living. He often rose at three-thirty to catch the birds in the marshes, worked for hours waist-deep in icy water to secure some characteristic flying pose; and his satisfaction lies in having done, in many respects, a better job than Audubon. He has undoubtedly come nearer to living a full life than many a prosperous executive.

Frederic Goudy got down from his bookkeeper's stool to become the world's leading designer of printing types. He will never be paid for what he has contributed to the raw materials of good printing, any more than Bruce Rogers will be adequately rewarded for his taste and skill in the use of type. Unhampered by economic considerations, with no printing office of his own, Rogers has gone from shop to shop, here and abroad, pausing only long enough to leave behind him a few monumental examples of his perfect art. These books are an impressive life work, and constitute a contribution to the cultural richness of the world which cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Dard Hunter belongs to the same celestial brotherhood. Blessed with a small income, he was free to follow his bent. He has dedicated his life to paper, operates the only mill in this country where paper is made by hand, and is putting his unusual knowledge of this craft in the form of permanent records.

Thus, within the narrow limits of one art, we have three men, each devoting

himself to an essential of printing, — type, typography, paper, — whose estates are made up, not of money, but of achievement. They need no escape. Their work fills their lives.

Henry Culver was a New York lawyer with a penchant for naval archæology — the design and rig of ancient ships. He bought rare books and old marine prints, followed up obscure clues, became an authority on such abstruse matters as the lead of the fore-topsail braces before 1770, built many beautiful models to scale, historically correct, re-rigged H. H. Rogers's almost priceless dockyard model *Prince George*, and soon found himself a sort of professional amateur, executing commissions for wealthy patrons. His greatest work is the *Sovereign of the Seas*, Charles I's first-rater, the most complete and perfect model ever built, which kept six Italian wood carvers busy for six months, cost $30,000, and is a historical document. It now hangs in the hall of a baronial estate in Westchester County, New York.

There are men whose hobbies are extensions of their businesses, a cultural background to give atmosphere, a legitimate and even admirable use of a paramount interest. Whoever has visited the shop of the Merrymount Press has felt the air of old and distinguished printing which pervades it from the prints, broadsides, books, and specimens which embellish it. The Pynson Printers have likewise created a setting for the shop in which Elmer Adler's chief interest is made an annex of his occupation. Adjoining the plant of the Worcester Pressed Steel Company is the John Woodman Higgins Museum, which houses the avocation of its president. It is filled with masterpieces of the steel craftsmen's cunning, principally arms and armor on which so much old-time taste and skill were expended, and is the visible expression of a purpose to impart the taste of a handwork era to the products of a machine age.

But these examples do not supply us with hobbies which the ordinary business man can adapt to his special needs. Our prime concern is with the man who has spent his years in the peculiar and at times feverish activities which in this country make up the technique of business, and who, tired of the monotonous round, in an optimistic moment has counted up his gains, found he had enough to live on, and let go. He imagined that, once supplied with leisure, pleasant and satisfying occupations would spring to hand at will, and learns too late that the art of play must be acquired as the art of business was acquired, — gradually, — the best method being to begin early, as one accumulates life insurance.

No man should follow his business or profession or trade exclusively, taking his work home at night, eating and sleeping with it. As Bruce Barton once said, a man ought to be able to earn a living during working hours. We all need an outlet, a pastime, an interest of some kind as different as possible from our daily task. If we are white-collar men, we should have a no-collar, dirty-handed hobby, like digging in the earth or playing with tools. If our work keeps us in the open air, then our play should find us in studio or laboratory, in library or workshop. This will give life a better balance, developing at least two sides of our nature. It is a matter of mental health, of spiritual happiness; and when the time comes that we have no occupational duties, the play we have developed becomes our chief interest.

III

The man who says there is nothing to do is singularly unobservant. There

are so many amusing hobbies — useful, ornamental, or both — that a mere catalogue of them would run to dismaying length. First comes working with the hands, with tools in the ancient skills and crafts now displaced economically by machines, but cherished for their indubitable solace to the spirit. Most seekers of hobbies belong to the class of head workers to whom handwork is a relief, manual dexterity being the natural compensation for mental effort.

Wood, metal, clay, cloth, leather, linoleum, wax, have possibilities. Wood carving has a peculiar charm. It has a homely ancestry. Its earliest practitioners were the whittlers. In my boyhood every town harbored at least one genius who could cut a linked chain from a solid piece of wood, or a cane whose round knob concealed ball within ball, or tiny baskets out of hazelnuts or peach stones, sought by us boys for watch charms.

Some newspaper men found an old wood carver in a furniture factory in Grand Rapids who did fine work. When asked what he did to amuse himself, he exhibited a magnificent piece of carving done in his spare time. Busman's holiday? Perhaps, but it shows how wood carving fascinates. When asked if they had labor troubles in the furniture trade, he replied: 'Not in our department. You have to have a good disposition to work in wood.' You have it — or you get it. So, for hobby-horsical purposes, we shall have to put carving at the top of the list of woodworking crafts.

Then there is model building: some men make ships, a big field worthy of a paragraph by itself; models of houses with landscaping, such as architects use to dazzle clients; miniature coaches, just now something of a craze; furniture; in fact, anything that can be made of wood.

All over the land there are springing up amateur workshops amazingly complete. Dr. Richard J. Schofield, of New York, has one with more than a thousand tools — some with power, such as engine lathe, band saw, automatic drill — where he escapes from his patients. Another New Yorker, a distinguished neurologist, spends a month each year as a workman in a high-class cabinetmaker's shop on the East Side. There is something about tools that fascinates the normal man. Christopher Morley tells in one of his essays how men stand enthralled in front of windows where the instruments of precision — micrometers, compasses, calipers, protractors — are displayed in concentric patterns. The thrill of owning and using them is even greater. I got something of the rapture of a poet who has written a sonnet when I found I could use a tap and die and make a perfectly practical bolt and nut.

Building ship models is not the same thing as collecting them, though the two are closely allied and the addicts of both belong to the same lodge. The membership of the Ship Model Society — and for that matter of its distinguished prototype in England, the Society for Nautical Research — consists of builders and collectors, but the builders do not collect and the collectors do not build. The bright star among builders in this country is, of course, Henry Culver. Irving Wiles, the portrait painter, has also made some beautiful ships. President Roosevelt is a collector, both of ship models and of marine prints. So are Junius Spencer Morgan and H. H. Rogers. The latter has two thousand ship models, including the famous Cuckfield Park group of old English dockyard models, the nucleus of which is supposed to have once belonged to Samuel Pepys the diarist.

Allan Forbes has a weakness for the little ships, and the banking rooms of the State Street Trust Company of Boston, over which he presides, are adorned with delightful small-scale clippers and frigates. James Farrell not only has models — he owns a full-sized, square-rigged ship, the only one sailing from New York harbor. *Tusitala* must be classed as a hobby, since her owner cheerfully makes up the deficit in her earnings. Colonel William Green, Hetty Green's son, bought the last New Bedford whaler, *Henry J. Morgan*, and imbedded her in a sea of concrete at his country place near Fairhaven. Even such bulky mementos of the brave days of sail as old ships' figureheads have their collectors. F. Alexander Magoun, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, finds relief from teaching naval architecture in restoring the plans of ancient ships.

The late Alexander Drake, for many years art editor of the old *Century Magazine*, was undoubtedly the father of the modern movement which has given the collecting of little ships the proportions of a fad and skyrocketed prices for models, marine prints, and books in the auction rooms. Drake had many strange hobbies. He was a born collector, and besides his ship models, which now adorn the walls of India House, the shipping men's club in downtown New York, he made collections of old glass bottles, copper and brass utensils, bird cages, and bandboxes.

Ship models satisfy two play interests, collecting and craftsmanship, but they are only one product of woodworking, as wood is but one of the materials available to the amateur craftsman. Among other hobbies are engraving linoleum to make block prints, or even etching on copper; modeling in clay, for which there is a most adaptable material known as plasticine; working in metal, both precious and vulgar, jewelry, repoussé, bent iron. William E. Brigham, a wealthy resident of Providence, makes jewelry and objets d'art of professional quality as a hobby. George P. Metzger, the well-known advertising executive, carves soap statues, mostly grotesques and cartoons of his friends.

Perhaps the most piquant hobby for a man is that of the heir to the British throne, the popular and likable Prince of Wales. He knits and crochets scarfs and mufflers. He learned this skill when a boy from his royal mother, and fills in odd moments of his busy day practising a singularly restful diversion. This is not so unprecedented as it seems. For generations the shepherds of Scotland have whiled away by knitting the long hours of watching their sheep. I commend it as a sedative in this nerve-frazzled age.

IV

Collecting is sanctioned by long experience. Almost every article of human use has been collected, from the old-time vehicles of Henry Ford to the ancient chessmen of G. A. Pfeiffer, president of Hudnut, as well as many of the products of nature — wild flowers, birds' eggs, butterflies, seashells, and the big-game hunters' tusked or antlered trophies. In this field, books and pictures hold the place of honor, but prices are such that they have become rich men's hobbies, reserved for the Altmans, Fricks, Huntingtons, Folgers, Morgans; but there are lesser realms attainable by even a slender purse. The old booksellers have created an interest in 'modern firsts,' a modest form of book collecting, and there are other fields in which cost does not figure largely. I am interested in collecting books by or about hard-of-hearing people. You

would be surprised to learn how many there are.

One of the most completely satisfying hobbies imaginable is the private press. Its history and literature, beginning with Horace Walpole and Sir Egerton Brydges, are far too long for any mere magazine article to compass, but a by-product is collecting its products.

Mark Twain once announced that he was working on a book in Arabic — 'gum Arabic,' he jocosely explained. Gum arabic, or its modern successor library paste, is a material which contributes a charming hobby, the scrapbook habit. Mark Twain's scrapbook was merely a book with the pages ready gummed, but Joseph ('Sunny Joe') Kathrens, formerly advertising manager of Pabst in the days when beer was beer, is spending the remaining years of his life sorting and arranging 80,000 pages of clippings about artists, gathered over fifty years, to make a stupendous art reference library of at least 800 volumes. There is also Charles F. Gettemy, assistant Federal Reserve officer of Boston, who has made scrapbooks a fine art. His record of college years was given to his alma mater. His story of his daughter's life, told with snapshots and clippings, was a wedding present to her. I have spent some enjoyable hours going over the records of his boyhood, for we grew up in the same town and had several enterprises in common, particularly the editing and publishing of an amateur newspaper.

The amateur newspaper as a hobby belongs strictly to youth, but there is an alumni association of such former publishers with many distinguished names — Cyrus Curtis, Thomas A. Edison, Timothy Thrift, H. Gordon Selfridge, James M. Beck, William G. Snow, Herbert Parsons. There is also the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers composed of those who as boys worked the big bellows that supplied the 'wind' for some country church. It is natural that, in a country so given to organizations as ours, organizations should become hobbies. There are other burlesque or amusing associations, the Bald Head Club, the Thirteen Club, whose members defy popular superstitions, the Covered Wagon Baby Club, whose members were born in prairie schooners crossing the great plains.

Among the classic and established lines of collecting are furniture and other antiques, china, silver, pewter, old lace, Currier & Ives prints, Rogers groups, snuffboxes, Chinese tear bottles, carved ivories, postage stamps (King George is a devotee), armor, arms, canes, autographs, Indian arrowheads. Harold D. Smith, vice president of the Home Insurance Company, collects fire signs (those tin placards you see over the doors of old houses) and leather fire buckets. Clarence Cook Little, formerly president of the University of Michigan, collected lead soldiers of all nations. Eugene Field was a collector of children's toys. George A. Plimpton has perhaps the most complete collection of schoolbooks in the world. There are various collectors' magazines, and a glance through them will reveal many fields of research — valentines, samplers, teapots, tobies, locks and keys. The fun lies, not in possession, but in pursuit, and in the special knowledge required to identify authentic specimens, their history and provenance.

The arts have become as promising a field for hobbies as the crafts. The number of amateur painters and sculptors is surprising. Nearly every large city has its business men's art club which gives exhibitions of playtime work. Last year 63 New York doctors exhibited 233 paintings and sculptures

at the Academy of Medicine on Fifth Avenue. Some of the physician painters are so good that their work has been shown with that of professional artists. An exhibition of oils, water colors, sculptures, and drawings by municipal employees of New York City was held last December.

Music too offers escape to tired business men. The number who are performers on various instruments in amateur bands and orchestras is great. It may not be known that the late Theodore N. Vail played his own pipe organ passing well, as does also Cyrus Curtis. Who, hearing the delightful music of 'Little Wooden Willie,' or any of the 'Raggedy Ann' songs, would suspect that the Will Woodin who wrote them was in business hours William Hartman Woodin, formerly President of American Car & Foundry and American Locomotive, and now Secretary of the Treasury, and that, besides composing music, he plays the violin, guitar, zither, and cello? And Dr. Albert Einstein, according to a newspaper story, joined the hotel orchestra at Palm Springs with his violin and played for an hour.

This brief résumé scarcely opens the subject, so long is the list of occupations open to leisure. Some require means, but most of them, and by far the best and most satisfying, may be pursued at little or no expense. Among them is genealogy. Some men find interest in tracing their family history, which involves correspondence as well as research. Letter writing for its own sake can be made a satisfying hobby, pursued in a spirit, now almost extinguished by typewriter and telephone, which makes collections of old letters so readable. I have corresponded for years with friends I have never met, and know them better through their letters than I should had I met them daily. Most of them are deaf, as I am also, and it was our common handicap that brought us together.

Penmanship adds to the virtuosity of such letters, and indeed of all letters, if one has a gift or leaning toward such a skill. The writings of Eugene Field have something of the beauty of the old manuscripts. Arnold Bennett tells in his *Journals* how he taught himself a beautiful calligraphy and wrote in it the whole of *The Old Wives' Tale* — 150,000 words. All who come within the circle of W. A. Dwiggins's influence are aware of a blithe spirit akin to that of Lewis Carroll, for he plays with pen and ink with a touch of fantasy added. His Society of Calligraphers is a purely imaginary organization, and its learned president Hermann Püterschein merely Dwiggins's *alter ego*, as Lewis Carroll was Professor Dodgson's. Fortunate are the favored few who receive tangible evidence of this mythical society's existence. As a diversion the pen is mightier than most playthings, particularly if one has learned the trick of using it doubly, to record and to embellish.

V

Sports and games scarcely need be mentioned, they occupy so large a place in our lives and are given so much space in our papers. They hardly qualify as hobbies, for the tendency is to enjoy them vicariously, watching headlined stars compete. Our whole psychology toward games is wrong. Play in which the player does nothing obtains in our adult amusements. There is no play involved in listening to radio, watching a movie, riding in a motor car, or sitting in the grand stand at a baseball or football game. There is no participation. These spectacles occupy the place of the Circus Maximus in ancient Rome or the bullfight in

modern Spain. They are anodynes. Their performers are certainly not engaged in playing. They are working as truly as if they were bricklayers or bootleggers.

Even bridge, which started as play, is in danger of becoming a spectacle, an organized amusement, even a racket, in which the participation of the few playing for profit is followed passively by the many. Baseball as a corner-lot pastime has died out since professional baseball became big business. Tom Thumb golf was killed by over-exploitation. Even marbles is in danger of the limelight. We esteem business so highly that our sport becomes business. We rate winning higher than playing the game; public opinion coalesces around experts who can win, and we become merely spectators. We have golfers who can beat the best English players, but England still has more players who can play good golf than we have, for with the English the game's the thing. We need more of the community sports, — pitching horseshoes, croquet, lawn bowls, badminton, archery, — followed for the fun of it.

We should beware of diversions that become too popular. Golf is more of a fad than a hobby, as are bridge and backgammon. There is something about a hobby that shuns the limelight, that is personal and intimate and sequestered. The idea is not to do blindly what everyone is doing, but to find your own special means of self-expression, something that satisfies *you* completely and gives you that glorious sense of power or knowledge or efficiency in some hitherto strange field.

Hobbies are neither drugs nor time killers. The man with a hobby should be neither a sponge nor a jellyfish. The play that is worth while develops, creates, educates, gives life a new dimension. No man is uninteresting who is absorbingly interested in something. A hobby should exercise the imagination, play to the fancy, stimulate invention.

The delights of study are too little appreciated. The city editor of a small-town daily has made a practice of carrying a hammer in his pocket on his walks in the surrounding country to break open rocks and read their history. He has become extraordinarily informed in the geology of his native state and reads papers before learned societies. Theodore Roosevelt's familiarity with birds suggests itself. Some intimacy with nature, scenery, birds, flowers, trees, rocks, adds to the richness of walking, which is one of the best and cheapest of all hobbies.

A conspicuous disciple of pedestrianism is Dr. John H. Finley of the *New York Times*, who on his sixty-ninth birthday walked twelve miles, and once at the outbreak of the World War walked from Paris to Boulogne to catch a ship. He has expressed his philosophy of recreation in seven well-considered points: —

That leisure is an opportunity to re-create energy and build up mental and physical health; that this is essential to happiness, whether working or playing; that most people do not appreciate the value of physical activity; that not enough foresight and planning are given to our leisure; that individual leisure-time activities should be chosen that will benefit the community as well as give pleasure to the individual; that 'fantasy' is a rich possession of the human race, because through it we escape the burdens of life (we enjoy in fantasy the things we do not possess in fact; leisure offers the same kind of escape from the cares of our complex civilization); that our present industrial system with the deadening influence of the automatic machine makes the right use of leisure of tremendous importance in preserving an enlightened citizenship.

VI

On this note we may as well end. This cursory summary is full of omissions anyway, and enthusiastic hobbyists are going to rise up and call me to account for overlooking their pet pastimes. There has been no space for one of the oldest and most perfect hobbies — gardening, with its delightful subsidiaries, the growing of roses, dahlias, and orchids, and other specialized flowers. I can only mention fishing, the contemplative man's recreation, which has a vast literature of its own. Travel, whether to the nearest town or to Lhasa the forbidden city of Tibet, with its bypaths of exploration or big-game hunting, gets no grace but an 'among those present.'

By far the most curious hobby I have encountered is that of the man who specializes in human trouble. For years he has reserved Saturday mornings for seeing people who are unhappy, in despair, or at a crisis, not merely or always financial, but spiritual, mental, social, and sends them away with new courage. He is not a minister; in fact, he is an insurance agent. All are welcome to this clinic. His friends send to him those they are unable to help. His methods are simple. He merely tries to give hope, courage, self-respect, by a combination of sympathy and reason. You can read all about it in *A Fortune to Share*, by Vash Young.

There is no dearth of hobbies. You can choose from a thousand, tested and tried, that have furnished amusement to many men. Or you can invent your own, some pursuit not yet pursued for its own sake. You must find the predilection within yourself. You may think a pursuit requires some special skill. Not at all. The skill is acquired, but the necessary thing is that you should like doing it sufficiently to have patience with the details. Admiring friends exclaim at my handiwork with tools, saying, 'I wish I could do that, but I can't even drive a nail.' People are not born with ability to drive nails, but they are born with undeveloped possibilities in their minds, eyes, fingers, feet, which become, with practice, skills that afford endless amusement. Most of the envious friends who look at my work could do it if they wanted to. There's the rub. The fascination lies in achieving, in going from one minor triumph to another, learning something all the time. One who has tried to use carving tools thereafter looks with a fresh eye upon all carving, in wood, ivory, or stone. Even a little acquaintance with an art or craft opens new worlds, makes life richer and more exciting, puts new meanings into a thousand things.

Many are so constituted that they must feel that what they do is useful. Well, any hobby is useful that makes one life deeper, more worth while, but there are recreations that are altruistic, that contribute to the well-being of others. Many discoveries and inventions have been made by men following research in an amateur spirit.

The sudden death of Calvin Coolidge brought out rather pathetically the emptiness of his last days. He went early to his office, but there was nothing to do. He went home again, and there was nothing to do. He went down and watched the handy man shovel coal on the furnace. He was sixty years old and apparently had no engrossing interest.

Given three requisites, — means of existence, reasonable health, and an absorbing interest, — those years beyond sixty can be the happiest and most satisfying of a lifetime.

THE FIRE IN THE BUSH

THE ocean's trampling rattles the window,
The trade wind buffets the chimney head.
All day I have fought dust
And web and rust,
Tended the hearth beneath the sheltering roof,
Offered the hospitable salt and bread,
With busy visible gestures filling the day, never aloof —
Yet the hearth of my heart was fireless
And still as stone.

Now the night wind bends the pine tree
And rattles the shoreward window.
I, beside it, alone,
Am watching another fire —
Watching the answering flame in the toyon bush,
The unconsuming flame that knows no roof, no hearth,
That burns in the outer dark in the heart of the live green bush
Yet is ever unshaken by storm, undimmed by falling rain,
Its ruddy beauty leaping from the living bush.

How many years inside the sheltering door
Treading back and forth, going, returning,
Tending the tangible fire
Have I watched the outer burning.
To-night by the window I cry
Through the dark — let me once ere I die,
Once out in the wind, out under the sky,
Thrust my hand in that flame though it scar,
Hold my cheek to that flame though it sear!

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

SCRIBBLER'S LUCK

BY EDWARD WEEKS

I

I TAKE for my text the twentieth-century axiom, 'Accidents don't happen.' And I repeat these words despite the utter abandon with which Americans fling themselves and their automobiles about, it being my private conviction that the autopsy of any or all of these catastrophes would be sure to show a screw loose somewhere, if not in the chassis, then certainly in the motorist's skull. Accidents don't happen in literature any more than they do at railroad crossings: they are the perfectly logical results of human behavior. It was no accident that the manuscript of Thomas Carlyle's *French Revolution* was chucked by a domestic into the fireplace; it was no accident when Colonel Lawrence's dangerous manuscript, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, disappeared after having been left in an empty railway coach. Such things happen because authors are notoriously absent-minded. Nor was it an accident when Anne Parrish won the Harper Novel Contest, or when Sinclair Lewis was awarded the Nobel Prize. These things happen, if I may be allowed the phrase, because of the persistent-mindedness of the chosen few.

The word 'persistence' has a more agreeable association to-day than it had when I was young. 'If you will persist,' my parents would say, 'in sliding down the banisters, you'll *hurt* yourself!' Something of that stubborn quality the word still retains, but in modern usage it has lost much of its harmful implication. If, nowadays, you *persist* in what you are after, you won't hurt yourself much — you'll be a Success. Curiously enough, the most persistent people in all industry are commonly thought to be the laziest — I mean writers.

Since writing is unquestionably the worst-paid of all professions, those who do it have to be persistent if they are to survive. Of this the beginner soon becomes painfully aware. In no other business I can think of is an apprentice's work so repeatedly thrown back in his face. In all fairness, however, it should be added that most beginning writers invite this treatment, not only because their work may be inadequate, but also because — whatever its potential value — they so seldom know how to publish it.

If I were a book agent, I should not spend much time trying to sell Rabelais to a Sunday School; yet this proposition is no more absurd than the disappointed efforts of a thousand new writers whose manuscripts fly back like homing pigeons. To make a name for one's self in contemporary literature it is essential to discover as rapidly as possible, first, the kind of thing one is best equipped to write, and, second, the medium — any medium — in which it can be published to advantage. Self-knowledge is slow to come by. It took Gamaliel Bradford twenty-five years to

discover that biography, not fiction, was his forte, and during that time he suffered continuously from rejection slips. But persistence will be rewarded. One may, in the end, even discover that he is not cut out to be a writer, and that knowledge, grim as death at the time, may prove to be a real blessing in disguise.

II

By a kind of rough classification the society of writers may be divided into two communities — those who dwell in ivory towers, and those who live in the sweatshops. There is not much love lost between them. The Ivory Tower commuters are a little scornful of the Sweatshoppers because of their prolific output; whereas, naturally enough, those who make their living by writing are at heart contemptuous of those who won't risk body and soul for what they profess to love. Most beginners are members of the Ivory Tower set, but, as their work progresses and they become better known, they are tempted to climb off their perch and join the toilers below.

It hardly needs to be said that he who lives in an ivory tower writes primarily to please himself. And this is as it should be, up to the point where the craftsman, for his own satisfaction, feels impelled to show his work to others. With charming flattery he singles out those friends who, as he explains, are best qualified to judge his work. Generally speaking, it is their opinion that what he has written is not a bit worse — well, as a matter of fact, is a good deal better than something they saw the other day in the *Saturday Evening Post* (or the *Atlantic*), and if an editor will pay good money, etc., etc. The writer promptly sends his manuscript to the indicated haven, and in about ninety-six cases out of a hundred it is as promptly declined. When this experience has been repeated three or four times, your Ivory Tower resident begins to look sourly on the publishing world, which apparently has come to grief since Shakespeare's day.

I think it needs to be insisted that, however much your writing may please you and your friends, there is no test comparable to that which it must undergo once it is in print. To see your work in cold, inerasable type; to realize how sturdily — or how meagrely! — the words convey your meaning; to hear a stranger praise or disparage your screed — this is an experience that gets in the blood, inflames the mind, and infects you, at least temporarily, with the itch to write.

It is n't so difficult to break into print. True, the odds are formidable that you won't sell your first story to one of the high-price fiction magazines, or your first article to one of the 'quality group.' It's easier to stoop to conquer. Since time immemorial, British colonels have written letters to the London *Times*. Their choleric temper established a tradition in journalism; every daily of consequence has its letter columns to-day. And it might surprise you to learn how far these little letters throw their gleams, especially if the correspondent gives evidence of knowing what he is talking about. A fresh opinion vigorously pressed is a godsend to an editor in search of material, and it is fair to say that a good many magazine articles have originated in such modest surroundings.

In American newspapers, on the same editorial page that reprints the letters or on a near-by page, you are likely to find another popular feature, the Columnist. Eugene Field and B. L. T. conducted columns that made Chicago hum in the old days. 'The Bowling Green' by Christopher Morley was one reason why people swore by the

old *Evening Post*. In the *Boston Herald* Philip Hale's quiddities used to be as New England as good chowder. Don Marquis in the old *Tribune* wrote a vernacular hard to beat. These men were eager to give space to contributors with something to say; in different ways they have stimulated the writing of keen and colloquial sketches and verse.

The dean of them all to-day is, of course, 'F. P. A.' For more than twenty years his column, 'The Conning Tower,' has been the source of crackling brevities, the sure detective of sloppy English, the medium in which appear as illuminating translations as an American has ever made of Horace, and finally the headquarters of such refreshing new talent as could be found. In 'The Conning Tower,' the public had early recognition of George Kaufman, Morrie Ryskind, Louis Untermeyer, Robert Benchley, to mention four names out of a hundred. 'But I was not doing favors for these boys,' Mr. Adams wrote; 'the favors were on the other foot.' F. P. A. gave — he still gives — a gold watch to the writer of the best contribution each year. His timepieces have been won by Deems Taylor, Newman Levy, Dorothy Parker, Will Irwin, Gelett Burgess, Helene Mullins.

Newspapers, if rightly approached, have other openings for beginners. Tucked away in some back office of the plant there is likely to be a careworn individual known as the 'literary' or 'book review' editor. It is his portion to receive upward of five thousand new books each year from the publishers, and by way of return to print appropriate chitchat about their authors, and appropriate reviews of their contents. An 'appropriate review,' in the publishers' sense, is one which deals in quotable superlatives; and it is no wonder if, overworked as he is, your literary editor takes the friendlier course and occasionally accepts new books at their blurb value. Obviously he cannot read all five thousand of them himself, and, since he has no budget with which to hire assistance, the best he can do is to find people who will review new volumes for the sake of owning them.

That is where new writers come in. I realize that literary criticism in the United States is in low estate, and certainly I have no wish to feed more half-baked judgments to an already bilious public; but I do believe that there are some few beginners who exert in their private reading a perception and discrimination which might be even better in print. Here again it may not avail you much at the outset to aim for the best-paying association. The book supplements of the *New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, manifestly have at their command a sufficient number of 'authorities' to make them somewhat uninterested in beginners. It would be more serviceable, I should think, to seek to attach yourself to a respected daily in your neighborhood. Your pay will be the review copies and the experience you gain in print, and, when you have filled twenty-five or thirty columns of newspaper type, cull out the best of your work and see if you can talk business with one of those paying editors who would almost certainly have turned you down at the outset.

Newspapers are a good proving ground for literary ambition. It would be hard to find a prose writer of consequence to-day who has not used them, in one way or another, when breaking into print. Letters to an editor, book reviews, sketches for the columnist, short travel articles such as the *Christian Science Monitor* uses on its back page, occasional dramatic or musical criticism — these are some of the odd jobs a beginner may pick up if he will persist in writing. Doing is

healthier than daydreaming. A newspaper requires that you write clearly and without frills, and heed the discipline of words. Like its stepsister, advertising, it promotes a quickness in expression, and yet still seems to nourish the most insidious of ambitions. If ever there was a newspaper man who did not live with the idea of some day writing a book, point him out to me.

III

The brief acknowledgment that appears in Ernest Hemingway's early book, *In Our Time*, pays the author's respects to the editors of the *Little Review*, the *Transatlantic Review*, and *This Quarter*, in whose columns some of his early stories appeared. Though I do not know exactly how little these publications paid him, I should conjecture that the sum total was probably considerably less than he would receive to-day for any single one of the stories were they available for sale. But, setting to one side the ever-fascinating problem of recompense, what I wish to emphasize is that Hemingway the beginner, instead of battering vainly at the front gate, went in by the side door.

Most magazine editors quite naturally have to keep their eyes on the main chance. When they 'buy big names,' as the saying goes, they do so knowing that Irvin Cobb will attract more of the news-stand customers than, let us say, Irving Codd — even though Mr. Codd's story may be rather the better of the two. Many editors pride themselves on discovering new writers, and certainly some of them actually do. But I intend no cynicism when I say that it is easier to 'discover' a new talent after it has begun to find its way into print than to spot it in a shopworn manuscript. Most magazines of huge circulation play safe; they are likely to take over the work of a new writer only after duly observing his early steps. Magazines of smaller subscription, less beholden to the news stands, can afford to be more independent. Discovery, in short, is in inverse ratio to the size of the circulation: the smaller the pond, the more chance a tadpole has of singing a solo. I suppose my argument reaches its logical extreme in the case of an 'unknown' who publishes a pamphlet at his own expense, writes its entire contents, and then sits down to be, mayhap, its only reader. I have subscribed, incidentally, to a one-man show of this kind. It was the *Villager*; it came from New York City, and, by the sheer originality of its copy, had found not one reader but a host of them, here and abroad.

In England, where printing costs are cheap, it is a relatively easy matter for writers of a feather to flock together and set a new periodical in motion. The *Yellow Book* is a pretty example from the mauve decade. Shortly after the war, the *Adelphi* appeared, and in its first year, being largely the handiwork of Katherine Mansfield, J. Middleton Murry, and H. M. Tomlinson, it caught the instant attention of other writers — and readers — near and far. In the United States such journals, owing to the high cost of publication, have a more precarious existence. But exist they do, — if only for a day, — and it is well worth while for a beginner — as it is for an editor — to keep in touch with them.

I recall the little periodical *S 4 N*, chartered by some young men fresh from Yale. Its life was short, but in its heyday it printed several pieces by an unknown, Thornton Wilder. Again, the *Little Review*, which gave Hemingway his start, was edited in Chicago by Margaret Anderson, who had the courage to serialize — ten years ago, when it took courage! — portions of James

Joyce's *Ulysses*. *This Quarter* hailed, as its name implies, from Paris. Edmund Walsh was its editor, if I remember right, and its contributors, like those of *Broom*, *transition*, and *Secession*, cultivated the unorthodox. Although these journals, I believe, are now spasmodically if not definitely out of print, others are alive which continue to champion new talent.

First, there is *Poetry*, Harriet Monroe's valiant little paper, which in recent years has done more to encourage the writing of verse than any other sheet. How many people, I wonder, are acquainted with the *Midlander*, a bimonthly published in Iowa City, which has been bringing to the surface some uncommonly good short stories? The *Modern Quarterly*, which comes from New York City and is edited for 'thinkers,' specializes in critical and contemplative essays, book criticism, and verse. Founded by Harvard undergraduates, the *Hound and Horn* moved on to New York City to revive the tradition that sank with the *Dial*. Likewise from New York comes the *American Spectator*, which, despite the fanfare of 'big names' with which it began, may in future have opportunity for fresh and alert talent. Side by side with more serious articles, the *Southwest Review* of Dallas, Texas, prints stories and verse that are a credit to native sons. Historical material is very ably presented in the *New England Quarterly*. I am told you need to have a Communist ticket to contribute to the *New Masses*, and that your fiction or verses ought to touch pretty closely the proletarian and his problems. Finally, for those who delight in experimentation, the two quarterlies *Pagany* and *Contact* offer a 'modern' opportunity for prose and verse. Though their audiences may be limited to the knowing few, these periodicals do maintain, each in its own way, a high standard. The fact that they printed the early work of Hemingway is not to say that they will cotton to your hopefuls. But this you can be sure of: they are no respecters of names. Their latitude is half of their importance. They may pay you little or nothing for your contribution; but there are times in literature, as in life, when it is good policy for a beginner to give something for nothing.

O. Henry pocketed his first return as a writer when he sold a sheaf of 'wisecracks' to a Western newspaper. The idea for George Kaufman's first play came from some sketches in 'The Conning Tower.' A friend of mine fresh from college had some bright sayings accepted by *Life* which so encouraged him that within three months he became a steady and very welcome contributor both to that magazine and to *Punch*. There is plenty of opportunity for a humorous turn of mind. I hear that the *New Yorker* pays a five-spot for those howlers which it delights in quoting from the press. I understand that the *Saturday Evening Post* pays very well for the anecdotes and light verse which appear in its 'Post Scripts' department.

Thus far I have indicated a number of markets which may tempt a beginner from his Ivory Tower. But before committing yourself to the mail there is one last thing you must do. It is imperative that you know something about the customers. Whether you aim at the *Midlander*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, or the *Atlantic*, the practice is the same. Read several issues of the magazine and familiarize yourself with its menu.

Perhaps I can best show you what I mean by making a diagnosis of the *Atlantic Monthly*. On the average there are eighteen contributions to an issue, exclusive of the 'Contributors' Club.' They will include two short stories, two poems, and for the rest

what may be vaguely classified as 'articles.' You will observe that nowhere down the table of contents is there any reference to old Concord, which used once to be the Fleet Street of the *Atlantic*. This is, first, because Mr. Thoreau and Mr. Emerson no longer abide there, and, secondly, because the literary essay is sleeping, although not dead, to-day. James Norman Hall keeps the tradition alive. So do Agnes Repplier, Charles D. Stewart, and a very few others. Essayists in the best sense of the word are a dwindling group. This condition is only temporary, nor should it deter you if you think you have the essayist's gift. But you must realize that, in the snatched-at reading of the twentieth century, the article, not the essay, is accorded first place.

What possible articles come within your range? I might begin by citing some topics which you had better leave alone. Tirades on Prohibition from either side of the fence had best be confined to table talk. There's not much save heat left to contribute to that subject. Travel letters by you or your relatives are on the whole — as we say in a rejection — 'better adapted to private than to general circulation.' Protests against the growing lawlessness of the United States need to be specific and hard-hitting if they are to carry any weight. The subject is on everyone's mind, but I'm inclined to think it's the work for an expert. Finally, please shun droll papers about your quaint neighbors or facetious dialogues with your canary bird. They are the poison ivy in every manuscript basket.

Aim, instead, at a target on which you have brought to bear a good deal of your own observation, and as you examine it let common sense be unopposed by convention. Are you fond of dogs? Have you had a succession of them in your household? Have you raised a puppy? Did it ever occur to you that you were the dog and he the master?

Have you and your wife ever fancied yourselves coasting down the Connecticut River in a canoe? Was it a romance or a farce? How were the flies?

If you are a parent you have doubtless been lectured to on the parent-child relationship. But how about the parent-nurse relationship? I can think of cases which need going into.

Among your family heirlooms are there letters or journals whose vivacity and turn of phrase throw a fresh light upon 'the good old days'? Material which is indisputably ancient and, by the same token, dry as dust were best retained in some historical archive. But material which comes down without blemish from Revolutionary ancestors, sea captains, forty-niners, Johnny Rebs, Indian fighters, may have potential value for any one of several magazines to-day.

Have you friends who call themselves psychic? Do they try to introduce you to the fine art of table-tipping and automatic writing or other ectoplasmic enjoyment? And does your 'resistance' stop the show? We might hear about it.

Are you a movie fan, and if so what do you think of the programmes you are regaled with to-day? Do you hover beside your radio in fair weather and foul? It is high time that the consumers of both these forms of entertainment spoke their minds in a free and interesting fashion.

We are veering, as you see, toward controversy, which seems to be the ultimate goal of most articles, and one reason, incidentally, why this form of writing will never really subordinate the essay. If you take naturally to argufying, it ought to be possible to find subjects which you can discuss with the proper ring of authority. If

you are called into action by what some other writer has said, bear in mind that the manuscript of your rebuttal ought to be posted with the least possible delay. If the *Atlantic* raises a question of divorce morality which you wish to combat, see that your answer is in the editor's hands within two weeks of the original publication. The manufacturing problem of sustaining in successive numbers a running controversy is so difficult that few editors will bother with it. To save yourself unnecessary labor, it may be wise to couch your reply in the form of a letter, which, as you will explain, could readily be expanded into a short article with more concrete illustrations if so desired. Every journal of opinion maintains a correspondence department for those who take issue with its contributors. It is well to take part in such a forum, and, of course, even better if your statement is so downright convincing that the editor asks you to develop it for the body of the magazine. As a parting injunction, let me say that an article ought to be specific rather than general in its citation, positive rather than passive in its feeling, forthright rather than satirical in its utterance. We Americans still bring so much sincerity to our reading that we are apt to be irritated by sarcasm, bewildered by irony.

IV

I have concluded from my reading that by far the larger number of essays and articles are written by men, whereas the majority of short stories are written by women. Which is to say that men like to run into facts and women away from them. With the hope of refracting some light upon your own individual problems, I mean to pick over the types of stories which customarily one finds in a manuscript heap.

Women, of course, love to champion something, or to better somebody, so it is not unnatural that there should be a considerable number of crusading short stories. There is one group with which you are familiar and which for the sake of brevity I might catalogue as 'Lo, the Poor Indian!' stories. These denounce the exploitation, the indignities, practised upon our Reservations. Then there are stories pointing at the corruption of our city officials. (Perhaps we shall have a New York anthology of them some day.) Again there are those tales which show us a Good Little Man being tyrannized by Big Business. Of course he wins out in the end. My approach may be flip, but do not take these stories too lightly; the truth is that social injustice is the very core of much of our most dramatic material.

Less earnest in their intent are the Dialect Stories. There is a pretty steady applause for Kentucky mountaineer tales with their early-English lingo and their fine primitive ways. Negro stories have lately moved north from the plantations to Harlem. With the emergence of skilled Negro writers, I notice that these stories have acquired a dramatic value and a dignity which quite subordinate the slapstick comedy of old. This is a definite advance. Willa Cather was one of the first to dramatize the Bohemians and Scandinavians in our West. A very few writers to-day write knowingly and most amusingly of the Pennsylvania Dutch. As yet relatively unexplored are the farming communities of Poles in our New England states and the Portuguese who man the fishing boats from Cape Ann to Provincetown. The Irish and the Germans have been so long in our midst that no one thinks to distinguish between their ways and our own. Times have changed since Mr. Dooley was our Delphic oracle.

Gun play, rum running, and crime stories have been overdone. In December 1929, Ray Long passed a rule that with the new year *Cosmopolitan* would not purchase another racketeer story of any kind. Too many crooks spoiled the broth.

I for my part have inveighed consistently against stories about Art with a capital *A*. It seems perfectly natural that beginners should be tempted with the idea of writing a story telling how fame, fortune, and a blonde came to an impecunious young man when his first play finally electrified Broadway. The wish may be father to the thought, but the trouble is that such recitals seldom ring true. Artists and their models, sculptors and their troubles, novelists and their best sellers — it is well to fight shy of these temperamental matters which are so easily exaggerated. It takes an old hand at the game to write knowingly of art in the making.

Stick to business, which I suspect all of you will know something about at the outset of your writing. Business has gone a long way in fiction since George Lorimer began to edit the *Saturday Evening Post*. One of his finds was a Chicago writer by the name of Edna Ferber, who was then serving her time on a newspaper. Her 'Emma McChesney' stories were the first to project the business woman into the short story, and people like Alice Foote MacDougall have kept her there ever since. The perfection of the business-success story has, I think, been one of the chief reasons why the *Post* has been so enormously successful. To write a story about a harassed widow who in her desperation made — and sold! — the best wild-grape jelly in her state; to work up a yarn about a lackadaisical youth who would do nothing but go fishing, despite the indignation of his best girl and the village gossips, but who, of course, was all the while tracking down the fresh-water pearls which made his fortune — to develop themes of this sort seems rather small potatoes to a gentleman in an Ivory Tower with an admiration for Keats. But I'm inclined to think it's the kind of thing he can buckle down to with a greater degree of plausibility than, let us say, the frustration of a young musical genius. In these downcast times it is doubly cheering to read of someone who makes money — even if his fortune is only on paper. And it pays.

Stories of the hard-riding West have begun to fade, although, curiously enough, I believe there will always be a market for them in England. 'Dude ranches,' Reno, and sanatorium life are the glimpses of the Wild West which we get to-day in American fiction — or just plain farmers.

I have reserved till the last the mention of a type of story whose increasing number I believe is directly attributable to hard times. I mean the story of Utopia. It may be laid in Heaven or Hell, on the lost continent of Atlantis, or on Mars — which the hero has unexpectedly reached by airplane. Whatever the destination, the purpose has been the same: to make an example of a community which is run the way it should be. The world has been so much with us these past three years that it is a positive relief to go somewhere else where there are no rising taxes and falling incomes, and no unemployment. But bear in mind that it takes a Milton — or someone not much less — to build a Paradise, and that even then his devils are apt to be his most 'convincing' characters.

So my brief analysis is at an end. You ought, as I have said, to diagnose for yourself the contents of the magazines to which you wish to contribute. You ought to estimate, for instance,

the average length of the stories in the *Midlander;* you ought not to be told that the *Post* does not favor fiction much under five-thousand words, or that the *Atlantic* prefers its meat well done whereas *transition* takes its rare. If you wish to experiment with the stream-of-consciousness method, there's no point in your sending the result to the *Red Book.* If a story which you had pictured to yourself as a character study suddenly breaks out into good brisk melodrama, give it its head; and, when it is done, send it to one of the adventure magazines, where it probably belongs. And finally, don't be knocked flat by the first two rejections, if come they must. Rupert Hughes, whose name appears to be a trade-mark on certain magazines, claims to have received over two thousand rejection slips in his time.

Ray Long, for twenty years one of our ablest magazine editors, has published in book form the twenty stories which seemed to him the best in his experience. This is what he says about one of them: 'W. C. Lengel was representing the Hearst group of American magazines in Europe. One night, in Paris, he went to a prize fight with some friends. There he met a young chap named Hemingway, Ernest Hemingway. He and Hemingway took to each other from the start. During the evening the new friend confided to Lengel that he had written a short story. Bill, always on the alert for new material, asked him to send it around the next day. And in due course the manuscript came across the sea to me, and with it the most enthusiastic letter of praise that I ever received from Lengel.

'I read the story. It left me cold. Absolutely cold. For the life of me I could n't see why my associate had got so excited about it. I rejected the story.

'Next it went to *Scribner's.* Maxwell Perkins, one of the most astute editors in the land, liked the story fairly well, but thought it should be cut down. Hemingway refused to do the cutting, and when someone else tackled the job it was found that the story as edited did n't make sense. The author in writing it had cut out every word that could be spared. Next it went to the *Saturday Evening Post.* And bounded back like a rubber ball. Next *Collier's.* Same result.

'And then one night I picked up the *Atlantic Monthly* and started to read "Fifty Grand," just to see what they had done with it. They had n't done a thing. But the editor of the *Atlantic* had seen in the story what Bill Lengel had seen in it, and what the others, myself heading the list, had overlooked. And what I saw the minute I read the story in type.

'Next day I wired Lengel to ask his friend Hemingway to forgive me for the stupidest blunder I'd ever made as an editor. For "Fifty Grand" was one of the best short stories that ever came to my hands. It was — and is — I think the best prize-fight story I ever read.'

This is a generous statement, but not, I think, too generous in its praise. And if one of Hemingway's best — this hard-boiled narrative of a fighter who hit below the belt — is tossed from pillar to post, to fetch up in the end in what someone has politely called 'the favorite organ of the National Education Association' — if such things happen to an established writer, surely it is not unreasonable to expect that the work of a beginner may have to spend some time on the road.

V

To be sure, it takes spunk and infinite patience to stand up against an inexplicable rebuff week in, week out. It is exasperating to endure the inter-

minable interval — measured not in days but in expectation deferred — which passes between the submission of a manuscript and the decision; it is painful to have your fondest hopes stepped on, to head them up again toward the sunlight only to have them squashed a second time. It does n't help much to know that this is the common lot. You hear occasionally the phrase 'a hard-shell business man.' It would be illuminating if the gentleman would sometime tell us how he got that way; there are times when authors would give a good deal to enjoy the oblivion of a turtle. Most literary folk of my acquaintance have no more protection than a soft-shell crab; their armor is very sensitive to the touch.

Writers of any age, and especially beginners, are in constant need of solace and stimulus. Solace can be had from a number of sources. There are the P. E. N. clubs, whose members, I gather, make the most of each other's exploits and so pass from hand to hand a heady potion of Dutch courage. There are manuscript clubs which, by affording the opportunity of reading a paper amid congenial surroundings, often call a desirable manuscript into being. Again there is the help to be had from a competent literary agent. You may not be able to rate one at first, but you may have recourse to one later if your work persists in finding its way into print. A good agent will give your manuscripts the individual attention which a good editor would like to if he had the time. But naturally, not being in business for his health, he cannot devote attention to manuscripts which he has no confidence of being able to place.

You must keep your ears and eyes open for stimulus. It comes unexpectedly from what you may read in a newspaper, from gossip with your friends, from daydreams and coincidence. It is to be had from such 'trade papers' as the *Authors' League Bulletin*, the *Writer, Author and Journalist.* Here, for example, are some of the articles in a single issue of the *Writer's Digest:* 'Write 'em, Cowboy,' 'Should I Collaborate?' 'Writing for the Talkies,' 'Goldilocks — New Style; or How to Make Fiction Heroines Attractive.' It is seldom too late for a beginner to learn the tricks of the trade.

However friendly the solace, however stimulating your professional guidance, I want you to bear in mind that accidents don't happen. It is no accident that has brought J. B. Priestley to his present position. After convalescing from the effects of the war, he went up to Cambridge at the age of twenty-three. There he read, wrote, and edited with might and main. He edited single-handed the best of the undergraduate reviews; he got himself into print. When he went down to London with his degree he became a reader for one of the large London publishers, he applied for and received the post of a reviewer for the *Daily News*, and persistently — and of course on the side — he tried his hand at essays and fiction. Some of the essays were not much good; they went the rounds and they went begging. But the best of them got into print and were eventually bound up in book form. Meantime Priestley had gone on to other things. He became a regular contributor to the English *Saturday Review;* his first fiction being no go, he sought for the collaboration of Hugh Walpole in the writing of *Farthing Hall.* Keeping himself in touch with publishers, he obtained the commission to write two biographies for the English Men of Letters Series. He kept everlastingly hammering his way into print, and in a little over eleven years has some eighteen books to show for it — at least three of them uncommonly good

books. Now that may be extraordinarily energetic; it may reek of the sweatshop; but it's not lucky, it's not an accident.

It sounds so swift and easy, and yet in practice it is for most of us incredibly hard. To write a book, to write your first book, of 90,000 words is — a job! You keep thinking about it for years, with an urge that seems to renew itself each spring and fall. Finally you summon up determination; you block out the beginning, you make random notes on scraps of paper, you write the first few chapters, and secretly you picture your exaltation when the public comes to realize that this is the book it has been waiting for. 'I never knew he had it in him,' you can almost hear your relatives say, drat them! For perhaps a fortnight you walk on air. Then duties seem to interpose themselves between you and the eager block of paper; and when, after postponements, you settle down to it some evening, there is fuel but no spark. To blow on the coals, you read back over the pages you have written; and what you find seems so bleak, so lifeless, so short of genius, that despair grips you. And you go to bed.

This you must expect, if you are a beginner — false starts and discouragement. That is why I preach facility in small things, for only by such training can you gain the experience necessary to sustain your writing in the valleys between the peaks. And while your work is in progress, try not to tell people about it. This is hard to prevent, for, while the spell is on, you feel the world should take you at your hidden value. But keep the struggle from your friends, who will never understand its tribulation; and don't tell editors until the end of the job is in sight. The world has grown skeptical about promised books, and its attitude is not unlike that of the publisher who received this letter from a Japanese student: —

HONORABLE SIR: —

Herewith I take pleasure submitting to your careful Editorship the first half of my newborn typoscript, 'Relativity.' Most unique in its predominating incident — the vivid plot which is mostly embodying a father, mother, and son, and I have been obliged to produce it most latent by continuously associating the son with his mother's cousin and concentrating largely on him and her. Perhaps you will mourne in love with Roland; laugh in pensiveness with the foundling Frederika; regret in marriage with Paula, till at last she got the dreams of her life (the son) in the acme of France perrils!; be indifference with Pearl Boggs (whose right name was Mabel Peters), and then screach with her therewith, also, a screach of reunion and founded bliss. Won't you peruse it, please, and decide shall I send you the remainder.

Many are called, but few are chosen. And how much pathos there is in the endeavor, no one can measure.

'Anyone,' to use the words of Keats, 'with the curse in his or her blood that intensifies experience and makes moments beautiful or terrible beyond the comprehension of the cool outside observer' must find release in the written word. 'Conrad,' said a critic, 'suffered from gout and unwritten books.' Everyone with the veriest trace of Keats's curse in his veins suffers at one time or another from 'unwritten books.' For some the times are never ripe, the equipment too difficult to seek, the project no clearer than a vague daydream. A few may pump their writing to the surface with the power of a Priestley. The majority are to be found in the middle distance — people whose aspiration builds them an ivory tower, and whose energy is forever tempting them to leave their seclusion for the vast, eloquent space of print.

A GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

I

CARSTAIRS was lying in a 'long chair' on the lawn in front of his bungalow. On his right, the softly rounded masses of a great tamarind tree outlined themselves against the blue sky; wild bees hummed harmlessly in its feathery foliage. On the left, a line of poinsettias thrust their scarlet leaves, like thin spear points, into the warm air. Orange trumpet lilies bloomed, in a belt of color, against the low shrubbery that shut off the vegetable garden from the lawn; and water ran with pleasant gurgles in the hidden channels of that little kingdom where the head mali ruled supreme.

Carstairs was working on the record of an intricate murder case, where the sessions judge had, in his view, sinned against the light in acquitting the accused, charged with a peculiarly atrocious crime. He had been hard at work since five that morning; he had had a long day in court disposing of complicated rent appeals; the murmur of the bees, the creak of the well wheel, the gurgle of the water, the warm softness of the air, proved too much for him; and he dozed off lightly, chin on shoulder. He was awakened by the soft slur of a bicycle on the near-by path.

'It's you, Doctor. Sun's just going down — and by all the rules a peg is allowable.'

They talked of the customary nothings while the bearer fetched another long chair and provided them with cigars and drinks; when he had padded off silently, the doctor explained why he had come.

'You won't think I'm getting the wind up unnecessarily, but I'm worried about Dallu. The execution is fixed for the fifteenth. He is a terrific chap physically, as you know; never saw a better-developed native, even among the professional wrestlers; and I have been hearing all sorts of vague rumors — you know the kind of thing — that he intends to give trouble when it comes to the bit.'

'What kind of trouble?'

'Well, nothing very definite. But everyone in the jail is quite jumpy about it. The head darogha — who gets to hear, or senses, most of what is going on — tells me Dallu has been boasting that he will provide them with a tamasha of sorts. The armed guards over the condemned cell are funky of him already. I have talked to one or two of the best of the convict overseers — let them talk to me, you understand — and they all seem to think that Dallu means to give heavy trouble. The guards see most of him, naturally; and they feel the same way.'

'Did n't any of them get down to something clearer?'

'The darogha has been very uneasy about it for several days. Just before I came to you, he told me Dallu had been telling the guard this afternoon — he

can't keep from boasting — that when he went to the scaffold he'd pick up the dom and break the man's back across his knee. He could, too, easily enough. That dom comes from Lucknow. There are none here — or none who'd take on the job, anyhow. You see? And it would n't stop with the dom, either, once Dallu got excited. It 'ud be a hell of a mess, all round; and the Lord only knows what would happen before it got straightened out. I need n't go into that, need I? We could hang him in fetters, of course, — leg and arms, — but that's against the rules. And it does seem to me rather a measly way of dealing with him — and the situation.'

The doctor meditated for a bit, and added: 'I don't mind hanging him, — I'm glad to hang him, in fact, — but I'd hate to see even him turned off draped with all that ironmongery.'

II

Dallu was to be hanged for dacoity with murder. The police had selected their three best cases against him, and had proved them all, to the hilt; the cases had run their normal course before the committing magistrate, the sessions judge, and the High Court. All were in agreement that he was guilty; and everyone knew that, had anything gone wrong with any of these cases, there were dozens more to fall back on.

For about three years Dallu — a chamar, or leather worker, one of the lowest of all the castes — had, in association with a brahman who supplied the brains as he supplied the energy, the physical force, and the daring, terrorized that district, and the surrounding districts. He had murdered, raped, tortured, and robbed with impunity, here to-day and gone to-morrow. When pursuit got too hot, he retired to the forests of Nepal; sometimes he disappeared altogether — just melted into the countless millions of India. From first to last, he must have been responsible for the death of something like a hundred people. Both the men knew the full story, in all its details: the long list of foul crimes; the hairbreadth escapes; the final capture in a Nepalese swamp; the human sacrifice of a helpless traveler, pressed into the service of the two dacoits, which had preceded that capture.

'I expect your information is right enough, Doctor. Bit of a mess, is n't it? I'm not wasting any sympathy on Dallu, either; but I don't want to hang him in fetters, all the same. We may have to come to that, of course — rules or no rules. And if we have to, I'll stand the racket, naturally, if there is any racket. But we need n't go out of our way officiously to advertise the fact. First things first. The first thing is to get Dallu hanged; the second thing is to get him hanged comfortably, without trouble or scandal. I won't risk the life of anyone, merely to escape the ironmongery and to keep within the rules. But the best plan will be for me to see him. Let's see! To-morrow is Sunday; I'll be going round the jail as usual that morning. And I'll have a talk with Dallu myself.'

'Thanks; it'll be a great relief to me. There is one thing I forgot to tell you. In addition to the usual searches, I had Dallu searched twice, before me, during the last week. I was getting so windy about him I thought it safer. On each occasion we found he had some opium — not much, but enough for a dose or two.'

'That means that the guards, at least, probably the convict overseers, and possibly some of the others also, have been got at. How do they get the stuff in?'

'Frankly, I don't know. I can't even

guess. He's inside three thirty-foot walls, guarded inside and outside; and the armed guard is always on the cell. There is the usual control — and I've tightened it up — at the gate. But I feel sure Dallu gets whatever he wants. He's a sort of Robin Hood, as you know; in their hearts they admire him; and their livers melt when they see him, from sheer funk. He must have bags of money, too; and his friends outside are spending it freely for him. With not a single white man in the whole place, I'm getting more and more uneasy. If they can get opium in, can't they manage to get Dallu out? I wake up at night now, sweating, and wondering if Dallu is still there.'

'Nothing to get rattled about, Doctor Sahib. But if I were you I'd arrange with Rendall to change the armed guards at once, and to keep changing them, too. And I'd tell the darogha to go round all the walls, inside, before the prisoners are let out of barracks each morning. Everybody concerned knows that his own particular head is on this, as it were; they may quite likely go on getting Dallu what he wants, in reason; but I'm cocksure they won't let him escape. Much too risky.'

III

Carstairs rode down to the jail on the Sunday morning as usual; tradition in India demands that the head of the district should pass his unruly sheep in review on that day.

The guard at the gate — a formidable affair of immensely thick timber, reënforced with great balks and studded with nails — looked commendably smart and workmanlike. The warder inside had a look at the deputy commissioner through the Judas hole before he opened the narrow wicket in the main gate, through which alone entrance could normally be obtained. Carstairs thought the great flaring wall looked reassuringly safe — and everyone was evidently very much on the qui vive. All the prescribed precautions were being scrupulously observed; each gate was locked, and tested, before the next was opened.

He met the doctor in the stuffy office, and walked with him into the main entrance corridor — long, dead straight, flanked with high smooth mud walls that glowed dully in the morning light. The jail smell caught them by the throat: an indescribable mélange of tar, disinfectants, hot sun on baking mud walls, packed humanity, and thrice-breathed air, though the deep corridor was open to the sky. Carstairs felt depression weigh on him, like a heavy pack, as they tramped slowly between the ochre-colored walls. Again after the observance of all the prescribed ritual, the big iron gate at the end of the corridor opened, and they were in the main sector of the jail. In front was the well, the mouth of which stood twenty feet or so above the ground level, at the top of an earth mound covered with heliotrope in bloom.

'Cherry pie! The one decent spot in your whole blasted estate, Doctor.'

Pigeons swung round them, wheeling dexterously; there were perhaps four hundred men within fifty yards of where they stood, yet the silence was so deep that they heard nothing but the 'flick-flick' of the wings.

'Will you see Dallu now?'

'No. We'd better stick to the usual routine; I don't want Dallu — or anyone else — to get exaggerated ideas of his importance.'

So Carstairs went from enclosure to enclosure; saw the under-trial prisoners, and made sure that their cases were being disposed of with all due expedition; heard their complaints, if

any, and passed orders on the spot; inspected the cook house, and munched, unappreciatively, the *chapattie* which the brahman cooks passed out to them through the bars. They could not enter there; their presence would have defiled the food.

'Any dysentery, Doctor? It seems to me mighty gritty. But I'm no expert. I feel like Nebuchadnezzar chewing the unwonted food — it may be wholesome, but it is not good.'

'No, we've had no dysentery — though the usual season for it is about due. We have been running in some new grinding mills, and I expect it's that. And, whatever they say, stuff ground in hand mills is always gritty. But it's better anyhow than they'd get in their own homes.'

They walked slowly about, watched silently by hundreds of eyes that took in every movement. The prisoners, clad in rough jail-spun and jail-woven garments, each man with a light tally hung from his neck that gave, in cabalistic figures burned into the wood, his crime and his sentence, were ranged in one long line, in the shade. As they approached, a convict warder — distinguished only by his orange pork-pie cap — struck with a little stick a small brass plate hung from two strings that he held in his hand. The men rose with military precision and stood behind their folded blankets and their polished metal food dishes, all scrupulously ranged in meticulous order. Carstairs and the doctor walked slowly down the line, stopping every now and then to question some man.

As they turned off, Carstairs said to the doctor, who is always head of the jail in addition to his other duties: —

'Did you notice that that convict warder picked up his gong from the corner of the barrack shed, beside the door? I'd watch that. I was in charge temporarily of the big jail at Baranpore in my first year of service; the work was so new, and the responsibility so heavy, that I just dithered with funk all the time. But what put the lid on was that I was wakened one morning, before dawn, by the news that one prisoner had just murdered another. I tore off to the jail, and found that one chap — watching his opportunity for months — had spotted that a convict warder had put down his gong just outside the barred door of the barrack. He got up in the dark from his bed in the barrack; managed to get hold of the gong through the bars; leaped on the bed where his enemy lay asleep — and smashed that fellow's head into fine splinters with the gong, held edgeways, with the strings twisted in his hand. It was not a pleasant sight, especially in the gray dawn, before breakfast! And now let's have a look at Dallu.'

IV

The guard — tall men in khaki, with red turbans — presented arms outside the condemned cell. The bayonets flickered in the sun.

'Did you remember about changing the guard, Doctor?'

'Yes. This lot have been on the job for one day only.'

The gate, of open iron bars, was unlocked by the assistant jailer, and they entered the cell. It was clean as a hospital ward. There was no place where anything could possibly be hidden; the floor was cemented; the walls were ochre-washed and without projections of any kind; the bed platform was in one solid built-up block; the whole interior could be seen easily from either of the gates of open iron bars.

As they entered, Dallu rose smartly to his feet, and stood at attention.

'Any complaints, Dallu?' Carstairs asked.

'No complaints, Sahib.'

Carstairs looked attentively round the cell, and turned again to Dallu. 'I am going to have you searched,' he said.

'Very good, Sahib,' was the reply. The tone was quite natural, and there was no trace of irritation or sullenness.

The search, expertly performed, resulted in the discovery of a ball of opium, about the size of an ordinary apple.

'Hell's bells!' said the doctor. 'And I had him searched before me this morning, not two hours ago!'

'What work will that ball come into?' Carstairs nodded at the lump which had been placed on the bed.

'The habit has happened,' said Dallu.

'With it will you do self-killing?'

Dallu laughed with open-throated enjoyment. 'Why should I do self-killing, Sahib? Here the air is good; the water is good; the food is good. I do no work, and I can see others working. Self-killing? Never!'

'With difficulty that ball came here. Into what work will it come?'

'I have the habit. A little opium is pleasant to me.'

Carstairs looked into the tawny yellow eyes. 'You know there is a prohibition. If I cause it to be taken away, what will happen?'

'Some more will be met with, Sahib.' Dallu seemed faintly amused.

'Not if this affair is taken into my hand — you know that.' Carstairs met the tawny eyes again, with a challenge in his own.

'I know that, Sahib,' was the reply.

'Till when will that ball remain?'

Dallu glanced at the lump on the bed. 'Three weeks — perhaps a month.' He had six more days to live. Then he added: 'I began to take it when in the forest. I take little — I am no opium eater. But up there' — he waved his hand toward the north — 'the water and the air were bad. Also, I was many times wet and tired. There was much fever. Here, after eating it, I feel pleased, and my heart becomes light.'

Carstairs leaned against the built-up platform which was Dallu's bed. 'And what is this wind I hear of trouble when the time of hanging comes?'

Dallu grinned cheerfully. 'Now and then it has come into my mind that there might be a tamasha when the time of hanging came. I am a man of power' — he smote his bare thigh like a professional wrestler, and there was a 'clunk' that reverberated through the vaulted cell. 'My arms are not the arms of a woman. My chest is great; my legs are full of force. Yes, Sahib, sometimes the thought comes that there might be a tamasha.'

Carstairs heaved himself up, and stood again in front of Dallu. The tawny yellow eyes challenged his. 'Listen, Dallu. It is the order of the Government that to you hanging must come. It will come on the appointed day. Further, there will be no tamasha. It is I who say so, and as I say, so it will be. Nor will there be any more opium — again it is I who say so: so it will be. There will be no tyranny to make sure of all these things; but for you there will be great trouble. You understand?'

Dallu's eyes looked straight into Carstairs's, fearlessly but questingly. What he saw there made him reply, tonelessly, 'I understand, Sahib.'

'Listen again, Dallu. To you few days remain. I do not want hanging to come to you in fetters; I do not wish you to have these few days that are left too troubled. If you give your word, there will be no fetters, and the trouble will not come into being. If you promise to me that there will be no self-killing, and that there will be no tamasha when the time comes, then hanging will come to you unfettered,

and that ball of opium can remain beside you. I promise to you that your body will be given to your folks in three hours after the time, with permission to take away. If you and they desire that, they will be permitted to be there when the time arrives. If you give your word, I accept it. Is it a bargain?'

'This is a good thing, Sahib, a very good thing. I speak a true word. There is a promise between the presence and me.'

'Good,' said Carstairs, and turned to leave the cell. 'Salaam, Sahib'; 'Salaam, Dallu'; and Carstairs and the wondering doctor walked back again into the blinding glare of the jail yard.

V

'Doctor, if the great and good Government which we serve knew of this morning's work, you'd be earning your living as a violinist in a cheap cinema in Calcutta in a fortnight, and I'd have my promising career blasted forevermore.'

'Do you think he'll stick to his bargain, Carstairs?'

'Well, I've gambled quite a lot on that! I feel practically sure he will. But I admit I'll be a considerably happier man when I know he has.'

Six days later Carstairs, returning from a morning tour of inspection, noticed a crowd of about two hundred people on the police parade ground, near the jail. Acting on the sound rule that it was always just as well to know what had brought any crowd together, he pushed his horse at a trot toward the group. It divided, as he pulled up to a walk close beside it, and a tortuous lane opened up. He put his horse into it. Just round the last corner at the end of the swaying line, he stopped suddenly, and backed out as quickly as he could. He trotted on soberly to his bungalow, where he found the doctor waiting.

'I thought you'd be back about now, so I came over and waited. You have n't seen Dallu since that morning in the jail. Everything went all right. He behaved very well, all the time; gave no trouble of any kind. When he passed me on his way to the scaffold, he said, "I am going, Doctor Sahib," and added, "Tell the big Sahib I kept my word, and speak to him my salaams." And that was all. I thought you'd like to know.'

'You're wrong, Doctor. I've just seen Dallu — and I wish I had n't.'

LET'S BE HONEST ABOUT THE TARIFF

BY H. H. POWERS

I

ENTERING a country store to make a small purchase, I stumbled upon a lively tariff discussion. As I made my purchase the champion of protection clinched his argument: 'England wants us to lower our tariff. Free trade would be to her advantage. Is n't that proof sufficient that it would be to our disadvantage?' I was paying for my purchase and I said to the merchant: 'You are glad to sell me these things?' 'Certainly.' 'You make a profit on them?' 'Yes.' 'Well, so do I, for they are worth much more to me than the money.' The crowd showed a little amusement at the expense of the protectionist, who left in high dudgeon at my impertinence. What had my purchase to do with trade between nations!

I was talking with a business man, a manufacturer of shrewdness and experience. He was a protectionist, of course, but an unusual one. He thought our rates far too low and our policy wasteful. 'Look at the hundreds of millions we are paying every year for sugar. We could save all that.' 'How?' I asked. 'Why, we could produce all our sugar here at home.' 'Yes, but could we produce it for nothing?' My question annoyed him a little, but elicited no very definite response. Accustomed all his life to figure costs of production, he realized that sugar was no exception, yet somehow he felt that as between ourselves and Cuba the usual relation between costs and profits did not hold. I suggested that when we bought Cuban sugar we paid for it by means of other commodities which we produced more cheaply than we could produce the sugar. He allowed that this might be so, but I left with the conviction that I had not changed his opinion. He still felt that somehow these familiar relations did not hold as between nations, and that what we paid for Cuban sugar was sheer waste.

Such views as these, and still more the instincts which are responsible for them, are of ancient lineage. This tariff-breeding world of ours has a very long tradition of enmity and fear. It is but a little way back in the history of every language that we find a single word in use for *stranger* and *enemy*. The one was always the other. The artisan economy of the Middle Ages presents this attitude in a highly elaborated form. The famous cities of five hundred years ago were one and all artisan communities engaged in the production of wares for which they sought a market over land and sea. But it seems never to have occurred to them to secure that market by reciprocal arrangement. Their policy was one of jealous exclusion maintained by duties, embargoes, and even by military force. This is our heritage.

These views were challenged by the Scottish philosopher Adam Smith, who

published in 1776 his *Wealth of Nations*, probably the most influential book ever written. With a cogency of argument hitherto known only to theological and scholastic discussion, and a wealth of homely illustration intelligible to the man in the street, Adam Smith attacked the entire fabric of economic mediævalism, championing the cause of economic liberty, of freedom of contract, freedom of competition, and freedom of trade. He demonstrated with irrefutable logic that freedom was the condition of economic efficiency and that upon this efficiency depended the revenues of sovereigns and the wealth of nations.

It is impossible at this distance to appreciate the shock which this thesis produced. Men were not used (as we are) to a purely rational consideration of these questions. Their reasoning was influenced by prejudices, by feuds of immemorial origin, and by instincts that originated with the cave man. Adam Smith was himself under no illusions as to the reception awaiting his book. He confessed to complete skepticism as to the reform of British policy along the lines proposed.

The great philosopher was mistaken. His seed fell upon fertile soil. Industry was developing in England by leaps and bounds, with revolutionary changes in organization, appliances, and products. Old regulations were conspicuously unsuited to new conditions, and aggressive industry chafed under their hampering restraints. Everywhere was voiced the demand for liberty, and the doctrines of the great philosopher were exalted to unexpected honor. The result was the abolition of the entire English protective system in 1846.

All are familiar with the result. The next fifty years saw an advance in British industry which was without a parallel in history up to that time. Economically, financially, and politically, Britain became the foremost power in the world. The doctrine of economic liberty so powerfully enunciated by Adam Smith and now so signally confirmed by experience seemed certain of general acceptance, and it was freely prophesied that other nations would soon follow this convincing example.

These sanguine prophecies have not been fulfilled. Protective duties, far from being abolished, have been multiplied and the rates steadily increased. Most significant of all, the present century has witnessed the steady growth of protectionist sentiment in Britain itself. Practice has been followed by theory, and a voluminous literature has appeared in defense of protection.

What would Adam Smith say to it all if he were permitted to survey the very different world of to-day? We cannot do better than to go at the problem in his own way, by examining the workings of the two systems under conditions as nearly equal as possible. Where shall we find our comparison?

II

I think it was Francis Walker who first suggested the significance of a comparison betweeen continental Europe and the United States of America. The two areas are not very different in size, in latitude, climate, or natural resources. Their populations are kindred, the one having been largely derived from the other. The two are about equally diversified and divided by nature into regions having special economic interests which tend in turn to develop in each an economic consciousness of its own. In each continent, too, there are wide differences of development ranging from very simple to highly complex economy.

Even the psychological factor is

more alike than is generally supposed, the intense nationalism of Europe finding its counterpart in the jealous sectionalism of the United States. As a resident at different times in widely separated parts of the United States, I have everywhere found local industries guarded from 'inferior' goods of other sections by a sort of social embargo which visited with unmistakable disfavor those who meanly took advantage of the freedom of the market. What would have happened if that freedom had not been guaranteed by the Constitution? Can we not hear the automobile builders of Reno petitioning the Nevada legislature for protection against the 'inferior' machine-made cars of Detroit? Did we not witness some months ago the refusal of one of our most enlightened states to award contracts to the lowest bidder simply because that bidder lived outside the state? Even so the Balkan States are now cutting up one of the most perfect economic units in the world into tariff compartments that are almost incapable of separate existence.

From this fate a happy historic accident has saved the Western continent. Yet here in our own United States exist all the *economic* conditions of that economic sectionalism which characterizes Europe. It is difficult to think of a single economic argument that France or Italy or Germany could allege in favor of its industrial isolation which could not be urged with justification by some specially situated section of our own country. Yet we are all certain that within the limits of our own vast continent the American system of free trade is superior to the European system of economic isolation.

The system of protection seems therefore to depend on other than economic grounds for its justification. It may be a good way to raise revenue, a way to prepare for national defense, a way to encourage a particular class, even a way to diversify a national culture, but it is n't a way to get rich. A nation does n't get rich by bribing its citizens to engage in unprofitable industries. This has been the teaching of economics for the last hundred and fifty years. Economists as citizens may favor protection, but economics never. The human problem is more than an economic problem, as every economist knows, but in recognizing the claims of other factors we gain nothing by denying or perverting this plainest of economic truths.

This, then, is the great example. Say not that the United States is the home of protection. Protection is but an incident with us and not more significant here than elsewhere. It is free trade of which we have become the world's great and unique exponent. Free trade is the American system, America's contribution to the world's foremost economic problem. America has succeeded in holding in leash the petty jealousies and shortsighted assertions of local interest and in maintaining freedom of commerce and economic action over the largest area known to history. That is something that Europe has been unable to do. Should Briand's proposal eventuate in a United States of Europe and time obliterate the artificialities which her economic sectionalism has imposed, what, think you, would be the result? Not the duplication of American experience, surely, but none the less an economic stimulus beyond calculation. I do not for a moment share the illusion of those who think this can be brought about. I do not even challenge the wisdom of Europe's choice. I merely assert that just as a matter of business the European system does n't pay. Life is more than business, and we

will not condemn those who, in subordinating economic interests, think they have chosen the better part. But let us be clear as to the part they have chosen.

III

We are thus confronted with two contrasted economic systems, each of continental scope — the American system of free trade and the European system of economic sectionalism. The superiority of the former is attested by experience and is a matter of universal conviction. Despite sectional jealousies and social embargoes upon market freedom, no state or county or township in America would to-day vote for the abandonment of free trade and the introduction of the European system.

Why, then, do these convinced free traders draw the line at the frontier? If free trade is profitable between California and Massachusetts, it is profitable between America and Europe. I am aware that economic arguments have been offered in support of protection, arguments which we must later consider, but I submit that on the face of it the two cases are analogous and the presumption is overwhelming that as a mere matter of business what is good in the one case is good in the other. The argument for protection is not economic, but political, and the explanation of our anomalous position is to be found, not in economic principles, but in the accidents of our history.

The thing that needs explaining is not our protection, but our free trade. Men have always set up economic barriers, not because it was good business, but because they were jealous or afraid of the people beyond. These barriers have been gradually pushed out and larger and larger areas opened to free trade. The present condition of the world means that we have gotten thus far in our progress from mediæval separatism toward that economic world unification which seems our manifest destiny. Europe has not gotten nearly so far as we have, simply because the obstacles have been very much greater. When the European system, considerably less advanced than now, was transplanted three centuries ago to a virgin continent without institutions, traditions, or prejudices, there was a tendency to establish it here just as it was in Europe. The settlements were scattered and their contacts were few and not always sympathetic. If England had let them alone for another century, they would very likely have duplicated the European system on the American continent, and all the arguments now urged in favor of our national protection would have been urged as vigorously in favor of the isolationist policy of each separate state. But England gave to the colonies an overshadowing common interest while as yet their conflicting or separatist interests were incipient and unsubstantial. It thus became possible for the Americans of 1789, led by masters of statecraft if there ever were such, to skip that further period of distressful unification which must seemingly endure for Europe through weary centuries.

I stand amazed at the marvel of that achievement; amazed that it should have been the deliberate choice of a people the heir to separatist traditions and already advanced in the development of separatist policy; amazed that through the storm and stress of national development, complicated by civil war, it should have endured and won the unanimous approval of our heterogeneous and very unequally circumstanced people. The marvel is not that Europe has

gotten no further, but that we have gotten so far, that we have given to Adam Smith's doctrine of economic liberty its evident application and its most convincing demonstration.

When, with this continental domain, we began our national life, we had little in the way of a formulated economic policy as regards other nations. The few duties levied during the first twenty years of our life as a nation were revenue measures in intent and in fact, and they hardly influenced American industries.

Curiously enough, it was not Hamilton, the protectionist, but Jefferson, the free trader, who laid the foundations of our protective system by his famous Embargo Act of 1807. This was followed in 1809 by the Non-Intercourse Act and in 1812 by war with England. For a period of eight years, from 1807 to 1815, imports from Europe practically ceased. This was protection with a vengeance, however inadvertent. As a result, establishments of many kinds sprang up with mushroom growth to supply the missing wares. Many of these were improvised and uneconomical investments, and with the return of peace they clamored for protection from the more experienced and better-financed industries of Europe. The need of revenue enforced the appeal. Patriotism was invoked in behalf of the claimants. How could the nation sacrifice to the industrialists of our recent enemy those who had risked their capital to supply its needs in a time of national emergency?

But the nation was not yet protectionist. It felt for the unfortunate investors and decided to help them over the difficult period of transition, but it seems definitely to have resolved that the help should be temporary. Thus a duty of 25 per cent was levied on cotton goods in 1816, accompanied by the proviso that it was to be reduced in three years, with a view to its gradual removal. The war had created an emergency which the nation met as we now meet the emergency of a Mississippi flood, and with much the same anxiety lest it overstay its time and become a dangerous precedent. That, of course, is what happened. The cotton manufacturers were as clamorous for protection in 1819 as in 1816, and their clamor prevailed. That is the way protection began. Then came more wars and other emergencies with new demands for revenue, which, with an ever-insistent demand from the protected industries, made the policy continuous and permanent. That is how protection became our settled policy.

IV

As the policy of protection became permanent, the nation began to evolve a philosophy to explain its action. In its earliest form the doctrine was known as the protection of infant industries. As plants are often started under glass, later to thrive in the open, so industries, it was urged, may require protection until they are thoroughly established. The cost of protection was justified by the service rendered later.

This argument upon which the protectionist once staked his case is now seldom urged, perhaps because it seems to lose plausibility when infants a hundred years old remain as unweaned as ever. Then, too, as capital accumulated and corporations began looking for opportunities to invest their surplus, the nursing of industrial infants ceased to be a necessary state function. The argument applies, if at all, not to infant industries, but to the infancy of industry when capital is scarce and will not engage in waiting ventures without special in-

ducements. For both reasons the argument has lost its popularity.

With this prolongation of infancy, to which there is hardly an exception among protected industries, protection becomes not a temporary but a permanent demand, and must find its justification not in deferred but in present benefits. We cannot go on paying higher prices in hope of lower prices to come when it becomes clear that they are never going to come. We must be shown that the higher prices are profitable to us in some way right now. Hence the new argument which arose in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Protection, it was claimed, raises the standard of living and protects the wage earner from the competition of the pauper labor of Europe. In the McKinley campaign it became the picturesque slogan of the 'full dinner pail,' which had an immense vogue and exercised a great influence. The argument was simple. The employer who is protected gets a better price for his product and can therefore pay a better wage. Yes, but will he? Nay, under competitive conditions can he, after all? He must hire his labor as cheaply as he can. If he does not, his competitor will, and will drive him off the field. He must hire his labor in the open market and in competition with unprotected industries. He must pay what these industries pay. He need not and he cannot pay more.

What made wages high in America? Simply the immense economic opportunity that America offered to the average American. He was a partner in the richest partnership on earth. Enormously valuable natural resources were at his disposal on terms unknown to Europe. When a man could get a hundred and sixty acres of good land for the taking, the employer had to bid high for his labor. In less obvious form that competition exists to-day.

High wages are indeed a handicap in international competition, but they inevitably produce their own antidote in the form of labor-saving devices. The so-called genius of the American people for invention is in itself the product of these favoring natural conditions. Where labor is redundant, invention is frowned upon, not to say penalized, with the result that wages are low and output small. I asked an American in China what he was paying to a certain workman. He replied: 'Fifteen cents a day, and he almost earns it.' While American wages, even in this period of depression, are the highest, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that American labor is the cheapest in the world.

It is often asserted, quite without warrant, that our machine industry is itself a result of protection. Quite the contrary. Necessity is the mother of invention, and the very purpose of protection is to escape from that necessity. When the invention of puddling and rolling greatly reduced the cost of producing iron in England, we levied a duty of 150 per cent on rolled iron, thus making it possible to continue our own primitive and obsolete methods. Such cases are so frequent as almost to warrant the assertion that a chief result of protection is to preserve the obsolete.

Neither high wages nor machine industry, therefore, can be credited to protection, which is rather an obstacle to both. I am, of course, aware that we have created an artificial situation which for the moment may modify this conclusion. Protection may not fill the dinner pail, and yet its incautious withdrawal may empty it. There was force in the simile employed by the Republican Congressman who said that it was good sailing above Niagara and might be good sailing

below, but it was mighty rough sailing in between. Economic theory in its broader statements of principles may ignore the 'in between,' but national policy cannot. There can be little doubt that an abrupt withdrawal of protection would produce widespread panic and bankruptcy, with waste of invested capital and prolonged prostration. I have a suspicion, to be sure, that the fatalities would not be so numerous or the prostration so complete as is sometimes alleged. I am not sure, even, that the ordeal would be very much worse than that through which we are now passing under the highest tariff ever enacted by a nation. Much or little, however, it is a transition experience — an item which bulks large in the programme of the hour, but is irrelevant to the merits of the case.

V

Thus far we have considered only the economic arguments for protection. It seemed necessary in the interest of clear thinking to consider it first as a purely economic problem. I think we must recognize, too, that this is the fundamental aspect of protection. There is a remorseless persistence in economic forces to which in the end all artificial situations must yield.

Nevertheless there are considerations other than economic which at a given time and place compel recognition. Such a consideration is national defense. Free trade usually results in a certain specialization, and specialization means dependence. Whatever advantages specialization may have in time of peace, it becomes disadvantageous, possibly fatal, in time of war. Thus, in the long period of peace which preceded the World War, Germany acquired a virtual monopoly in the manufacture of high-grade field glasses. The Zeiss lenses were known and preferred the world over. The outbreak of the war at once witnessed an immense demand for these glasses for the use of the British army, glasses which could be furnished only by the enemy. It became necessary to establish the new industry at once, and it has since been maintained by protection. The situation was much the same in the manufacture of dyestuffs, so closely related to the manufacture of explosives. This industry, too, was very nearly a German monopoly, and might well have remained so had not the war revealed its vital importance to the national defense.

Most important and most nearly fatal of all is the specialization of nations, some devoting themselves to manufacturing, others to food producing, which means that the former are dependent upon the latter for their very existence. Germany, as we know, lost the war and Britain almost lost it because of this fatal dependence. This specialization is probably furthered by free trade, as in the case of Britain, where the abolition of the Corn Laws in 1846 was followed in the next half century by the decay of agriculture, the doubling of population, and the conversion of the country into a vast factory. When we remember, however, that the same thing happened a generation later in Germany despite a very considerable measure of protection, it seems doubtful whether free trade was solely or even chiefly responsible, or whether protection can be relied upon as a remedy. England, with her vast coal resources and her unrivaled access to the sea, was plainly predestined to industrialization. Free trade facilitated and somewhat accelerated this development. To this extent the defender of the realm finds here an argument for protection.

The militarist is, in fact, the logical protectionist. Contemplating always

the possibility of national isolation, he emphasizes the importance of self-sufficiency even at the expense of economic efficiency and advantage. It is to be noted, however, that this ideal is only partially attainable at best. Our own country is undoubtedly the most favored in this respect, but there still remain a multitude of highly necessary commodities, such as rubber, which are not produced within our boundaries. Some of these we shall learn to produce, but only to find that others have become essential which are beyond our reach. Militarism, with all its logic, proves but a single point — the necessity of peace.

The militarist is not alone, however, in urging the importance of a varied national production and invoking protection to secure it. It is argued with much force that a varied national economy reacts more favorably upon national culture than a simpler and more specialized one, and that a people may well sacrifice something of economic advantage to that end. A community engaged in a single industry, or an agriculture devoted to the raising of a single crop, develops a single-track mind in politics, economics, and matters generally, which is not conducive to national equilibrium. The cotton-raising South, the wheat-raising West, are familiar but by no means solitary examples. Not only are they exposed to economic fluctuations of great violence, but their emotional and political reactions lack the calm and the breadth of view which would result from a more varied economy. Nations, it is urged, can afford to encourage unprofitable industries in the interest of variety and broader culture.

The argument has force, and, could we be assured that protection would be applied wisely and unselfishly to that end, it might well be convincing. I fear, however, that our lawgivers are little moved by such considerations and that in the scramble for fiscal favors the interests of varied culture are quite as apt to be sacrificed as furthered. It is reassuring, also, to recall that other influences more potent than protection tend toward diversification. Single crops and single industries are usually characteristic of an undeveloped economy and tend to break up as the result of their own limitations. The boll weevil and the grasshopper are great diversifiers, aided in turn by unsalable surpluses, unexpected substitutes, and the accidents that assail a too specialized economy.

Further, the argument loses force in a country so varied by nature as our own, both because we have least need of greater diversification and because we could not apply protection where we need it most. We cannot diversify the agriculture of Dakota or Texas by collecting duties in New York. The single-mindedness of our wheat raisers and cotton planters is not national but regional, and as such is beyond the reach of the benign influence of protection unless we apply it at the state frontiers, which we are nowise minded to do.

VI

We have, up to this point, considered the benefits claimed from protection, of which national defense seems the most substantial, though least important for our own country. We have now to consider certain disadvantages which usually attend a policy of protection. I shall pass with the briefest mention the familiar and possibly overworked charge of corruption. Protection may be profitable to the public, but its immediate and more obvious advantage is to certain individuals or interests that are far more capable of organized action. I do not believe that these beneficiaries of protection

are less patriotic or less honorable than other men, but they are convinced that their interests coincide with those of the community and find in that coincidence a warrant for the exercise of any influence that may assure the desired result. Of bribery in its vulgar and overt forms I believe there is little. Our Congressmen have their limitations, but their votes are not literally for sale. In the form of campaign contributions and other indirect inducements, however, well-directed and well-organized influence is still disquietingly effective. If we concede any amount of justification for the protective policy, it still remains true that it is artificial and political, and that an objective judgment of its merits by political bodies is unthinkably remote.

This suggests another difficulty that is too familiar to call for lengthy discussion — namely, its tendency to hold business in suspense. Whatever the merits or demerits of the Hawley-Smoot tariff, we secured it at a price which no such bill could justify. To have held the national industry in paralyzing suspense for fifteen months just as it was facing the most serious depression in its history was little less than suicide. The fact that the law as finally passed suited nobody and left us worse off than when we began was an added and not unrelated injury. I do not believe that this was the fault of a perverse or incompetent Congress. It was the fault of a system which taxes legislators beyond their powers and lends itself to exactly this sort of thing.

More serious is the demonstrated tendency to a constant increase in tariff rates. It is a ratchet movement that can proceed in only one direction. It is conceded that the present tariff rates would have shocked McKinley, the apostle of high tariff in his day. These rates, which, as Taussig has shown, amount in many cases to 150 per cent, are largely concealed under an artful camouflage, specific duties being superimposed upon *ad valorem* duties in a manner difficult to compute. Taussig attributes this steady rise of rates to the nature of party government, which pushes opposing parties to extreme positions.

A more obvious explanation seems to be found in sectionalism. Each locality has its special interest which it wishes protected, and its representative is sent to Congress with a mandate to that end. He has no such mandate to oppose the demands of other localities. The inevitable result is a deal. It is perfectly possible to get a consensus of opinion that rates should be lowered, coupled with the stoutest insistence in each individual locality that the particular rate upon which that locality depends should be retained and increased. In such a case the rates will be raised by a consensus of legislative fear. Gradually this becomes the ethics of protection. Ostensibly a policy of nationalism, it becomes in practice a concerted sacrifice of national to local interests.

Another regrettable influence of protection is its tendency to prolong obsolescence. We have already noted the case of the iron industry in this country, where a high duty prevented for some years the introduction of improved methods of smelting and manufacture. Such cases abound in every tariff bill. In every industry there are concerns which are making no profit. They should reform or go out of business. Under a tariff régime such concerns invariably look to protection for relief. They get it, not because the community needs their services, but because the Congressman needs their votes. There can be no question that the protective system retards that process of constant rejuvenation upon which the life of industry depends.

Perhaps the most pernicious influence of protection is its tendency to acquire the character of a panacea, a cure for all ills, even the most unrelated. The industrial organism in our day is exceedingly complex and subject to numberless disorders often involving no international relation whatever. Mass production is introduced into agriculture, and the old farming becomes unprofitable. The remedy — the only possible remedy — is general mass production. But this is unwelcome, painful, and infinitely difficult. Can't the tariff do something for us? Or, since we are dealing with an export commodity, a subsidy (the perfectly logical equivalent of the tariff as applied to export commodities)? Of course, the proposal involves a palpable absurdity, — to encourage by subsidy the production of a commodity already produced to excess, — but this is a matter of detail. The important thing is the tariff-born conviction that *the government* must do something for us in our trouble.

We are confronted just now with an extreme case of disorder in the economic organism. The clamor for relief wellnigh drowns the voice of economics, which, contrary to popular belief, is tolerably clear. A runaway industry goaded by the stock-selling banker and sustained far beyond its normal time of reckoning by super-salesmanship and credit sales, a runaway stock market which forgot the relation between value and income, and, finally, a comparatively sluggish psychology of consumption which wearies of prolonged fever in the blood — these and related causes are patent to the thoughtful observer. The case calls for the homely remedies which no nostrum can displace from our pharmacopœia. Revised methods, improved processes, consumption correlated with income, production limited to matured (that is, non-credit) demand, investments based on income instead of speculative price movements, — in short, a return to the homely practices of thrift and pay-as-you-go, — these are the unquestionable prescriptions of economic science.

Such was the situation which confronted the American Congress when it was called in special session in the spring of 1929. But, in the long run, the trouble with representative government is that it is too representative. The men we send to Washington are too much like ourselves. We like it better so, for we have a mortal jealousy of those who know more than we do, and besides, we are all back-seat drivers. But, for all that, I believe that the American Congress under other circumstances might have enacted some useful, palliative legislation in 1929. The trouble was that the panacea so long in use was at hand and they inevitably took down the old bottle from the shelf. The nation was distressed, and since the tariff was the foundation of our prosperity, it must be that something was the matter with the tariff.

So fifteen months were spent in keeping our sore-stricken industry on the anxious seat and in passing the most preposterous tariff measure known to history. Taussig quotes a sage foreign observer as summarizing thus the result of his inquiries: 'Nobody thought it a good measure; nobody wished to see it enacted. Nobody had any expectation that it would stem the tide of business depression. The President of the United States himself was doubtful whether he should veto the act or let it become law.' This seems strange, but it is n't. It is what we must expect when a remedy is administered which has no known relation to the disease. But it was the standard remedy, and, the case being unusually serious, it called for an exceptionally large dose.

VII

I cannot close without a brief reference to the international aspect of protection. I will pass without discussion the oft-noted contradiction between our policies of debt collection and protection, the more so since this conflict seems destined to be brief. In getting rid of it, it will be the debts rather than the tariff that will suffer. Revision and probable cancellation of debts are already foreshadowed. The American people will not continue for two generations to rub salt into the wounds of peoples whose good will they are compelled to win. The debts will go, and the tariff will be free to run its course and be glorified. What will be its consummation?

We have already noted the continual elevation of the tariff wall, the logical outcome of which is economic isolation. Conscious that we are better situated than any other nation, we are tempted to regard with complacency this possible outcome to our economic relations. But how about our political relations? What of the maintenance of world peace in a world thus divided into water-tight compartments? Can we erect the structure of permanent peace on such foundations? We must not forget that such a system is entirely artificial and that the stars in their courses fight against it. Its effective maintenance depends upon a power of sustained political consistency never yet attained by any people. And if we are minded for a moment to take a long look ahead, we cannot fail to perceive in it the negation of that human synthesis which is the unescapable premise of all constructive thought.

Returning to humbler and more immediate considerations, let us glance briefly at the influence of American example on other nations. There can be no doubt that our phenomenal development tends to commend to other nations the procedure associated with it. America has grown rich under protection. Obviously that is the policy for those to adopt who would fain grow rich. A melancholy example of this dangerous logic is found in the new Balkan States, formerly united in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. This empire was a miscellany of races, but one of the most perfect economic units in existence. Its dismemberment destroyed this unity without eliminating the miscellany. These dismembered parts, some of them agricultural, others industrial and otherwise specialized, forthwith adopted the policy of protection, of economic isolation, of forced development of unnatural industries. America was the great example. With false logic they adopted protection on the narrow, regional basis, where it is our glory to have adopted and maintained free trade.

And now comes the tragedy of tragedies. Britain adopts protection. With more than half her population dependent on foreign-grown food which can be secured only in exchange for exported manufactures, with these manufactures in turn dependent on imported raw materials which must be paid for by additional exports, England turns to protection.

Once again we must remember that the problem is not purely economic. Behind the movement for British protection there is in the minds of the far-seeing a great vision of empire. The historic empire based on force and political tutelage has passed away. It remains as a great spiritual entity, but this too, in the absence of all organic connection, may pass in turn, continuing rather as a memory than as a living reality. Can some vital and mutual dependence be established that will clothe the spiritual with material substance and give to the empire a new and

impressive reality? In this the more thoughtful see the hope, the only hope, of maintaining the proud eminence of Britain. To this end they propose a protective tariff with exemption or preference for the dominions. The dream is not unworthy. Its successful realization would change the economic unit from a small, insular, highly specialized, and wholly dependent country to the largest, the most varied, the most self-sufficient economic unit in the world. The economic loss of protection would be reduced to a minimum. The political gain would be raised to a maximum.

But all the same, let us not overlook the fact that the gain would be political and the loss economic. Without this scheme of imperial preference the loss would be appalling. If British industries need protection, if they cannot compete with foreign competition in the home market, how can they compete with those same competitors in the foreign market? And if they cannot compete, whence are to come those exports without which production must cease and Englishmen starve?

No, a nation doomed to depend for its very existence upon export trade can tolerate no artificial enhancement of prices. Costs and prices must be maintained at the international competitive level or the game is up. No doubt there are anomalies and temporary situations in British industry which might be relieved by a prudent and temporary application of protection, but the likelihood that protection would be either temporary or prudent when once introduced is small indeed. The ills of British industry that are subject to remedy are a stubborn retention of antiquated methods, on the one hand, and on the other a predatory labor policy which sees in the raiding of capital the approach of the socialist millennium. Protection will cure neither and will aggravate both. If this policy is adopted against the world in general, and in any but the most transient of applications, we are witnessing the passing of Britain.

It is with something of sober optimism that I close this survey. It is difficult to see in the existing international situation any promise of the adoption of a more reasonable policy. Yet when I recall that the policy which Adam Smith was convinced England would never adopt actually was adopted a couple of generations after his death, I take hope. Spencer says that men at last go right because they have first tried all possible ways of going wrong. And the wrong ways are wrong simply because along these ways you cannot get out of the woods. We may travel this way for a time yet, but it will not take us out of the woods. Sometime we shall find the right way.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Complaint

There seems some fatal lack in me,
A curious infirmity
By fault whereof I never can
Discern the picturesque in man.
No taxi driver, caught or cruising,
Has ever uttered an amusing
Oath, mot, reproof, or epigram
In my vicinity. I am
Ignored by wags in cordial shops
And philosophic traffic cops.
No fellow in a ragged coat
Tells me a racy anecdote;
Nor are my carrots and potatoes
Purveyed by accidental Platos.
And if, forgetting his high station,
A waiter grants me conversation,
I find his comments rather leaning
To entrées than Life's Inner Meaning.
Infected by some mortal taint
Seems my perception for the quaint
Which other folk are always lighting on —
(And getting quite well paid for writing on!)

Phyllis McGinley

Sound, Fear, and the Power to Move

Living alone in the woods is an adventure in silence. People say, 'Aren't you, a woman, afraid to stay alone there?' Yes, it becomes at times an adventure in fear. It is also an adventure in motion.

When I first started my search for reality in a one-room cabin alone, it was difficult to shake the feeling that I was expected somewhere. It did not seem right that time should stretch ahead like an untracked, snowy plain without compulsory paths and commanding signposts. From that has evolved the conviction that it is useless to hurry to save time with no reason for saving it, useless to follow a charted way unless it leads somewhere.

Life is a journey from birth to death along the edge of silence. Yet it is of noise that we make technical studies. If mankind were to make a study of silence, sincerely and long enough, discordant noise would disappear like dew before sun.

Through force of circumstance, I have made an unconscious study of accordant sound. I have learned that snow, when it falls, makes a pattering sound as of wee padded feet hurrying. I have heard the brook by my door bubbling all day, not conscious I was hearing it. I have awakened on winter mornings with a puzzled realization that some change has come over my background of silence. The brook has frozen, locked, in the night.

There are windless, moonlight nights when there seems to be absolutely no outdoor sound. Soft snow has packed itself about all makers of sound. As the night becomes deeper and colder, the boards of my cabin snap as they contract. At about three or four in the morning the ice in my water bucket cracks as it freezes tighter.

For evening companions I have three sounds — the flutter of flame in my stove, the tick of my clock, the hurried tumbling sound of the brook outside. These are three pictures pinned against a wall of silence. One comes to understand why people too much alone occasionally become demented. They walk up so close to silence, almost within touching, experiencing distance of it. Then they become afraid — afraid that the flutter of the flame, the tick of the clock, the sound of their own breath soughing through their nostrils, will stop. What then?

Is identity found only in sound and movement? In the chaff of noise from mechanical motion, the distracting rush of people and things? Is it to increase his consciousness of individuality and importance that man draws these closer to him, claps and claps, ever urging, 'Play on! Play on! Let's go! Let's go!' Is mankind

running away from the brink of silence because he is afraid of the realization which he carries always with him, that he came out of silence, that he will go back again into silence, and alone?

There is no complete silence to be experienced by a normal person in a natural setting. Muffle the world with snow, stand in the middle of a plain on a windless night: the earth is full of sound, the air is full of sound. It is a thin veil of sound with silence behind it, awesomely near; but it is not silence itself. Between a man and the realization of silence there is always the beating of his own heart.

Living alone in the woods, as near silence as human is permitted to approach, I have wondered about fear. My friends, knowing, if they would but stop to think, that no human being is going to come through the snow to my cabin at night, say, 'But are n't you afraid to stay there alone?' I was afraid at first, for the same unreasoned reasons which make them afraid for me. But I have discovered how useless fear is. There are two fears — fear of life, and fear of death. Approach near enough to silence, and fear of death disappears. The principal fear of life is fear of physical harm. Approach close enough to the earth, and fear of physical harm disappears.

I blew out my candles late one snowy night and went to bed. The only remaining light was from the flicker of fire showing through the draft of my stove. The flutter of the flame was like a muffled rushing. Slowly, gradually, it died. I dropped off to sleep on a pillow of near-silence. I was awakened suddenly by an unusual sound. A shelf of books near my bed had fallen. My mind registered immediately the truth of what had happened, but my body was afraid. No muscle was at normal tension. I was subtly convulsed by a shock which had bred fear.

I said to myself: 'You are now afraid. This is fear.' Every muscle of my torso seemed to be twisted toward a central point near the solar plexus. The calves of my legs, the long muscles down the front of my thighs, were as though charged with a current of electricity. But while my body was momentarily paralyzed, my mind reasoned quickly. Before the physical reaction faded, the humor of the situation dawned upon me. A voice inside said, 'Run, you fool, if you want to. I'm staying here.' Of such is fear.

Living alone in the woods affords a study of movement. Going to the spring for water, alone at sunset time, can become a ritual full of physical pleasure and mental peace. Kneeling by the spring, one bends forward and up, forward and up, over and over again till, dipperful by dipperful, the bucket is brimming. This becomes a salute to the dying day.

As the weight of the pail tugs at one's muscles, the mind unconsciously gives thanks for the power to lift and to move. One becomes conscious of his own body in the swinging of an axe — the power in coördination, the frustration in its lack. In the woods a person's strength is measured by his naturalness. There is a gesture of benediction in the swing of the arm that draws together the curtains at night after the last light has faded and it is candle time.

Living alone in the woods, I have found these three realities — the subtle sounds that veil silence, the uselessness of fear, the power to move.

CARRIE WOOD PORTER

SALLE D'ÉTUDE[1]

I LIFTED the lid of my desk to take out my *grammaire* and *cahier*. Then I let the lid down into place again very slowly, taking care not to make any noise. I knew that if I let it fall with a thud Monsieur Velleumier would give me *consigne*. He was sitting on the platform at the front of the *salle d'étude*, balancing his chair on two legs and leaning his shoulders against the wall. I thought how funny it would be if the legs of his chair should slip and let him fall. He never sat quite still. First he would edge his chair a little farther from the wall; then he would move it back. He could n't seem to tilt it at an angle that was comfortable. Once Drasche, the Austrian, said he was going to

[1] This paper won first prize in the Atlantic Monthly High School Essay Contest for the academic year 1931–1932. — EDITOR

rub floor wax on the platform to make it slippery; but he never did. I guess he was afraid of the *consigne* too. Some of the other masters read a newspaper when they were in charge of the *salle d'étude*. But Monsieur Velleumier never did. Nobody liked him for that reason. It was impossible to throw spitballs or shoot paper wads from an elastic, because he never ceased running his eye up and down the rows.

I turned over the pages of my *grammaire* till I found the exercise for the next day. It was an *Exercice d'invention et de réflexion*. I did n't mind that kind as much as the *Morceaux littéraires*, where '*Les élèves reproduiront à leur manière le passage suivant.*' The one I had to do was called *Les Meubles*. I read the instructions to myself, '*Copiez les questions suivantes et répondez-y.*' I opened the *cahier* to a clean page, put down the heading, and then began the exercise. I copied down the first question: '*I. Quels sont les principaux meubles d'une maison?*' Then I put the answer on the next line: '*I. Les principaux meubles d'une maison sont les tables, les chaises, les lits, les commodes, et . . .* ' I tried to remember the French word for some other kind of furniture. I went over in my mind all the furniture in my bedroom and the living room at home, but that did n't help any. Then I thought of looking through my *Larousse* till I found a picture of a sideboard or a sofa. But I decided that would take too long. Finally I scratched out the *et* and wrote it in between *les lits* and *les commodes*, smudging ink on the final comma to make it look like a period.

After answering a few more questions, I stopped writing to calculate my progress. There were twenty-four questions in all, and I had finished six — exactly a quarter of the whole number. I decided that if I divided the remaining eighteen questions into groups of six, with rests between the groups, the time might pass more quickly.

Three fourths of the lesson still remained to be done. I wished that I were half finished, instead of only a fourth. It was always much easier after the halfway mark had been reached. Then it was like coasting downhill after the long pull up the slope. I began to write again, pausing after each question to determine what fraction of the whole I had completed. Seven twenty-fourths. Eight twenty-fourths. But that could be reduced to four twelfths and still further to one third. Nine twenty-fourths. But that equaled three eighths. I wondered how it would feel when I had come to twenty-three twenty-fourths. It was just like Christmas Eve — lying in bed, too excited to try to sleep, wondering if the morning would ever come and what it would feel like to be opening the stockings. I happened to think that there would n't be any stockings that year, nor many presents either. But then Mother would surely send me some money, and I could gorge on *méringues glacées* at the *confiserie* for weeks.

I never seemed to have enough money when the day came for the *moyens* to go *en ville*. Being a *moyen*, I had only two francs a week as allowance, and the *amendes*, which Monsieur Larue was always giving me, reduced that sum to almost nothing. I hated Monsieur Larue. He was the master at my table in the dining room, and he took the greatest delight in 'riding' me. Again and again he would say, '*Dis donc, Lowgleen, sais-tu que tous les Américains sont bêtes?*' If I flared up, he would go on, '*Mais oui, je sais bien qu'ils sont tous des singes. V'yons c'qu'ils font. Ils n'aiment rien que l'argent.*' And if I said nothing he would leer mockingly at me, saying, '*Oui, j' vois bien que tu le sais.*' Except for these attempts at humor, Monsieur Larue seldom spoke at the table. When not eating, he read the *Lausanne Gazette* and paid no attention to what was going on about him. His method of discipline was very simple; periodically he would emerge from behind the *Gazette* and announce, '*Un franc d'amende pour tout le monde. Je ne veux plus voir de bêtises.*' He would take down all our names in his notebook and then continue his reading.

When I had answered the twelfth question, I stopped work to look about me, after having first made sure that Monsieur Velleumier was not watching me. Almost everyone seemed to be studying except Lieutenant, the Belgian. He was reading a book, which was artlessly concealed beneath his *grammaire*. I did n't like Lieu-

tenant very well, and I hoped Monsieur Velleumier would catch him reading. He was dirty, like all the other Belgians. He never took a shower, as far as I knew, and his sallow skin was oily. Every night he rubbed grease into his hair, and the pillow was a dirty brown color where his head had lain. If Monsieur Velleumier should catch him reading, he would probably be *consigné* for two or three afternoons.

In the seat behind Lieutenant was Metternich. He was a grandson of the great Prince Metternich, and as a result had a big 'drag' with all the masters. Now he was embellishing the pages of his *grammaire*. As he sat near me, I could see plainly what he was doing. On each capital letter having a circular shape, such as O or P, he drew the features of a face. Then he added legs and arms to the letter. I should not have dared draw pictures in my *grammaire*, but it was safe enough for Metternich to do so. Monsieur Jacquet would only laugh if he should see them.

In my curiosity I had forgotten Monsieur Velleumier. I started as he addressed me: '*Lowgleen, n'as-tu rien à faire?*'

'*Oh, oui, monsieur, j'ai encore mon exercice à faire,*' I replied hastily.

'*Vas-y alors. Si non, je te don'rai des verbes irréguliers à conjuguer.*'

I set to work again. The questions were easier now, definitions for the most part. '*À quoi sert le banc? À quoi sert le poêle?*' Suddenly I realized that here were all the words necessary for the first question. I thought of writing them in between the lines, but decided it was too much trouble. I did n't care whether I got good marks, anyway. What good did it do to get good marks? Nobody seemed to care how hard I worked. It was n't at all like Arnold, back in Pittsburgh, where I had won a gold medal for scholarship. Thinking of Arnold made me feel homesick again. Why had I ever asked to be sent away to school? Soon I was pitying myself thoroughly. I almost cried. Staring blankly out of the window, I saw the darkness suddenly streaked with a long yellow line. It was a lighted train running along the tracks beyond the *terrain de sport*. Probably it was going to Paris. And from Paris another train would go to Le Havre. And from Le Havre . . . This time I did cry, or my vision at least became blurred. After the train had passed, I sat for some time gazing out the window, seeing nothing.

But I finally roused myself. It was n't so bad as I made it seem to myself. For *étude* would soon be over and I could go to bed. It would be dark and quiet in my room. It would be warm and comfortable in bed. I wondered what I should think about then. Maybe I would do Big Springs. But then I decided against that. I had done Big Springs so often. It was beginning to get dull — going over the improvements that I would make in the place, the dogs and rabbits I would raise, the trees I would clear away to make new fields, and planning how I would marry some nice girl (only one with yellow hair would do), go to church every Sunday, and become rich and respected.

Perhaps something more romantic would be better for that night. I might try being a young Colonial officer in the Revolution or a Scottish chieftain fighting for Bonnie Prince Charlie. Either of those would be exciting.

But before I had reached a decision Monsieur Velleumier got up and said, '*Alors, c'est fini.*'

All the eyes were lifted from the desk tops.

'*Remettez vos livres.*'

A rustling, a shuffling, and a creaking of desk lids.

'*À vos chambres. Mais sans bruit.*'

A scraping of chairs and the clatter of running feet on the stone floor of the corridor.

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